aturday Evening Post · December 17, 1966 · 35c

POST

A Post reporter solves the mystery of a

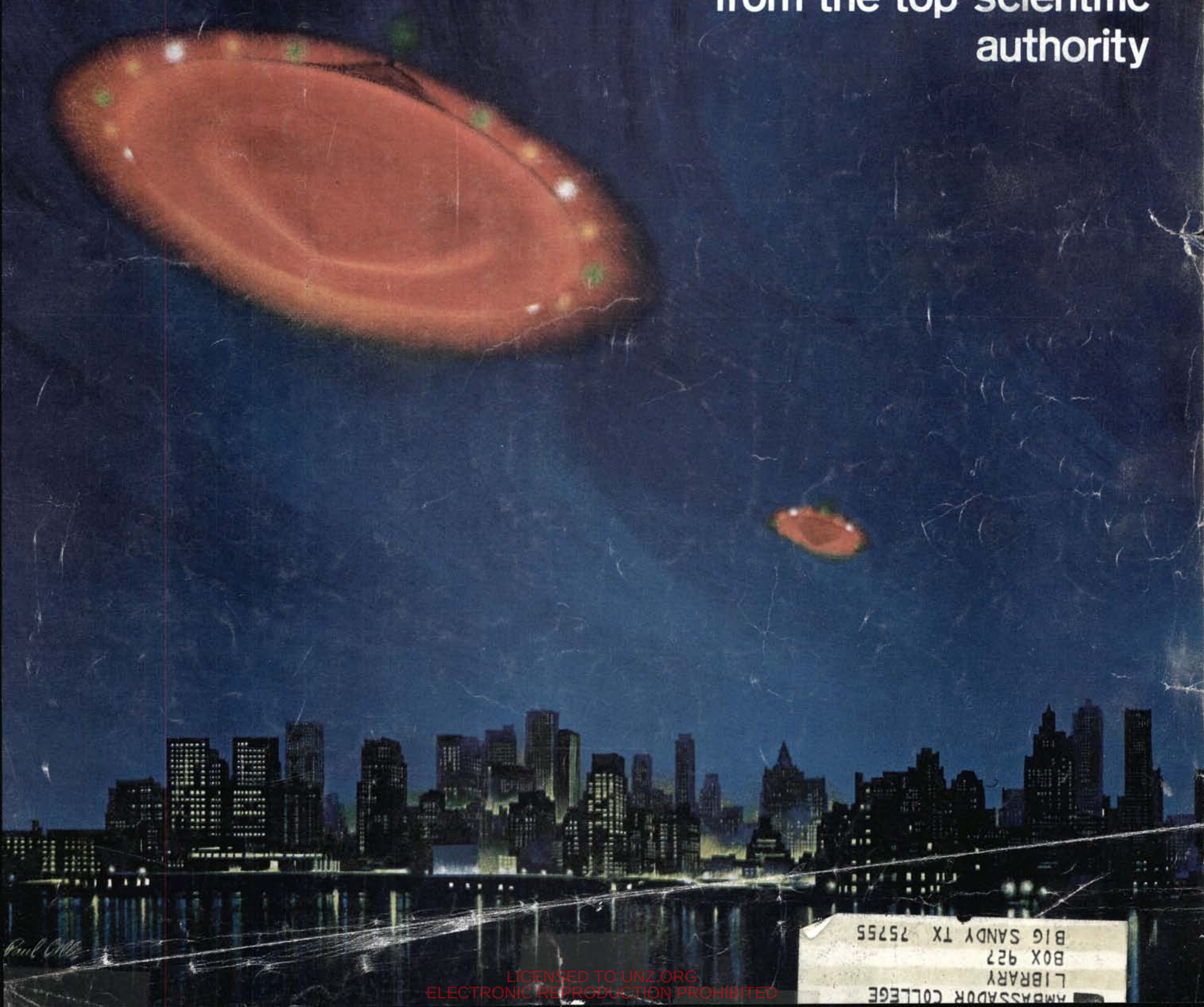
MISSING MILLIONAIRE

From the best-selling novel:

HOW MUSSOLINI DIED IN SANTA VITTORIA

ARE FLYING SAUCERS REAL?

A surprising report from the top scientific authority



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

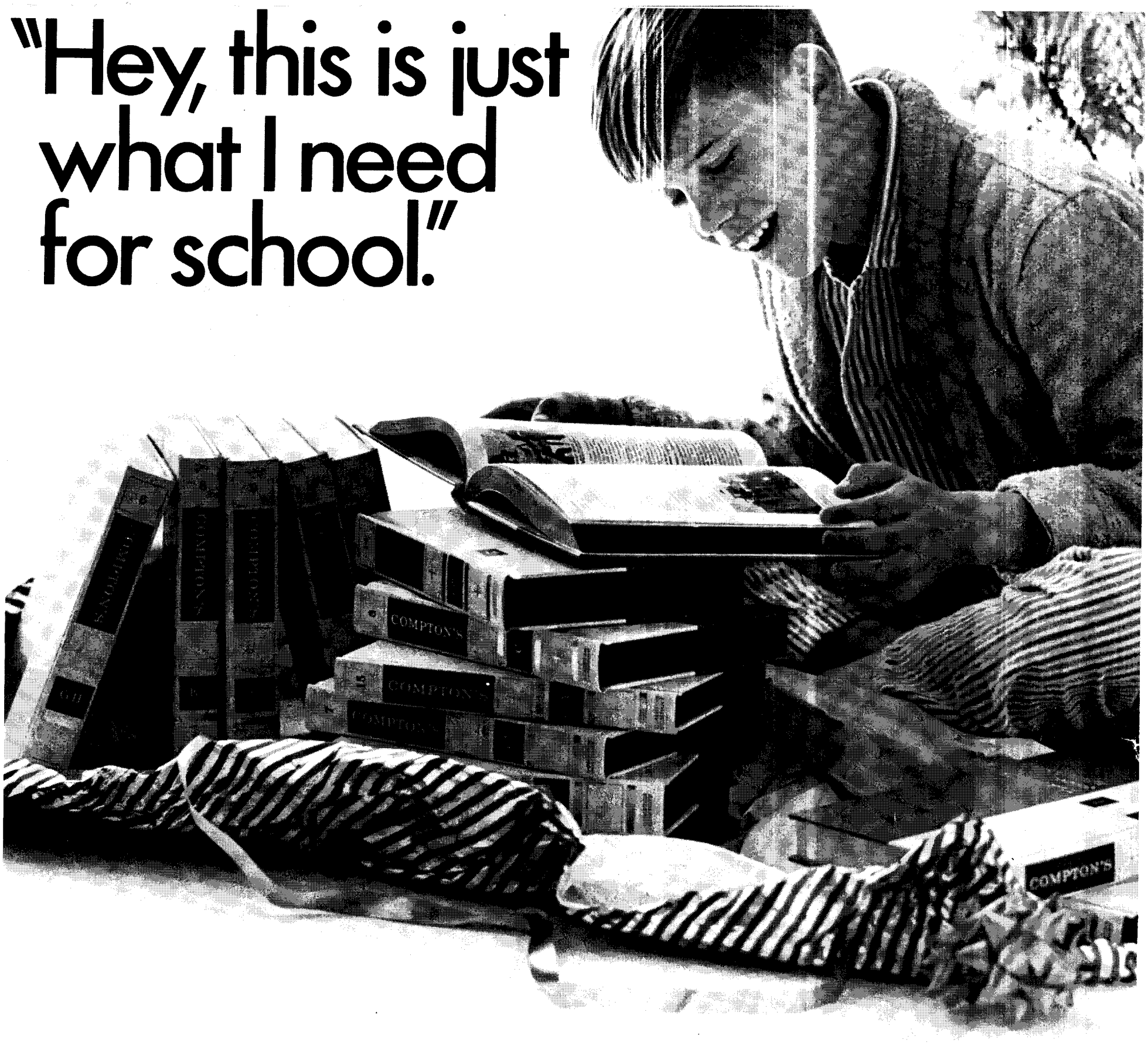
POLAROID®

It's like opening a present.

Polaroid
Color Pack
Cameras
start at
under $60.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hey, this is just what I need for school."



When you have Compton's in your home, you put discovery within the reach of every youngster . . . even long before he's ready for school.

For the student, Compton's is not just a "look-it-up-for-homework-and-then-forget-it" encyclopedia. Compton's is "written to read." Every article in Compton's is written by experts for accuracy, and then re-written in the Compton style that makes even technical articles absorbing reading. Text, illustrations, and exclusive Fact-Index in each volume are skillfully planned to lead children of all ages from subject to subject, to lead them to read more and more, to lead them to knowledge, while discovering the delight of finding out on their own.

Even for the child who can't yet read, Compton's has special usefulness. It contains material designed to be used *by* parents *with* children, an experience that can never come too early in a child's life... so that from the very beginning on through high school, every youngster can explore Compton's and enjoy the pleasures of learning.

There is no more meaningful gift you can give your children than putting the joy of discovery within their reach. It is a learning experience that will last them a lifetime, and both you and they will be the richer for it.

Compton's planned it that way.

"(Compton's) is recommended for home, school library, and public library use with children and youth from elementary grades through high school."
American Library Association
Subscription Books Committee, 1963

COMPTON'S

pictured encyclopedia

First in Quality

For more information, write: F. E. Compton Co.
425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

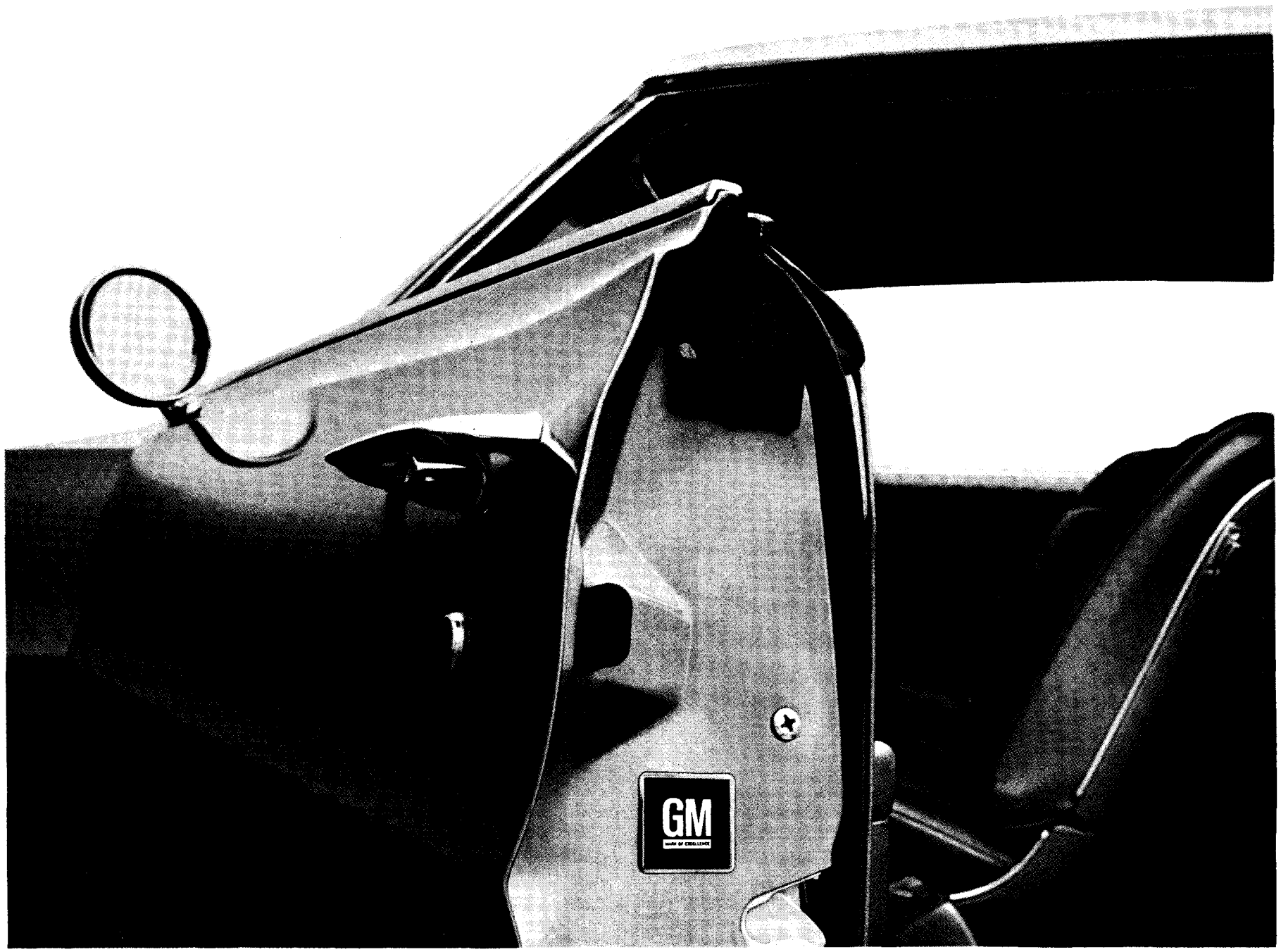
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

This is our mark of excellence. You'll see it when you open the door of any '67 GM car. And hear it when you close the door.

That's one of the things our mark means—the uncommon kind of quality you've come to expect from General Motors. And when you look at our '67 cars, you'll see that our mark means more than just quality, too. In style, comfort, safety and convenience, the new Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs are the finest ever built by General Motors. Look for the mark. You'll find it on every new GM car. More important, you'll find it where it has always been. In every GM car.

Look to the General Motors mark of excellence



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JAMES ATWATER (general); ROBERT S. BIRD (national affairs); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); ROBERT A. POTEETE (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science); JEANETTE SARKISIAN WAGNER (general). **Associates** ANN BAYER, M. B. SHESTACK (entertainment). **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, JOHN DENSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, MAX GUNTHER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** JEFF BROWN, HASKEL FRANKEL, SUSAN STANWOOD. **Associate** GERALDINE KRUG. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SARA PENTZ, SALLY A. REUKAUF. **Regional photographer** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington). **Contributing photographers** BILL BRIDGES, JOSEPH CONSENTINO, JOHN LAUNOIS, HARVEY LLOYD, WAYNE MILLER. **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Copy** RICHARD L. LEHMAN (chief). **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** RHOMA M. PAUL. **Copy research** DEBORAH HARKINS (chief). **Assistants** LORRAINE BUSCAGLIA, GAIL MARSHALL. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, MAXINE COHEN. **Editorial production** RITA M. ORTIGA (chief). **Assistant** LEAH KAHAN. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA SMITH, XENIA VUJNOVICH.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1966 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Gloria L. Swett, Vice Pres., Secretary; Kenneth B. Artz, Treasurer; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home and Jack and Jill. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

December 17, 1966 • 239th year, issue no. 26

Articles

We need more slumlords *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Joseph Kahn* 8
After Vietnam—abolish poverty? *(Affairs of State)* . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 12
A bold new trend in playthings *(The Human Comedy)* . . *David L. Goodrich* 14
Are flying saucers real? . . . . . *J. Allen Hynek* 17
Hawaii: Taps at Pearl Harbor . . . . . *Joan Didion* 22
Message in Billy Wilder's fortune cookie: 'Well, nobody's perfect . . .' *Richard Lemon* 30
The thinking man's Cowboy . . . . . *Edward Linn* 76
The case of the missing millionaire . . . . . *James Phelan* 85

Fiction

The day Mussolini died in Santa Vittoria . . . . . *Robert Crichton* 44
The private people . . . . . *John O'Hara* 56

Departments

Letters . . 4 America, America . . . .64 Post scripts . . . 74
Hazel . . . . . .82 Editorial 92

About this issue

In researching his article on Billy Wilder, RICHARD LEMON saw Wilder eight times, made three trips to Los Angeles and one to Cleveland, and saw or re-saw 10 of Wilder's movies. With delays, including one year Lemon took off to work as an editor at the *Post*, the piece took 18 months—which happens to be about the amount of time Wilder spends making a movie. . . . Aside from the widely acclaimed novel, *The Secret of Santa Vittoria,* ROBERT CRICHTON is the author of the nonfiction best seller, *The Great Impostor*. . . . JOAN DIDION, who writes here about her impressions of Hawaii, is at work on a second novel titled *Play It As It Lays*. Much of her time now is taken up by her eight-month-old baby, Quintana, named after a territory in Mexico. . . . "The wildest case I've ever been on" is the way investigative reporter JAMES PHELAN describes the mystery he unraveled while on assignment for the *Post*. Phelan's most recent *Post* article (September 10, 1966) was *California Tax Scandal.* / Cover illustration by PAUL CALLE.

Robert Crichton

Joan Didion

Moving?

Change your address in advance and get this FREE Moving Guide

Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 48-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
DEPT. NHJ
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

Please send me a FREE copy of New Home Journal

ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic rowers

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the presentation of the Atlantic voyage of Capt. John Ridgway and Sgt. Chay Blyth ['WE ROWED ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC' by John Ridgway, with James Atwater, November 5]. As a professional seaman and mariner, I have no bones to pick, and the article will live long past our time, a true odyssey of the sea.

JIM ORRELL
Galveston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I was carried along through the ups and downs of Ridgway and Blyth in their fantastic crossing, but there were questions that were never answered. How did the wives feel while their husbands were gone, and how were they notified of their return? What was the physical condition of the men at their landing? What was the condition of the *English Rose III?*

ANN CAMPBELL
Bellingham, Wash.

Understandably, Mrs. Ridgway and Mrs. Blyth spent an anxious three months, with moments of intermittent relief whenever their husbands were sighted by passing ships. First word of the safe arrival came to the women from a telephone call—from the rowers themselves. The physical toll of the trip was slight—swollen and blistered hands, a few lost pounds. Rosie's *condition? Excellent for a little craft that had weathered two hurricanes and served as a sharks' backscratcher.—Ed.*

Dear Editors:

Ridgway and Blyth give generous praise to the Cape Codders who helped them prepare for their big row. I might add that when they launched out from Nauset in Orleans, almost a thousand people watched from the cliffs. There were cheers and prayers. A Union Jack had been hastily cut, colored and stitched overnight from a contributed sheet, and perhaps the last thing seen from *English Rose III* when she became only a speck on the Atlantic might have been two flags whipping on the sands—American and British.

REV. STANLEY W. ELLIS
East Orleans, Mass.

Arkansas crusader

Gentlemen:

THE EMBATTLED CRUSADER OF CONWAY COUNTY [by Trevor Armbrister, November 19] describes a situation that makes a mockery of those who have died in Vietnam to insure the right of self-determination for people on the other side of the world—a right we don't have here in parts of America. If Wirges goes to prison, every decent citizen in America should hang his head in shame.

H. H. MULLER
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Editor:

Gene and Betty Wirges are the most courageous couple any state could have. It took real guts and determination to buck the old entrenched political machine, but freedom of the press is still a powerful force in protecting all our freedoms as American citizens.

LILLIEN REUTZ
Little Rock, Ark.

Gentlemen:

I was aghast, ashamed and angry at the Arkansas situation and the attempt of the Wirgeses to do something about it. I can only hope that Americans will rally to their cause—or will it be another instance of "not getting involved"?

MRS. EUGENE NELSON
Norwood, Mass.

High-rise marketing

Dear Sir:

Hurrah for Bill Davidson and THE HIGH COST OF EVERYTHING [November 5]! For a long time everyone has blamed the farmer for the high food prices, and it's refreshing to finally have the true story printed. Now that the consumer is awake, perhaps we can put the squeeze on the middleman.

MRS. JAMES HUTCHISON
Barnett, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Not once did Bill Davidson mention that American housewives are probably the worst shoppers in the world. They buy what they don't need to get an extra 50 or 100 trading stamps, and don't even look at ounces or government grades on packages—they look at the price.

ALBERT G. BENEDIX
Western Springs, Ill.

Dear Sir:

President Johnson's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, Mrs. Esther Peterson, was quoted as saying, "Women don't understand." This continual patronizing and condescending attitude of Washington's bureaucrats merely adds fuel to this fire of dissatisfaction. The American public has begun to understand all too well where the trouble lies—in costly, ineffectual and inefficient government policies. The revolts have just begun, and more power to them.

MRS. FORREST HENRY JR.
Port Angeles, Wash.

Academic brain—or brawn?

Dear Sirs:

You are to be commended for bringing to light the true situation facing college football players today [COLLEGES SHORT-CHANGE THEIR FOOTBALL PLAYERS by Michael Shaara, November 5]. My fiancé is attending a men's university, by means of a football scholarship and he is experiencing the very problems Mr. Shaara presented so articulately.

LYNN EDWARDS
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sir:

If colleges and universities are in the business of entertaining the public, and athletes perform a valuable service for them, they should simply hire players as they hire janitors and building-and-grounds men—with good salaries and without academic requirements.

BURTON M. LEISER
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a former college athlete, may I observe that many of us could never have had a college education were it not for those athletic scholarships.

Shaara suggests these young men should be paid. They are in fact highly paid—add up tuition, fees, room and board, three or four years of travel throughout America, plus all the intangibles of university life. I beg of Mr. Shaara not to teach these highly privileged young college football players to cry over their supposed serfdom.

REV. BILL ANDERSON
Euless, Tex.

Coming next

SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE

Love in America

A color portfolio

THE SEVEN AGES OF LOVE

♥

A NATIONWIDE POLL

How Americans answered 75 questions on what they think and do about love

♥

DATING BY COMPUTER

One girl's account of the men she met by electronics

♥

AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF LOVE, U.S.A.

By Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

♥

THE LOVE MERCHANTS

How they make millions by making you more attractive

♥

VERSE BY THE NATION'S FOREMOST POETS

. . . and love stories, articles, 30 pages in full color

Witchcraft '66

Dear Sir:

The recent *Post* article concerning witchcraft [OUT FOR A NIGHT AT THE LOCAL CALDRON by John Kobler, November 5] amused me no end. It is pitiful to think of those naïve persons who actually believe in such sheer rubbish. In this day and age the thought is so ludicrous that I feel I must lie down before I collapse from laughing fits.

JOHN WOLODZKO
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear sirs:

Bravo for the British witches and warlocks! They've put spunk and life back into religion. I for one would like to see the witches make a big comeback and give the orthodoxy a run for their money. As an afterthought—where do I join?

DONALD HARRISON
Baldwin Park, Calif.

Rebels with cause?

Dear Sirs:

Steven Kelman's article [YOU FORCE KIDS TO REBEL, November 19] reassures me about our dog-gone younger generation. As long as there are kids who think as clearly and articulate their thoughts as well as this lad, I won't worry about the future of our world.

KATE DUNCAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Editor:

What Steven Kelman says is true but not new. We adults were young once and went through the same skepticisms, as have many other generations before us. Steven, you are going to teach your children many things that will be proven erroneous, and I hope they will not say you were dishonest—only mistaken. The glorious part about being a human is that the process of learning never ceases.

MRS. ORVIS NOWLES
Walla Walla, Wash

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

Cover–Paul Calle. •3–Werner Wolff (Black Starr), Bill Bridges. •8–Joe Covello (Black Star). •12–David Gahr. •17–NICAP. 18–Roger Malloch. 19–NICAP. • 20–U P.I. • 21–APRO. • 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–Wayne Miller (Magnum). • 31, 32, 33, 34–Bill Bridges. •76, 77–Rich Clarkson. •84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90–Bill Bridges. •91–Wide World. •92–A.P., Jack Fields, two by Ollie Atkins.

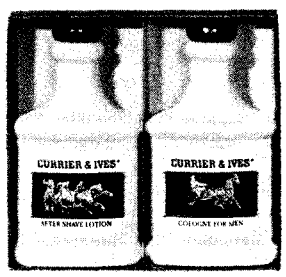
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAWRENCE WELK says:
"Currier & Ives strikes the right note with every man for Christmas".
CURRIER & IVES
RECREATES THE ERA OF MANLY ELEGANCE
CURRIER & IVES SHAVE TALC
CURRIER & IVES' AFTER SHAVE LOTION
CURRIER & IVES' COLOGNE FOR MEN

No man can resist these elegant grooming aids by CURRIER & IVES®

Celebrate Christmas with elegance. Give him a magnificent gift set of grooming aids by Currier & Ives. The festive gift cartons, with their full color Currier & Ives prints, capture the spirit of Christmas. And inside are the finest grooming aids any man could wish for. There's a Currier & Ives gift set just right for every man on your list. Individual items come beautifully gift packed too.

After shave lotion and instant lather—$2.75



After shave lotion and cologne—$3.50

After shave lotion and spray deodorant—$2.75

"m-m-m-that Currier & Ives fragrance...You'll love it"

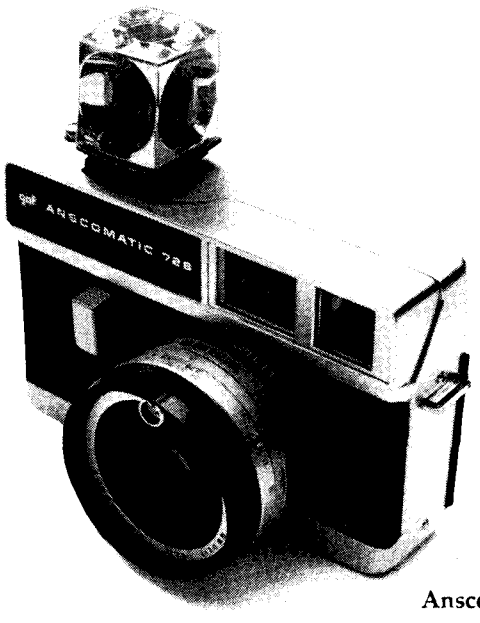
CURRIER & IVES SPRAY DEODORANT
CURRIER & IVES SHAVE TALC
CURRIER & IVES INSTANT SHAVE CREAM
CURRIER & IVES' COLOGNE FOR MEN
CURRIER & IVES' AFTER SHAVE LOTION

After shave lotion, cologne, spray deodorant, instant lather, glycerine soap and shave talc—$8.25

WATCH THE LAWRENCE WELK SHOW, SATURDAY 8:30 to 9:30 PM (EST) ABC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aren't memories



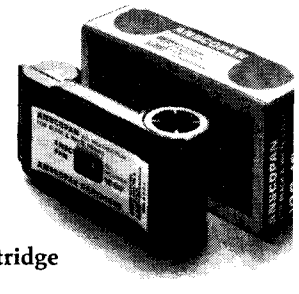
Anscomatic 726

That's all it costs to capture those once-in-a-lifetime moments.

The whole family opening their gifts under the tree. The children burrowing into their stockings "to see what Santa brought." Christmas dinner.

The instant-loading Anscomatic® 126 captures it all—in color or black-and-white. With an extra large viewfinder for easy framing. Outdoors or indoors. And it takes four pictures with one flashcube. The Anscomatic 126 is one of the sturdiest cameras you can buy. For yourself or for someone else. It's a great gift! And it has a one-year guarantee against anything.

If there's someone on your Christmas list you think should get a more



Anscopan Film in Anscopak Cartridge

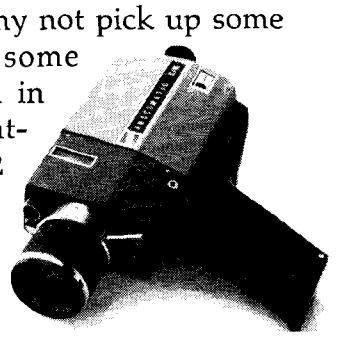
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas worth $16*?

*The Anscomatic 126, for slightly less than $16.

deluxe instant-loading camera, we have the Anscomatic 326 for less than $38.00. And for an extra-deluxe instant-loading camera with every wanted feature, we have the Anscomatic 726. For under $90.00, it gives you all the features of the 126 plus CdS electric eye exposure meter that automatically adjusts for the proper light, fast f2.8 lens, shutter speeds to 1/500th, built-in range finder, and parallax-corrected viewfinder. Comes with neck strap and soft leather case.

While you're at the camera store, why not pick up some Anscochrome® color-slide film and some Anscopan® black-and-white film, both in Anscopak cartridges. They fit all instant-loading cameras and they're packed 12 exposures to the cartridge. Just enough for a weekend's shooting.



Anscomatic S/85

Is there someone very special on your Christmas list? Then buy an Anscomatic Super 8 movie camera. This one is the S/85 and it costs under $130. It's the first movie camera you don't have to be afraid of. No tricky loading. No involved setting. No complicated anything. Just drop in the cartridge and you're ready to take the most beautiful home movies ever seen on a screen.

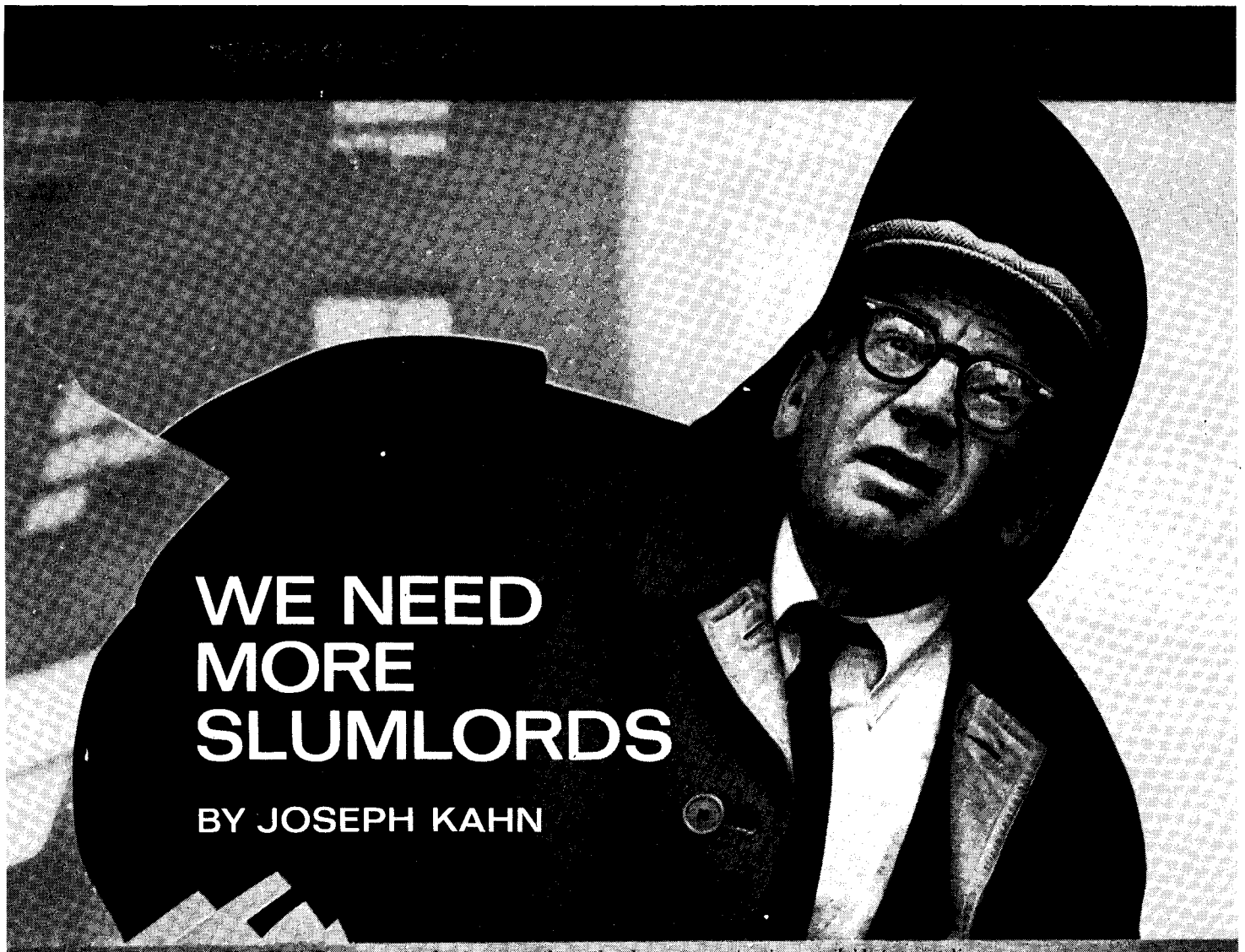
And for the person on your Christmas list who prefers slide shows, give him a couple of rolls of new Anscochrome, the film that gives you brilliant color slides every single time.

Film. Cameras. Projectors. Whichever you get or give, with GAF it will be a memorable Christmas.

gaf GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION

Anscochrome Film

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WE NEED MORE SLUMLORDS

BY JOSEPH KAHN

A New York Post reporter for 23 years, the author has won most prizes available to crusading journalists—among them the Heywood Broun Memorial award, Albert Lasker award, Page One award, and the George Polk award. Off the beat, he does watercolors which also have won prizes.

I'm a reporter and I cover the Housing and Welfare beat in New York City. That means I cover slums. For 20 years I've spent so much time in tenements that sometimes I dream of waking up—like that character in Kafka's *Metamorphosis*—a giant cockroach.

But I want to defend the slumlord.

I've covered stories about families of eight packed into one room and paying $125 a month for the privilege. Stories about infants having toes and fingers and ears bitten off by rats. Stories about old ladies with legs frostbitten because boilers had broken down and gone unrepaired for weeks.

But I want to defend the slumlord.

I've spent hundreds of days in Housing Courts listening to property owners whine and wheedle, listening to judges berate and sentence. I've spent countless hours at hearings convened to draw up tougher laws for the protection of tenants. I've traveled to many cities to cover antipoverty projects, rent strikes and rent riots.

I still want to defend the slumlords. Most of them are taking a bum rap from the press, the courts, the governments, and the public.

When most people think of a slumlord, they come up with a stereotype: He is vicious and very rich, he owns whole neighborhoods, he exploits the poor unmercifully, and the law can't do anything about it because he hides behind corporations. This is a myth. There are such people, of course, but *most* slum owners—a very large majority, I believe, although few statistics on slum ownership exist—are small people who have a building or two or three and are trying to make a little money and often aren't breaking even. Instead of being exploiters, they are often victims—of their own tenants and of unworkable government policy.

A slum owner I'll call Henry J. Miller, for example, is a tall, husky, affable man in his early 50's who decided to follow his father into the real-estate business. He attracted my attention by walking into Housing Court one day—voluntarily—and telling the judge, "Your Honor, I can't keep my buildings in repair. My tenants won't let me."

He went on for 15 minutes, calmly, articulately, describing what his tenants—and the derelicts and dope addicts—were doing to his property.

The judge astonished veteran court observers by saying, "Well, if the tenants are at fault, I don't think you can hold the landlord responsible. I think we'd better investigate your situation." It was one of the rare instances when a judge even conceded that tenants might be at fault.

"Let's get one thing straight," Miller told me later. "I'm not a social worker. I went into this business to make money. But my tenants have ruined one building and they're ruining my others. Want to see? I'll show you."

He took me first to a 60-year-old four-story tenement a block from Sutton Place, perhaps the most fashionable area in the city. The rents were controlled at about $28 a month for three rooms. (New York is the only city that now has rent ceilings.)

Inside, the halls were freshly painted, the linoleum glinted with wax. The door of each apartment had a distinctive design. The apartments, though small, were handsomely decorated.

"Now let's look at the same building uptown," Miller said. "Same age and size, exactly the same rents."

The "same" building on the rundown West Side of Manhattan did look the same from the outside. But inside, the halls smelled of urine and wine. A fluorescent ceiling light cast a pale glare. "I had nice lighting fixtures," Miller said, "but the tenants steal the bulbs as soon as you replace them." Outside one apartment door garbage in an orange crate leaked across the floor. Outside another door a baby carriage without wheels blocked the hall. "If an inspector came here now," Miller said, "those are violations against the landlord, not the tenants."

He showed me a splintered door. "The mother who lives here wouldn't let her boyfriend in last night so he broke the door down. Last week there was a fight upstairs and the sink got torn off the pipes." On the second floor the door to one apartment was open and we talked to an 11-year-old boy who was putting an "oatmeal pie" in the oven. He was minding his two younger brothers. The apartment reeked of rancid food and dirty clothes. One wall was covered with crayon scrawls. The ceiling was stained as though a bathtub had overflowed upstairs.

"That's from the junkies," the boy said matter-of-factly. He led us upstairs to an empty apartment. The handle and lock had been taken off the door. The lighting fixtures were missing. Beer cans littered the floor. The boy pointed to a sink.

"They heat their stuff [narcotics] under the hot water and sometimes they let the water run over and it leaks on us. Mamma gets mad."

The junkies had broken in as soon as the tenants moved out. "A man and a woman and two kids on welfare," Miller said. "They just skipped. I'm stuck for the month's rent."

Back at his office Miller showed me his accountant's report for the year. For the building just inspected, taxes, mortgage payments and repairs totaled $10,425. His income: $7,206. He also owns the two adjoining buildings and has the same problems with them.

"If I'd had no vacancies, of course, I would have at least broken even. But they just come and go and they don't give a damn about the building. I pray every day that the city will condemn all three of these buildings for a housing project and maybe I'll get my money back. Meantime, I take a tax loss."

A harried, overburdened, under-earning small-businessman, "Slumlord" Miller is far from alone with his grief and his tax loss. All over the country owners of slum buildings recite the same litany: "The day after I plaster a wall the hole is back again. . . . The tenants toss garbage out of the window. . . . Kids break windows for kicks. . . . I have to pay off cops and inspectors. . . ."

Many of these people inherited one, two, three dwellings. The value of their property kept falling, and now a lot of the buildings can't be sold at all. Many of the slum tenements are owned by people who live in them. Some put up their savings years ago to buy a "safe" long-term investment—and got caught by declining values, high mortgages, and repair bills that never stop.

Far from being a cigar-smoking Daddy Slumbucks living in splendor off the misery of the poor, the next slum owner you meet may offer to *give* you a building. It's happened to me.

The biggest slumlord in the country is New York City's Real Estate Department. It is supposed to run 3,972 tenements which it took over because the owners didn't pay the taxes or which it seized for eventual demolition to make way for housing projects. Seven hundred more buildings are turned over to the city every year by despairing landlords. An average of 12,000 violations is reported annually on city-managed buildings.

"Tenants are to blame for most of these violations," said Frank J. Lazarus, formerly the Real Estate Commissioner. "Door locks for most of these buildings, for instance, are a thing of the past. Thieves steal them for the metal as fast as they are put in."

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOGEN DAVID GOES DRY—TOO!

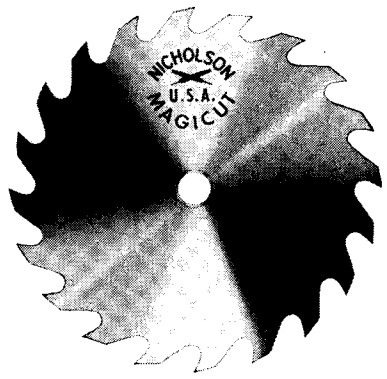
The tastes are superb. The decanters are tall. The wines are Mogen David®—Dry.

Make the dry scene with the new Mogen David Dry Wines. They've got a smart, delicious taste all their own. A sophisticated taste that adds excitement to any party, zest to any meal, delightful anytime. They're new from Mogen David, so drink them dry—Dry Concord, Dry Red, Dry Sauterne and Burgundy. They're the wines of today...and tomorrow. Try them tonight.

Mogen David Dry Concord, Dry Red, American Dry Sauterne and American Burgundy Wines. Produced and bottled by Mogen David Wine Corp., Chicago, U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sink your wood into these teeth!

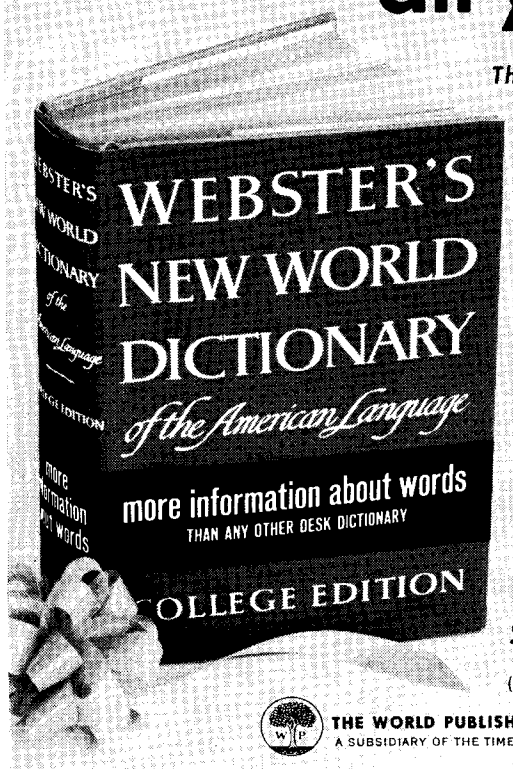


New Nicholson Silver Steel handsaws and Magicut power saw blades really bite through lumber. Ask your hardware dealer for these great, new Nicholson tools—and cut it like you never cut it before!

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files • Handsaws • Power Saw Blades • Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades • Rotary Burs Hole Saws • Ground Flat Stock • Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R.I.

The gift people open all year long



This dictionary can be one of the most useful gifts you'll ever give. It provides all the information likely to be needed about words for home and office, school and college. Complete word histories, helpful descriptive synonymies and clear, self-contained definitions. 142,000 entries, 3100 terms illustrated, 1760 pages. Just look for the dictionary with the bright black and yellow band.

Approved and used in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada.

$6.95 *THUMB-INDEXED* *$5.95 PLAIN*

(A small price for so much knowledge)

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland and New York
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY

Addicts break down doors to get into the hallways. Another common violation, for which inspectors issue summonses, is overcrowding. "We never rent for more than the legal number," Lazarus said. "But once an apartment is rented, how the uncles and aunts and cousins pile in! It's not our fault."

A city can get away with a plea of helplessness even when the slums it owns are decaying, rat-ridden firetraps. But the private owner has no such immunity, and when he tells the judge that he didn't cause and can't cure the problems, he's told, "It's your responsibility." Hardly a week goes by without a new proposal to "put some teeth" into the laws on landlords, even in New York, which already provides for reduction or withholding of rents or even seizure of a building when violations remain uncorrected. There has been no lack of legislative ingenuity where the slumlord is concerned. Chicago has a system whereby a landlord gets a ticket for each day a violation goes uncorrected. Chicago also can issue injunctions—as can Philadelphia and San Francisco—to compel compliance with housing standards by holding an owner in contempt of court if he doesn't repair or vacate a building that doesn't meet standards. Again to protect the tenant, New York limits a landlord's profit to six percent a year, plus two percent in depreciation. If his profit is less, the landlord may apply for a rent increase—but such requests are usually snarled in red tape for a year or more. What's more, his building has to be practically clear of violations before he gets the increase, and all a tenant has to do to prevent that from happening is kick a hole in a hallway wall before the inspector comes around.

At the same time, the tenants are almost always exempt from prosecution under laws that require them to keep their apartments free from certain violations. As Harvard Law School reported after a recent survey: "Some cities, like Chicago and New York, avoid prosecuting tenants, relying instead on the general maintenance provisions of the housing code to hold landlords liable." And then, in scholarly understatement: "Tenant prosecutions are unpopular with politically vocal minority groups."

An interesting experiment was conducted a few years back by a foundation in New York headed by Laurance Rockefeller, philanthropist and conservationist. The foundation bought a slum tenement for $16,000 and spent $132,903 to rehabilitate the building. Rents were raised, but only to $55 a month from $21. Here, at last, was a demonstration of how slums could be saved. What happened? The building remained one-sixth empty on the average because of rapid turnover of tenants. Tenants were destructive and the building now is beginning to look like a slum again. A foundation official threw up his hands and said: "The economics of it turn an intelligent landlord into a slumlord. . . . You can sense that a building is steadily deteriorating and you can't afford to keep it up. . . ." Asked about the Rockefeller experiment, a New York City planner said, "Low-income housing today is not a business that private enterprise can engage in and make money."

In cities throughout the country, planners say the same. In Philadelphia, for instance, which is desperate for low-income housing, over 35,000 houses have been abandoned. Thousands of homes in Detroit, Chicago, Washington and other cities are boarded up.

The typical small slumlord, I submit, is being cynically used by the same society that denounces him. He is our device for sheltering the utterly poor, the illiterate, the hopeless. To deny this is unadulterated hypocrisy. Ideally, of course, there would be no slums, but where will these people live until that fine day when there are, in fact, no slums? Not in public housing, for New York alone has a waiting list of 125,000 families, practically no state funds left for housing this year and a federal allotment that will permit construction of only 28,800 units in the next four years—by which time the waiting list will have grown still more. Similarly, Philadelphia has 14,000 public-housing units but needs 60,000 more now, and the Federal Government is building units at the rate of 35,000 a year—over the whole country. Moreover, it's doubtful that the hard-core slum dweller could get into public housing even if it existed. Housing administrators, sensitive to criticism that they subsidize laziness and immorality, skim off the elite of the slum society. The unwed mother, the very large family, the former addict—all are out. One 28-year-old father of two was barred from a New York project because he had stolen a car at the age of 16.

We send these unfortunates, our true problem population, to be housed by people like Henry J. Miller, and then, self-righteously, we set up elaborate schemes and pile law on law to run him out of business. And more and more, his kind does go out of business—leaving the market wide open for the shrewd, corrupt, big-money operator, the slum racketeer, for whom slums are ruthless business.

As more and more small slumlords are forced out, the big operators gain more and more control of a city's poorest areas. And what our cities need is more slumlords, not fewer, for the small owner has a stake in making improvements—if he can only afford them. The Henry J. Millers should be encouraged, assisted, yes, even subsidized to stay in business. Instead of persecuting them, we should provide ways for them to do the job they are supposed to do but seldom can—give the poor a place to live decently.

At least the slum landlords let our poorest people get off the streets, while most of us do nothing more than declare piously that we want the slums improved, and that the slums' owners must be evil because they permit such conditions. At present, the budgets of most slum owners can barely stand the wretched conditions that exist. Perhaps we will never be able to bring ourselves to do anything for the people we brand "slumlords," but at least we might take action in the slum dweller's name—perhaps by subsidizing his rents so that the owner could make the property more livable and still get a reasonable return without cheating. Given this sort of break, at least some tenants might reply in kind, by trying harder to be good tenants.

Joseph Kahn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That's a promising cold you've got there. With a little neglect

it can be a honey

Why give up and give in to a cold? Go to work on it early. Take Contac® when you *first* feel your cold coming on.

Right away, over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule will begin stopping your sniffles. Checking your sneezes. Clearing your stuffy nose. You may never even feel the worst part of your cold.

And the good medicine in Contac keeps up its good work continuously—for up to 12 full hours.

Instead of giving your next cold nothing but neglect, why not give it everything we've got?

Get Contac at your pharmacy. And take it early. Before your cold gets worse.

Menley & James Laboratories, Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

After Vietnam—Abolish Poverty?

WASHINGTON:

It may seem foolishly early to be thinking about the end of the war in Vietnam, and what will come after it. But all wars end someday, and already the Government's leading thinkers are thinking hard and long about the role of Government in the postwar period. To judge from the way they talk, they are thinking more and more seriously about an idea which at first sounds both madly extravagant and faintly ludicrous. The idea is to abolish poverty once and for all by putting a floor under the income of all American citizens.

"The way to eliminate poverty is to give the poor people enough money so that they won't be poor anymore," says one Government thinker. "If the war ended, we could do that very easily with the money we're now spending in Vietnam."

The official Government standard for poverty—a four-person, nonfarm family with an income of $3,130 or less per year—now applies to about 17 percent of the total U.S. population. To give these poor people "enough money so that they won't be poor anymore" would cost somewhere between $12 billion and $15 billion a year—well under the $2 billion a month that Vietnam is now costing. For about two percent of the Gross National Product, in other words, poverty could be abolished in the United States. All American citizens, as a matter of right, would be entitled to a minimum, non-poverty income. And this is where the proposal begins to sound faintly ludicrous. For "all American citizens" would include the drunks and the drug addicts, as well as bad people, immoral people and just plain lazy people.

At first blush, it seems wildly unlikely that any administration will risk a proposal that would reward the undeserving poor as well as the deserving poor. No politician wants to be accused of taxing honest citizens in order to subsidize worthless citizens in the purchase of booze or reefers.

And yet the idea of a national minimum-income guarantee is a perfectly serious idea all the same, which is already being seriously debated by serious men. As always in the Johnson Administration, those in official position are reluctant to be quoted by name for fear of infuriating the President. But there are plenty of men still in the Government who agree with such recently departed officials as Joseph Kershaw, provost of Williams College, and Prof. James Tobin of Yale. Kershaw was until recently chief economist with Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity, and Professor Tobin was formerly a member of the Council of Economic Advisers.

Kershaw says confidently that the minimum-income guarantee is "the next great social advance. . . . In the long run it's inevitable, it's got to come." In a recent magazine article which has attracted much attention among Government economists, Tobin argues with conviction that "the upper four-fifths of the nation can surely afford the two percent of Gross National Product which would bring the lowest fifth across the poverty line."

The basic idea for a minimum-income guarantee was first put forward by Prof. Milton Friedman, who is the chief economic idea-man for—of all people—Barry Goldwater. Friedman called for a "negative income tax," to be administered by the Internal Revenue Service, to take the place of all federally subsidized relief for the poor. Friedman must have been surprised, and possibly appalled, when his idea was seized upon, and enthusiastically elaborated, by liberal economists like Tobin.

Tobin gives this illustration of how the scheme might work: "The Internal Revenue Service pays the 'taxpayer' $400 per member of his family if the family has no income. This allowance is reduced by 33⅓ cents for every dollar the family earns. . . . At an income of $1,200 per person the allowance becomes zero. . . . At some higher income . . . the present tax schedule applies."

Tobin, Sargent Shriver and others who have interested themselves in the idea point out that although the scheme would cost a lot of money it would save a lot of money too. Direct public assistance to the poor—federal, state and local—now amounts to about $5.5 billion, and the trend is sharply up. The minimum-income guarantee, in theory at least, would consign the present immensely complex system to the ash can. Virtually all economists, left, right, and center, seem to agree that the ash can is where that system belongs.

It is a bad system for several reasons. First, there is the "man in the house" rule. The Aid for Dependent Children program is the biggest of the federally subsidized plans. Under the program, as administered in most areas, aid can be provided to a family only if there is no employable male in the household. The result, as Tobin points out, is that "too often a father can provide for his children only by leaving both them and their mother." He calls this incentive to the disintegration of family life "a piece of collective insanity."

Moreover, the "means test" tends totally to kill all initiative. The idea of the means test is that a family will get public assistance only to the extent that it cannot pay its own way. In practice, the result is that a poor man who earns $1,000 toward the support of his family doesn't profit by a penny, since the $1,000 is subtracted from his relief checks. Under the "negative income tax" system, he would keep part of every dollar he earned.

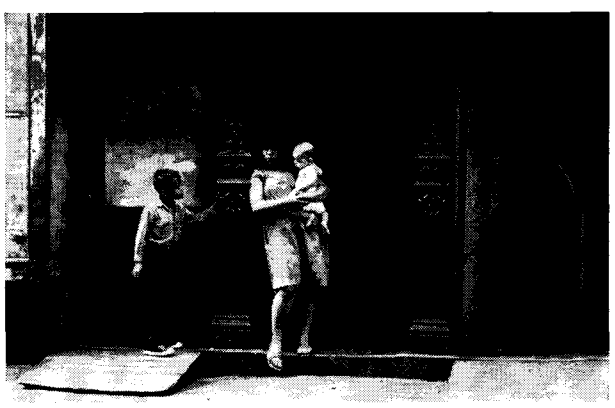
The means tests and other complicated bureaucratic requirements of the present system tend to turn the social workers who administer the programs, willy-nilly, into part-time spies and policemen. In Negro ghettos, hatred for the administrators of the relief programs is almost universal.

There are, of course, plenty of objections to the whole idea of a universal floor under incomes, quite aside from the vast cost. A program with a price tag of $12 billion to $15 billion might crowd out the "structural" programs—preschool education, job training, slum clearance and the like—which are designed to help the poor escape from poverty. "You'd be treating the symptoms of the disease," says one critic of the idea, "while letting the disease itself get worse and worse."

Enthusiasts for a minimum-income guarantee counter that a good doctor treats the symptoms as well as the disease. But the deepest and most instinctive opposition to the idea derives from "the Puritan ethic." By the standards of conventional morality, it is just plain *wrong* that a man—especially a bad man or lazy man—should be paid money which he had done nothing to earn by the sweat of his brow. This is why, even to many who like the idea, it seems highly unlikely that Lyndon Johnson will ever buy it.

Lyndon Johnson will certainly not buy the idea while the Vietnamese war continues. He is a cautious politician, and he may never buy it, even if the war ends. But Lyndon Johnson is also a man very conscious of his place in history, and the President who abolished poverty in the United States would certainly occupy a rather capacious niche in his country's history.

Stewart Alsop



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philco color TV really looks this good. This unretouched photo was taken right off the picture tube.

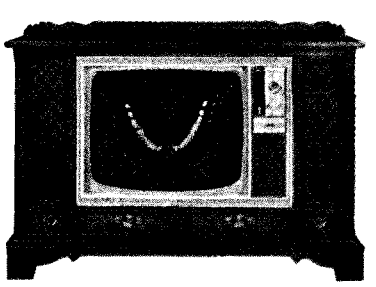
Our brand-new tuning eye makes it easy to tune color like this. As easy as tuning a radio.

We've eliminated the guesswork in tuning the picture. Just turn the fine tuning dial until the little green eye is at its narrowest point, and you've got it. On UHF or VHF. Then it's only a matter of adjusting the color tint to your personal taste.

Another reason the color is as good as what you're seeing here (telecast by WKBS-TV, Channel 48, Philadelphia, photographed from a production model Philco set at 1/15th second on ASA 160 film) is that we've made the vital signal system completely solid state. That means there are no old-style vacuum tubes in those circuits to heat up or burn out. Just cool little space-age miracles that sit quietly pulling in the kind of great color you're seeing here.

We've done other good things, too. But all we're trying to do right here is get you interested. Interested enough to find out more from your Philco dealer. And see some color programs on a Philco for yourself. Then make up your own mind. We'll take our chances on that.

Philco-Ford Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.

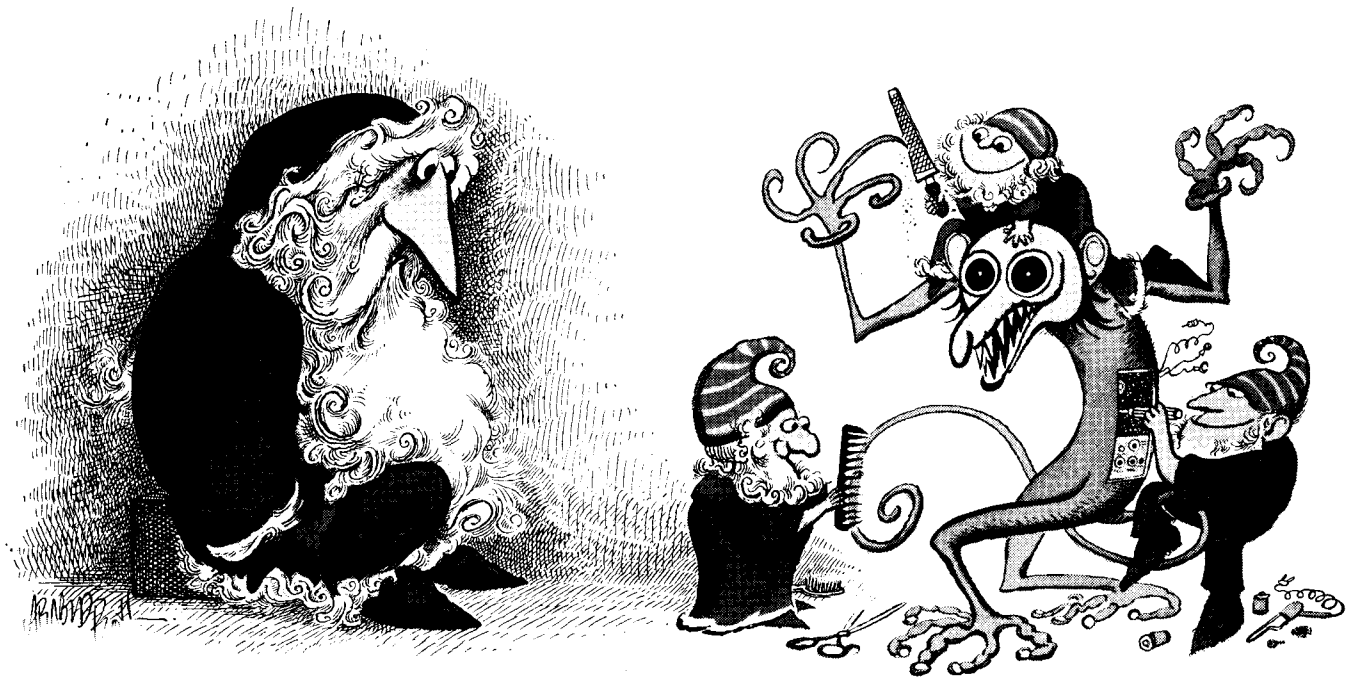


PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS · RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES · REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A BOLD NEW TREND IN PLAYTHING CREATION

BY DAVID L. GOODRICH

AVANT-GARDE PLAYTHINGS, INC.
TO: F. Herman Sixorn, President
FROM: Edwin A. Funkhauser,
Vice President for New Products
November 10, 1975

(1) My department has expended much industry and imagination on playthings for the 1975 Christmas season. New products include:

(a) An electronic eavesdropping device which enables children to overhear conversations a mile away.

(b) A Deluxe Kustomized Tricycle. All bolts are frenched in; mudguards are sprayed with 12 coats of pearlescent paint; the seat is upholstered in diamond-tufted Huggahyde.

(c) The ultimate "monster toy." This is a marmoset-like, battery-powered little creature which leaps from hiding to bite and claw the unwary, and can clear a room in seconds.

(2) Other products are nearing completion; this year's line promises to be the most exciting in my 40 years with the Company.

TO: Funkhauser FROM: Sixorn *Nov. 12*

(1) I do not share the optimism you express. The playthings which you have developed are fundamentally improvisations on the antiquated ideas of yesterday, and as such are unsuitable for today's fast-moving markets. Bold, adventurous thinking is essential in today's cutthroat competition.

(2) While our competitors, Hotsy Toys for Hotsy Tots, Inc., have a camera capable of taking color pictures through a brick wall, we have an "eavesdropping device." Market research indicates that children became bored with these back in the 196.'s. Hotsy also has an electronic "monsterpal," a hydraulic-powered robot in fleshlike Jekyllhyde which has the appearance of an average 12-year-old child. By voice commands, the owner can make his "playmate" uproot trees, assault enemies, etc.

TO: Sixorn FROM: Funkhauser *Nov. 13*

(1) It is beneficial to have the stimulation of your forward-looking thinking.

(2) In line with the backyard surfing boom, we have developed the Puddlejumper, a kiddie-sized surfboard with built-in propulsion unit and wavemaker. This product offers exploitation potential for a related line of swimsuits, surfing records, etc.

TO: Funkhauser FROM: Sixorn *Nov. 14*

(1) I should remind you that our task is not to follow trends but to set them.

(2) I had a stimulating visit this morning from a bright, personable new man in your department, young Hockaberry. He has developed three impressive, forward-looking product ideas:

(a) For children who are averse to exercise, Hockaberry has created the Hovering Lounging Chair. This glides smoothly around the house or yard on a cushion of air generated by propellers. The child lies on his back and steers with twitches of the index finger.

(b) For playing soldier, Hockaberry has a nontoxic nerve gas which renders the "enemy" unconscious for an hour.

(c) To top off this all-star list, Hockaberry has bred "Old MacDonald's Mini-Farm," a barnyardful of animals genetically scaled down to child-size but otherwise completely normal—the schnauzer-sized cows give Grade A milk, the six-inch chickens lay eggs the size of mothballs.

TO: Sixorn FROM: Funkhauser *Nov. 17*

(1) I have made repeated tests of Hockaberry's ideas. I should observe that his "harmless" nerve gas knocked me out not for one hour, but for 48. Moreover, some 78 percent of the children who receive our playthings live in city apartments. Where would Hockaberry's pygmy Guernseys *graze?*

(2) Hockaberry's ideas are laughably unworkable. He is glib and muddleheaded, and has no sense of the practicalities of plaything-creation.

(3) I am pleased to report that we have developed a White House for Dolls, an exact, fully furnished 132-room model of the Executive Mansion. This raises its owner's social standing to the zenith. Her playmates will vie to bring their dolls for dips in the pool, receptions in the East Room, etc.

TO: Funkhauser FROM: Sixorn *Nov. 18*

(1) Your latest suggestion might generate a certain snob appeal, but basically it is just another dollhouse.

(2) At cocktails last evening, Hockaberry labeled your Christmas line "as imaginative as a 'God Bless Our Home' sampler." I concur.

(3) Hockaberry has three more crackerjack suggestions:

(a) An Instant Pony ("Just Add Water, and It Canters").

(b) A quarter-scale, working replica of the *Goeben*, a 23,000-ton, German World War I battle cruiser. The warship would be fully armed, and stocked with six months' rations of hardtack and schnapps. Hockaberry also plans a replica of the British battle cruiser *Indomitable;* boys 6 to 12 would reenact notable naval battles.

(c) For budding dental surgeons, Hockaberry has created Lispin' Lil, a life-sized eight-year-old who needs extensive orthodontia, and crown and bridge work. The child works on Lil in a fully equipped, miniaturized dentist's office. Lil's teeth continue to decay after treatment; the child thus learns to cope with continuing responsibility.

(4) Hockaberry's thinking outstrips yours more dramatically each day.

TO: Sixorn FROM: Funkhauser *Nov. 18*

(1) Lil is too similar to last Christmas's Model 3600 talking doll—the one with psychosomatic complaints for psychiatry-oriented pre-teens.

(2) I repeat: Hockaberry's ideas are wildly impractical.

TO: Funkhauser FROM: Sixorn *Nov. 21*

(1) The Board of Directors met this morning and agreed that the Christmas line is hopelessly behind the times. At my suggestion, Hockaberry was chosen to replace you. In his acceptance speech, he pledged to further broaden the horizons of plaything-engineering.

(2) You will be busy in the next few hours, tying up loose ends; you need not take precious time to say good-bye.

TO: Sixorn FROM: Funkhauser *Nov. 24*

(1) Hockaberry will be unable to replace me. An hour ago I passed by his office and found him contemplating his latest creation, a "magician's cabinet." This was roughly as large as a refrigerator; Hockaberry informed me it could make objects "disappear forever." Mindful of his abysmal record, I predicted the cabinet would not function as claimed. Hockaberry bristled, then placed a desk lamp in the cabinet, closed the door and pressed a button. When he opened the door, the cabinet was empty. While I was examining it, Hockaberry was dancing about crying, "I told you so, you old fossil!" At one point he stepped close to the cabinet, then somehow stumbled and became wedged inside. In trying to extricate him, I inadvertently let the door close. The button must have been pressed, for when I got the cabinet open, Hockaberry was gone.

(2) I have requisitioned a new lamp.

TO: Funkhauser FROM: Sixorn *Nov. 24*

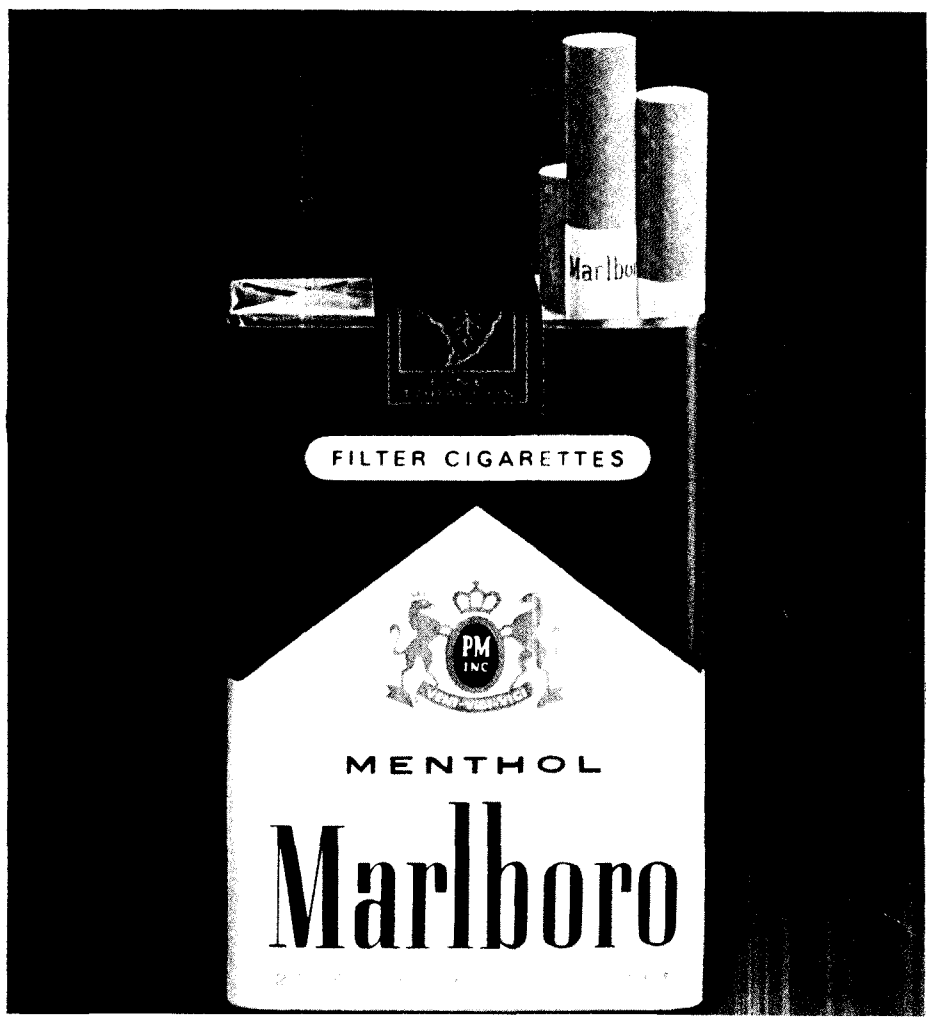
(1) I have ordered that a memorial plaque, suitably inscribed, be affixed to Hockaberry's drawing board.

(2) Get the cabinet into production immediately. It is the plaything of the century! □

Drawings by Arnold Roth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

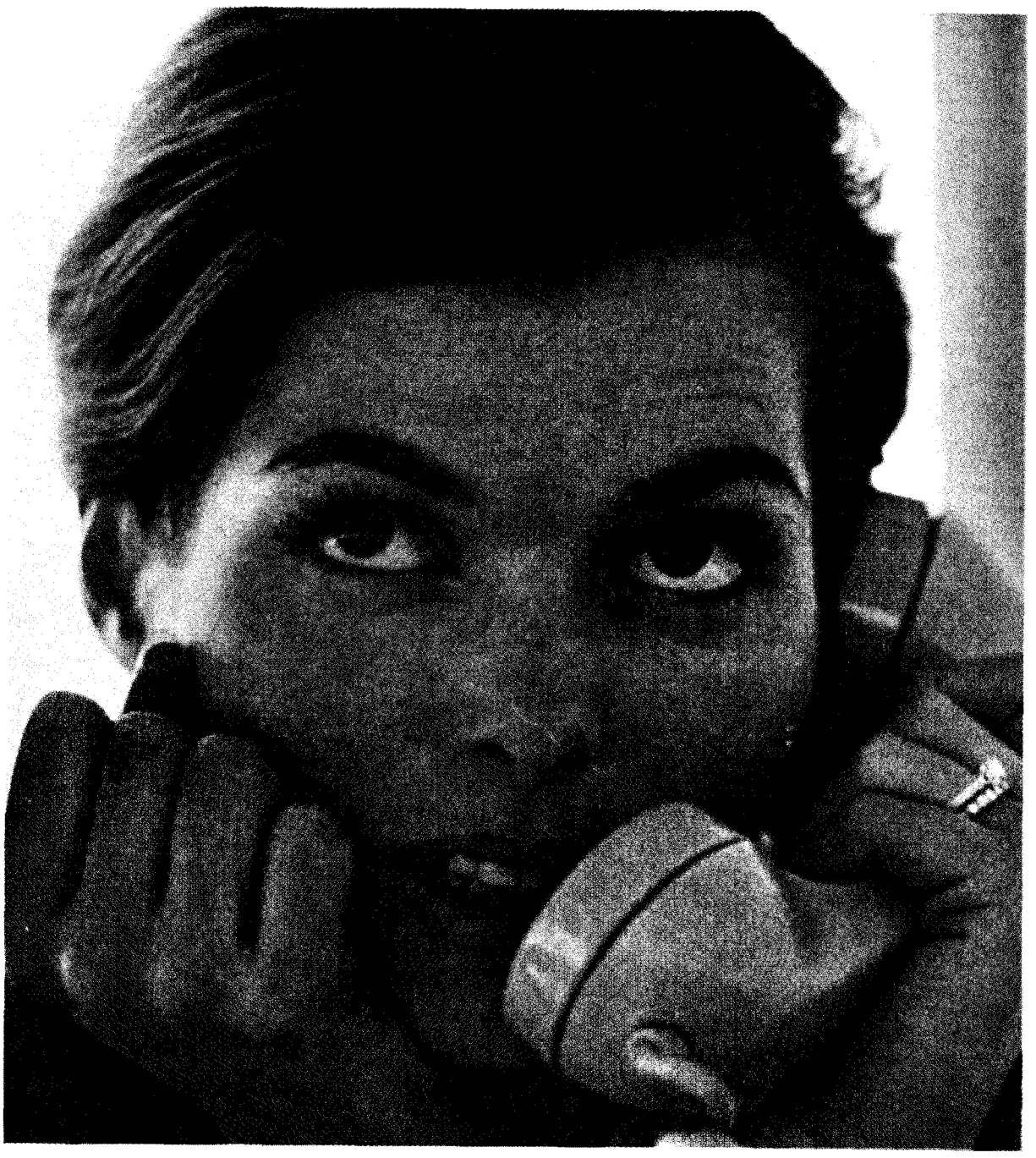
There's a new cigarette in Marlboro Country– New Marlboro Menthol Green



Flavor partner
to famous Marlboro Red

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you make a Long Distance call when you don't know the telephone number?



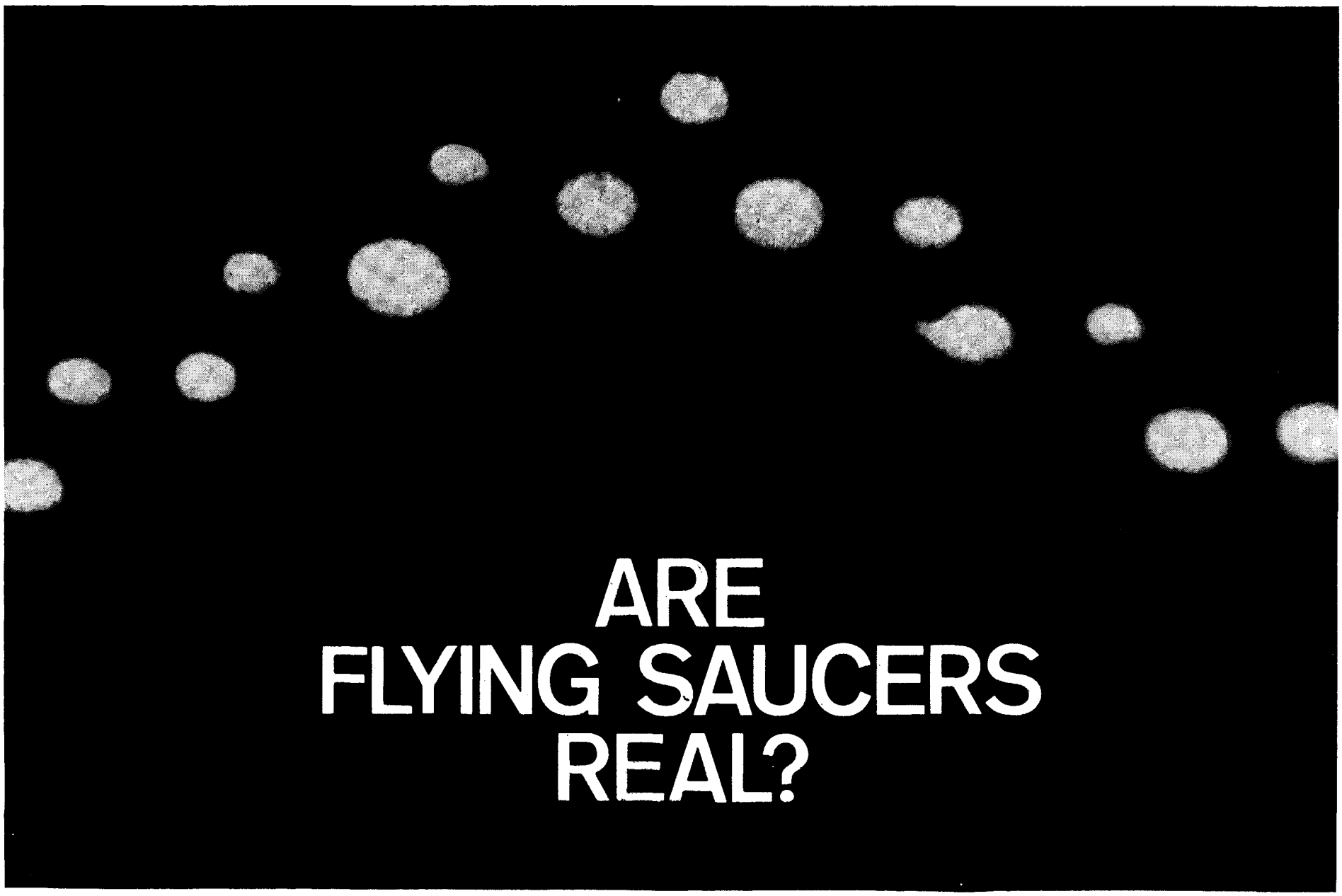
Just remember 555-1212. It's the universal number for Long Distance information.

There's no charge when you use it. For dialing instructions, please consult your telephone directory.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST



ARE FLYING SAUCERS REAL?

For years the Air Force has dismissed them as hoaxes, hallucinations or misidentifications. Now the Air Force's own scientific consultant on unidentified flying objects declares that many of the sightings cannot be so easily explained.

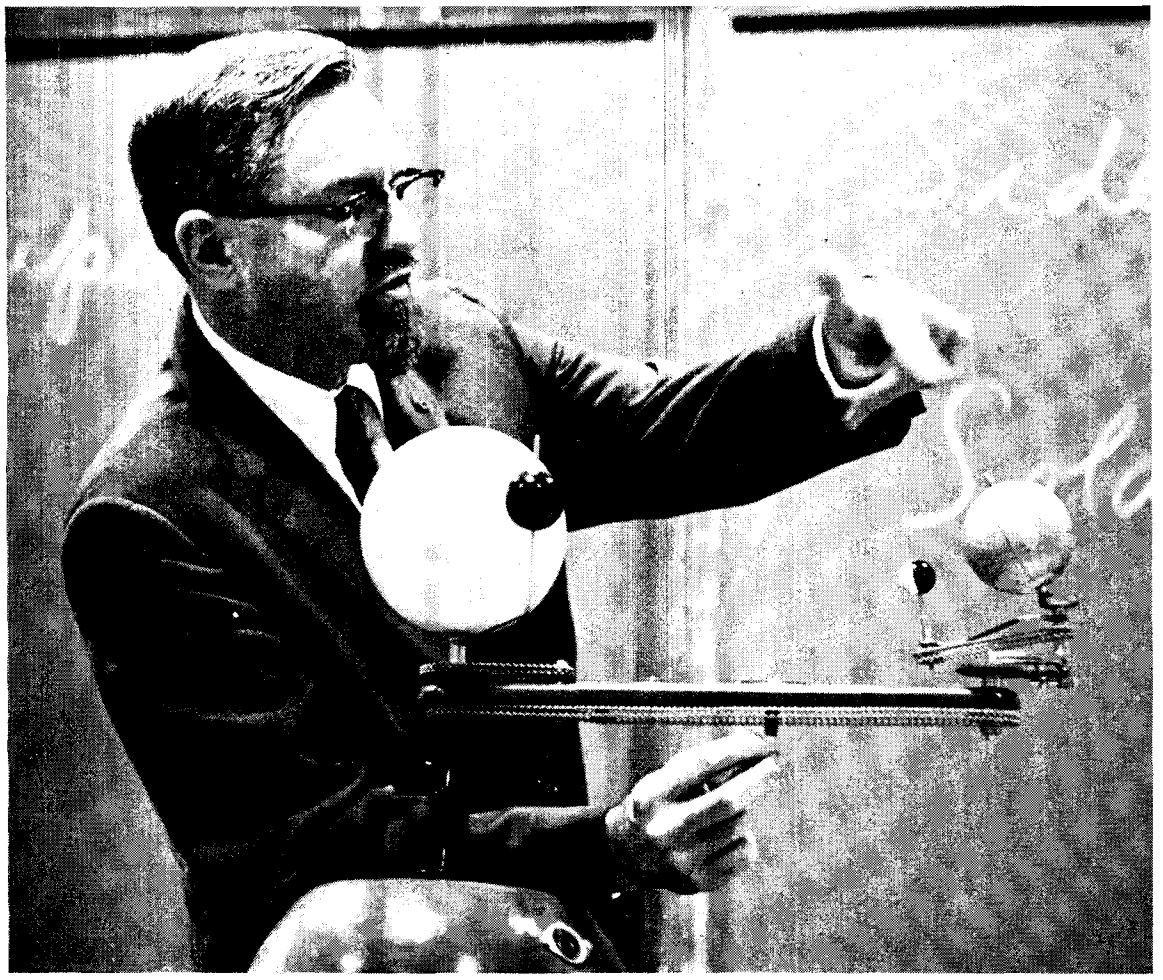
On August 25, 1966, an Air Force officer in charge of a missile crew in North Dakota suddenly found that his radio transmission was being interrupted by static. At the time, he was sheltered in a concrete capsule 60 feet below the ground. While he was trying to clear up the problem, other Air Force personnel on the surface reported seeing a UFO—an unidentified flying object—high in the sky. It had a bright red light, and it appeared to be alternately climbing and descending. Simultaneously, a radar crew on the ground picked up the UFO at 100,000 feet.

So begins a truly puzzling UFO report—one that is not explainable as it now stands by such familiar causes as a balloon, aircraft, satellite or meteor. "When the UFO climbed, the static stopped," stated the report made by the base's director of operations. "The UFO began to swoop and dive. It then appeared to land ten to fifteen miles south of the area. Missile-site control sent a strike team [well-armed Air Force guards] to check. When the team was about ten miles from the landing site, static disrupted radio contact with them. Five to eight minutes later the glow diminished, and the UFO took off. Another UFO was visually sighted and confirmed by radar. The one that was first sighted passed beneath the second. Radar also confirmed this. The first made for altitude toward the north, and the second seemed to disappear with the glow of red."

This incident, which was not picked up by the press, is typical of the puzzling cases that I have studied during the 18 years that I have served as the Air Force's scientific consultant on the problem of UFO's. What makes the report especially arresting is the fact that another incident occurred near the base a few days earlier. A police officer—a reliable man—saw in broad daylight what he called "an object on its edge floating down the side of a hill, wobbling from side to side about ten feet from the

By J. Allen Hynek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A distinguished scientist, Dr. Hynek is now chairman of the department of astronomy at Northwestern University.

ground. When it reached the valley floor, it climbed to about one hundred feet, still tipped on its edge, and moved across the valley to a small reservoir."

The object, which was about 30 feet in diameter, next appeared to flatten out, and a small dome became visible on top. It hovered over the water for about a minute, then moved to a small field, where it appeared to be landing. It did not touch the ground, however, but hovered at a height of about 10 feet some 250 feet away from the witness, who was standing by his parked patrol car. The object then tilted up and disappeared rapidly into the clouds. A fantastic story, yet I interviewed the witness in this case and am personally satisfied that he is above reproach.

During the years that I have been its consultant, the Air Force has consistently argued that UFO's were either hoaxes, hallucinations or misinterpretations of natural phenomena. For the most part I would agree with the Air Force. As a professional astronomer—I am chairman of the department of astronomy at Northwestern University—I have had no trouble explaining the vast majority of the reported sightings.

But I cannot explain them all. Of the 15,000 cases that have come to my attention, several hundred are puzzling, and some of the puzzling incidents, perhaps one in 25, are bewildering. I have wanted to learn much more about these cases than I have been able to get from either the reports or the witnesses.

These special cases have been reported by highly respected, intelligent people who often had technical training—astronomers, airport-tower operators, anthropologists, Air Force officers, FBI personnel, physicians, meteorologists, pilots, radar operators, test pilots and university professors. I have argued for years within the Air Force that these unusual cases needed much more study than they were getting. Now, finally, the Air Force has begun a serious scientific investigation of the UFO phenomena.

The public, I am certain, wants to know what to believe—what *can* be believed—about the "flying-saucer" stories that seem to be growing more sensational all the time. With all loyalty to the Air Force, and with a deep appreciation of its problems, I now feel it my duty to discuss the UFO mystery fully and frankly. I speak as a scientist with unique experience. To the best of my knowledge, I am the only scientist who has spent nearly 20 years monitoring the UFO situation in this and other countries and who has also read many thousands of reports and personally interviewed many sighters of UFO's.

Getting at the truth of "flying saucers" has been extraordinarily difficult because the subject automatically engenders such instantaneous reactions and passionate beliefs. Nearly all of my scientific colleagues, I regret to say, have scoffed at the reports of UFO's as so much balderdash, although this was a most unscientific reaction since virtually none of them had ever studied the evidence. Until recently my friends in the physical sciences wouldn't even discuss UFO's with me. The subject, in fact, rarely came up. My friends were obviously mystified as to how I, a scientist, could have gotten mixed up with "flying saucers" in the first place. It was a little as though I had been an opera singer who had suddenly taken it into his head to perform in a cabaret. It was all too embarrassing to bring up in polite conversation.

While the scientists were chuckling at UFO's, a number of groups of zealous citizens were telling the public that "flying saucers" did indeed exist. The believers in UFO's charged the Air Force with concealing the existence of "flying saucers" to avoid a public panic. Since I was the Air Force's consultant, these groups accused me of selling out as a scientist, because I did not admit that UFO's existed. I was the Air Force's stooge, its tame astronomer, a man more concerned with preserving his consultant's fee than with disclosing the truth to the public.

I received many letters attacking me for not attacking the Air Force. One typical writer pointed out that as a scientist my first allegiance was to "fact." He went on to state, "Any person who has closely followed the UFO story knows that many reports have been 'explained away' in a manner that can only be called ludicrous."

Another typical letter declared: "In spite of the fact that the [Air Force] claims (or is instructed to claim) that UFO's do not exist, I think that common sense tells most of us that they do. There have been too many responsible people through the years that have had terrifying experiences involving UFO's. I think our Government insults the intelligence of our people in keeping information regarding UFO's from them."

The question of UFO's has developed into a battle of faiths. One side, which is dedicated to the Air Force position and backed up by the "scientific establishment," *knows* that UFO's do not exist; the other side *knows* that UFO's represent something completely new in human experience. And then we have the rest of the world, the great majority of people who, if they think about the subject at all, don't know what to think.

The question of whether or not UFO's exist should not be a battle of faiths. It must be a subject for calm, reasoned, scientific analysis.

In 1948, when I first heard of the UFO's, I thought they were sheer nonsense, as any scientist would have. Most of the early reports were quite vague: "I went into the bathroom for a drink of water and looked out of the window and saw a bright light in the sky. It was moving up and down and sideways. When I looked again, it was gone."

At the time, I was director of the observatory at Ohio State University in Columbus. One day I had a visit from several men from the technical center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, which was only 60 miles away in Dayton. With some obvious embarrassment, the men eventually brought up the subject of "flying saucers" and asked me if I would care to serve as consultant to the Air Force on the matter.

The job didn't seem as though it would take too much time, so I agreed. When I began reviewing cases, I assumed that there was a natural explanation for all of the sightings—or at least there would be if we could find out enough data about the more puzzling incidents. I generally subscribed to the Air Force view that the sightings were the results of misidentifications, hoaxes or hallucinations.

During the next few years I had no trouble explaining or discarding most of the cases referred to me, but a few were baffling enough to make me wonder—cases that the Air Force would later carry as "unidentified." Let me emphasize the point that the Air Force made up its own mind on each case; I merely submitted an opinion. I soon found that the Air Force had a tendency to upgrade its preliminary explanations while compiling its yearly summaries; a "possible" aircraft often became a "probable" aircraft. I was reminded of the Greek legend of Procrustes, who tried to fit all men to his single bed. If they were too long, he chopped them off; if they were too short, he stretched them out.

Public statements to the contrary, the Air Force has never really devoted enough money or attention to the problem of UFO's to get to the bottom of the puzzling cases. The Air Force's UFO evaluation program, known as "Project Blue Book," is housed in one room at Wright-Patterson. For most of its history Project Blue Book has been headed by a captain. This fact alone will tell anyone familiar with military procedures the relative position of Project Blue Book on the Air Force's organization chart. The staff, which has usually consisted of two officers and a sergeant, has had to try to decide, on the basis of sketchy statements, the causes of all UFO sightings reported to the Air Force. From 1947 through 1965, Project Blue Book reviewed 10,147 cases. Using the Air Force's criteria, the project identified 9,501, leaving over 600 that were carried as unidentified.

By 1952 my feeling that the Air Force was not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investigating the reports seriously enough led me to write a paper suggesting that the subject deserved much closer study. In 1953 the Air Force did give UFO's more attention, although not nearly enough, to my mind. A panel of some of the top scientists in the country was assembled under the direction of Howard P. Robertson, a distinguished physicist from Cal Tech. The Robertson panel discussed UFO's for four days. Most of the cases, incidentally, were not as puzzling as some of the ones we have now. What was more, the panel was given only 15 reports for detailed study out of the several hundred that had been made up to that time, although it did quickly review many others. This was akin to asking Madame Curie to examine a small fraction of the pitchblende she distilled and still expecting her to come out with radium.

I was listed as an associate member of the panel, but my role was really more that of an observer. After completing its brief survey, the panel concluded that "the evidence presented on unidentified flying objects showed no indication that these phenomena constitute a direct physical threat to the national security," and that "we firmly believe there is no residuum of cases which indicate phenomena which are attributable to foreign artifacts capable of hostile acts, and that there is no evidence that the phenomena indicated a need for revision of current scientific concepts." It is interesting to note the phrase "we firmly believe," a phrase more appropriate to the cloth than to the scientific fraternity.

The Robertson report immediately became the main justification of the Air Force's position—there is nothing to worry about—and it so remains to this day. I was not asked to sign the report, but I would not have signed if I had been asked. I felt that the question was more complicated than the panel believed, and that history might look back someday and say that the panel had acted hastily. The men took just four days to make a judgment upon a perplexing subject that I had studied for more than five years without being able to solve to my satisfaction.

In 1953, the year of the Robertson report, there occurred one of the most puzzling cases that I have studied. It was reported first in Black Hawk, S. Dak., and then in Bismarck, N. Dak., during the night of August 5 and the early morning of August 6. A number of persons in Black Hawk reported seeing several strange objects in the sky. What made these reports particularly significant was the fact that these people were trained observers—they were part of the national network of civilians who were keeping watch for enemy bombers.

At approximately the same time, unidentified blips showed up on the radarscope at Ellsworth Air Force Base, which is near Black Hawk. An airborne F-84 fighter was vectored into the area and reported seeing the UFO's. The pilot radioed that one of the objects appeared to be over Piedmont, S. Dak., and was moving twice as fast as his jet fighter. It was "brighter than the brightest star" he had ever seen. When the pilot gave chase, the light "just disappeared." Five civilians on the ground, who had watched the jet chase the light, confirmed the pilot's report.

Later a second F-84 was sent aloft and directed toward the UFO, which still showed on ground radar. After several minutes, the pilot reported seeing an object with a light of varying intensity that alternated from white to green. While the pilot was pursuing the UFO, he noted that his gunsight light had flashed on, indicating that his plane's radar was picking up a target. The object was directly ahead of his aircraft but at a slightly greater altitude. It then climbed very rapidly. When the pilot saw he was hopelessly losing

The argument over UFO's became a battle of faiths.

ground, he broke off the chase. Radar operators on the ground tracked the fighter coming back from the chase, while the UFO continued on out of range of the scope.

As the object sped off to the north, Ellsworth Air Force Base notified the spotters' control center in Bismarck, 220 miles to the north, where a sergeant then went out on the roof and saw a UFO. The Air Force had no planes in Bismarck that could be sent after the UFO, which finally disappeared later that night.

I investigated this reported sighting myself and was unable to find a satisfactory explanation. In my report, I noted that "the entire incident, in my opinion, has too much of an *Alice in Wonderland* flavor for comfort."

It was about this time that some firm believers in UFO's became disgusted with the Air Force and decided to take matters into their own hands, much like the vigilantes of the Old West; they organized "to do the job the Air Force was mishandling." These groups, composed of people with assorted backgrounds, were often the recipients of intriguing reports that never came to the official attention of Project Blue Book. The first group of this kind in the United States was the APRO (Aerial Phenomena Research Organization), founded in 1952 and still going strong, as is NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena), which was organized several years later.

As the years went by, I learned more and more about the global nature of UFO sightings. At first I had assumed that it was a purely American phenomenon, like swallowing goldfish. But reports of sightings kept coming in from around the world until 70 countries were on the list. As a scientist, I naturally was interested in correlating all of the data; a zoologist studying red ants in Utah, say, wants to find out about a new species found along the Amazon. But when I suggested to the Air Force that the air attachés abroad be used to gather reports on foreign sightings, I was turned down. No one in a position of authority seemed to want to take up the time of the officers with such an embarrassing subject.

Gradually I began to accumulate cases that I really couldn't explain, cases reported by reliable, sincere people whom I often interviewed in person. I found that the persons making these reports were often not acquainted with UFO's before their experience, which baffled and thoroughly frightened them. Fearing ridicule, they were often reluctant to report the sighting and did so only out of a sense of duty and a tremendous desire to get a rational explanation for their irrational experience. One typical letter to me concluded with the sentence: "Hoping you don't think I'm nuts, but not caring if you do, Sincerely," . . .

We had many reports from people of good repute, yet we had no scientifically incontrovertible evidence—authenticated movies, spectrograms of reported lights, "hardware"—on which to make

One of the basic problems of solving the UFO mystery, according to Dr. Hynek, is the lack of authenticated photographs of the phenomenon. The man who took this shot near Santa Ana, Calif., said that the object was about 30 feet wide and 700 feet away. But Air Force experts ruled that the thing was much smaller and closer, and refused to validate the picture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a judgment. There are no properly authenticated photographs to match any of the vivid prose descriptions of visual sightings. Some of the purported "photographs" are patent hoaxes. Others show little detail; they could be anything. Some show a considerable amount of detail, but cannot be substantiated.

The evidence for UFO's, then, was entirely without physical proof. But were *all* of the responsible citizens who made reports mistaken or victims of hallucinations? It was an intriguing scientific question, yet I couldn't find any scientists to discuss it with.

The general view of the scientists was that UFO's couldn't exist, therefore they didn't exist, therefore let's laugh off the idea. This, of course, is a violation of scientific principles, but the history of science is filled with such instances. Some scientists refused to look through Galileo's telescope at sunspots, explaining that "since the sun was perfect, it couldn't have spots, and therefore it was no use looking for them." Other scientists refused to believe in the existence of meteorites; who would be foolish enough to think that a stone could fall from the sky?

From time to time I would urge the Air Force to make a more thorough study of the phenomenon, but nothing ever came of it. I began to feel a very real sense of frustration. As the years went by, I continued to find cases that puzzled me while I examined reports for Project Blue Book. People who were afraid that the Air Force would scoff at their reports began sending me letters that were often detailed and well written about their experiences. The Air Force never attempted to influence my view on any case, but occasionally the service would disregard my evaluations. What was more, I was not consulted on some key cases. (One of the most recent was the well-publicized incident involving two policemen in Ravenna, Ohio, last spring.)

Then, from 1958 through 1963, the UFO reports began to diminish in quality as well as quantity, and I felt that perhaps the "flying-saucer" era was at last on the wane and would soon vanish. But since 1964 there has been a sharp rally in the number of puzzling sightings. The more impressive cases seem to fit into a pattern. The UFO's had a bright red glow. They hovered a few feet off the ground, emitting a high-pitched whine. Animals in the vicinity were terrified, often before the UFO's became visible to the people who later reported the incident. When the objects at last began to disappear, they vanished in a matter of seconds.

A very real paradox was now beginning to develop. As the Air Force's consultant, I was acquiring a reputation in the public eye of being a debunker of UFO's. Yet, privately, I was becoming more and more concerned over the fact that people with good reputations, who had no possible hope of gain from reporting a UFO, continued to describe "out-of-this-world" incidents.

In July, 1965, I wrote a letter to the Air Force calling again for a systematic study of the phenomenon. "I feel it is my responsibility to point out," I said, "that enough puzzling sightings have been reported by intelligent and often technically competent people to warrant closer attention than Project Blue Book can possibly encompass at the present time."

Then, in March of this year, came the reports of the now-celebrated "swamp-gas" sightings in Michigan. On two separate nights, at spots separated by 63 miles, nearly 100 people reported seeing red, yellow, and green lights glowing over swampy areas. When I received the first accounts of the UFO's, I recognized at once that my

A photographer in Sicily in 1954 produced this weird shot of two purported objects and three relaxed men.

files held far better, more coherent and more articulate reports than these. Even so, the incident was receiving such great attention in the press that I went to Michigan with the hope that here was a case that I could use to focus scientific attention on the UFO problem. I wanted the scientists to consider the phenomenon.

But when I arrived in Michigan, I soon discovered that the situation was so charged with emotion that it was impossible for me to do any really serious investigation. The Air Force left me almost completely on my own, which meant that I sometimes had to fight my way through the clusters of reporters who were surrounding the key witnesses whom I had to interview.

The entire region was gripped with near-hysteria. One night at midnight I found myself in a police car racing toward a reported sighting. We had radio contact with other squad cars in the area. "I see it" from one car, "there it is" from another, "it's east of the river near Dexter" from a third. Occasionally even *I* thought I glimpsed "it."

Finally several squad cars met at an intersection. Men spilled out and pointed excitedly at the sky. "See—there it is! It's moving!"

But it wasn't moving. "It" was the star Arcturus, undeniably identified by its position in relation to the handle of the Big Dipper. A sobering demonstration for me.

In the midst of this confusion, I got a message from the Air Force: There would be a press conference, and I would issue a statement about the cause of the sightings. It did me no good to protest, to say that as yet I had no real idea what had caused the reported sightings in the swamps. I was to have a press conference, ready or not.

Searching for a justifiable explanation of the sightings, I remembered a phone call from a botanist at the University of Michigan, who called to my attention the phenomenon of burning "swamp gas." This gas, caused by decaying vegetation, has been known to ignite spontaneously and to cast a flickering light. The glow is well-known in song and story as "jack-o'-lantern," "fox fire," and "will-o'-the-wisp." After learning more about swamp gas from other Michigan scientists, I decided that it was a "possible" explanation that I would offer to the reporters.

The press conference, however, turned out to be no place for scholarly discussion; it was a circus. The TV cameramen wanted me in one spot, the newspaper men wanted me in another, and for a while both groups were actually tugging at me. Everyone was clamoring for a single, spectacular explanation of the sightings. They wanted little green men. When I handed out a statement that discussed swamp gas, many of the men simply ignored the fact that I said it was a "possible" reason. I watched with horror as one reporter scanned the page, found the phrase "swamp gas," underlined it, and rushed for a telephone.

Too many of the stories the next day not only said that swamp gas was definitely the cause of the Michigan lights but implied that it was the cause of other UFO sightings as well. I got out of town as quickly and as quietly as I could.

I suppose that the swamp-gas incident, which has become a subject for cartoons that I greatly enjoy, was the low point of my association with UFO's. The experience was very obvious proof that public excitement had mounted to the point that it was ridiculous to expect one professor, working alone in the field, to conduct a scholarly investigation. We had quite clearly reached a new stage in the UFO problem.

Three weeks after the Michigan incident I appeared before a hearing into UFO's that was conducted by the House Committee on Armed Services. I pointed out to the committee that I had a dossier of "twenty particularly well-reported UFO cases which, despite the character, technical competence and the number of witnesses, I have not been able to explain." Ten of these reports were made by scientists or by highly trained individuals, five were made by members of the armed services or police, and five were made by other reliable people. The committee urged the Air Force to give continued attention to the subject and was assured by Air Secretary Dr. Harold Brown that it would.

A serious inquiry into the nature of UFO's would be justified, in my opinion, just on the basis of the puzzling cases that have been reported during the last two years. It seems to me that there are now four possible explanations for the phenomena:

First, they are utter nonsense, the result of hoaxes or hallucinations. This, of course, is the view that a number of my scientific colleagues have taken. I think that enough evidence has piled up to shift the burden of proof to the critics who cry fraud. And if the UFO's are merely hallucinations, they still deserve intensive study; we need to learn how the minds of so many men so widely separated can be so deluded over so many years.

Second, the UFO's are some kind of military weapon being tested in secret. This theory is easily dispensed with. Secret devices are usually tested in very limited geographical areas. Why should the United States, or any other country, test them in scores of nations? The problem of preventing a security leak would be impossible.

Third, the UFO's are really from outer space. I agree with the Air Force. There is no incontrovertible evidence, as far as I can see, to say that we have strange visitors. But it would be foolish to rule out the possibility absolutely.

Solely for the sake of argument, let me state the case in its most favorable light. We all suffer from cosmic provincialism—the notion that we on

Now, finally, American science plans to study UFO's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this earth are somehow unique. Why should our sun be the only star in the universe to support intelligent life, when the number of stars is a 1 followed by 20 zeros?

Stars are born, grow old and die, and it now seems that the formation of planetary systems is part of this evolutionary process. You would expect to find planets around a star just as you find kittens around a cat or acorns around an oak. Suppose that only one star in 10 is circled by a planetary system that has life; that means that the number of life-supporting stars in the universe would be a 1 followed by 19 zeros.

We also know that some stars are many millions of years older than our sun, which means that life elsewhere in the universe may have evolved many millions of years beyond our present state. That could mean that other planets in other solar systems may have solved the problem of aging, which we are beginning to grapple with even now. If a life span reached 10,000 years, let us say, a space journey of 200 or 300 years would be relatively short. In that time it would be possible to get from some distant planetary systems to ours.

A highly advanced civilization, such as the one I am postulating, would naturally keep an eye on the progress of life elsewhere in its galaxy. Any signs of unusual scientific progress might be reason enough to send a reconnaissance vehicle to find out what was going on. It so happens that in recent years we have made a very important advance of this kind: the development of the use of nuclear energy.

This is still "science fiction," of course, but let me take the story a step further. Some skeptics who scoff at reported UFO sightings often ask why the "flying saucers" don't try to communicate with us. One answer might be: Why should they? We wouldn't try to communicate with a new species of kangaroo we might find in Australia; we would just observe the animals.

Is there any connection between the reported UFO sightings and the scientific probability of life elsewhere in our galaxy? I don't know. I find no compelling evidence for it, but I don't rule it out automatically.

The fourth possible explanation of UFO's is that we are dealing with some kind of natural phenomenon that we as yet cannot explain or even conceive of. Think how our knowledge of the universe has changed in 100 years. In 1866 we not only knew nothing about nuclear energy, we didn't even know that the atom had a nucleus. Who would have dreamed 100 years ago that television would be invented? Who can say what startling facts we will learn about our world in the next 100 years?

All of these possibilities deserve serious consideration and now, at long last, they will get it. In October the Air Force announced that a thorough investigation of UFO's will be conducted at the University of Colorado by a team of distinguished scientists, headed by Dr. Edward Condon, the former director of the National Bureau of Standards.

I cannot help but feel a small sense of personal triumph and vindication. The night the appointment was announced, my wife and I went out and had a few drinks to celebrate.

I am particularly pleased that the Condon committee will have time to work into the problem because I cannot consider anyone qualified to speak authoritatively on the total UFO phenomenon unless he has read at least a few thousand original (not summarized) reports, and is thoroughly acquainted with the global nature of reported UFO sightings. The truly puzzling and outstanding UFO reports are few in number compared to the welter of poor reports.

Recently I had dinner with several members of the Condon committee. What a pleasure it was to sit down with men who were open-minded about UFO's, who did not look at me as though I were a Martian myself. For the first time other scientists, who apparently have been wondering all along, have openly talked about the reports. One leading scientist wrote me the other day: "For some time now I have been convinced of the reality of this phenomenon based on reports in the general news media. It has seemed to me that even with a heavy discount there is a core of reliable observations which we cannot shrug off. Twice in recent weeks I have stated my views on the subject in small conversational groups of respectable, scholarly friends, and found that they were amazed that I should take these matters seriously. So I know that it took some courage for you to speak out."

I would like to suggest two more steps to help solve the UFO problem:

First, all of the valuable data that we have accumulated—good reports from all over the world—must be computerized so that we can rapidly compare new sightings with old and trace patterns of UFO behavior.

Second, we need good photographs of UFO's. Although the Air Force has probably spent less on UFO's so far than it has on wastebaskets, I realize that it is impractical to expect the service to set up a costly "flying-saucer" surveillance system across the country. When a UFO is spotted, the terrified witness usually picks up the phone at once and calls the local police, who have missed dozens of opportunities in the past to record the phenomena on film, I recommend that every police chief in the country make sure that at least one of his squad cars carries in its glove compartment a camera loaded with color film. The cameras, which could also be used for regular police work, might be furnished by civic or service groups. (I carry a camera in my briefcase at all times.)

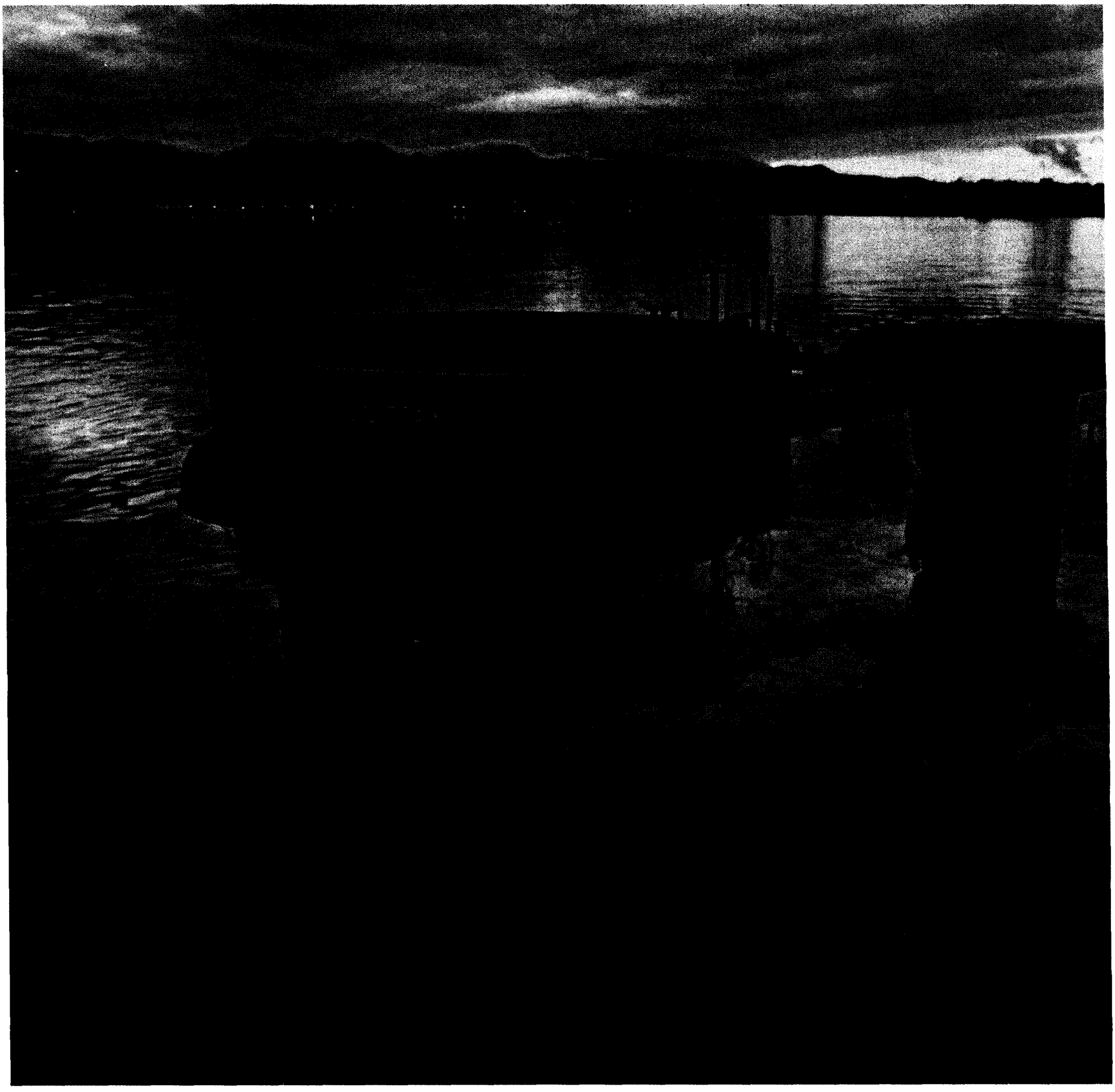
Finally, I would like to emphasize my views on a controversial subject. During all of my years of association with the Air Force, I have never seen any evidence for the charge about UFO's most often leveled against the service: that there is deliberate cover-up of knowledge of space visitors to prevent the public from panicking. The entire history of the Air Force and the UFO's can be understood only if we realize that the Pentagon has never believed that UFO's could be anything novel, and it still doesn't. The working hypothesis of the Air Force has been that the stimulus behind every UFO report (apart from out-and-out hoaxes and a few hallucinations) is a misidentification of a conventional object or a natural phenomenon. It is just as simple as that.

Now, after a delay of 18 years, the Air Force and American science are about to try for the first time, really, to discover what, if anything, we can believe about "flying saucers." □

This strange shape was recorded over the New Mexican desert in 1957. While resembling a fast-moving cloud, it actually was motionless, according to the report of the photographer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAWAII: TAPS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

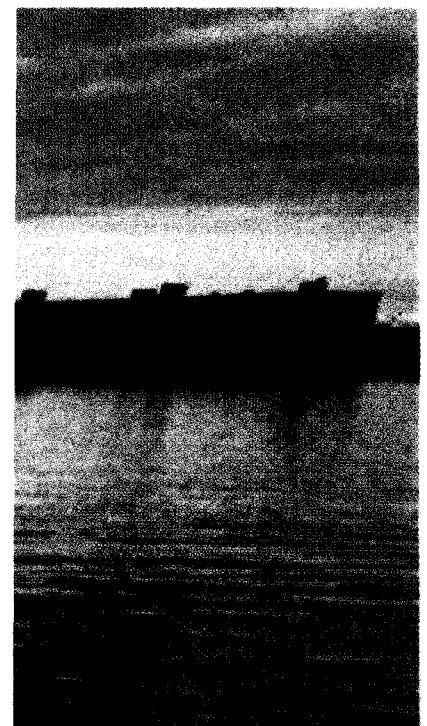
...T PEARL HARBOR

On jeweled islands of paradise and progress Hawaiians still keep step to the muffled war drums sounding just beyond their Pacific horizon.

By JOAN DIDION / Photographs by Wayne Miller

Because I had been tired too long and quarrelsome too much and too often frightened of migraine and failure and the days getting shorter, I was sent, a recalcitrant 31-year-old child, to Hawaii, where winter does not come and no one fails and the median age is 23. There I could become a new woman, there with the life-insurance salesmen on million-dollar-year incentive trips, there with the Shriners and the San Francisco divorcées and the splurging secretaries and the girls in the string bikinis and the boys in search of the perfect wave, children who understood the insouciant economy of buying a Honda or a surfboard for one dollar down and $2.50 a week and then abandoning it, children who have never been told, as I was told, that golden lads and girls all must as chimney sweepers come to dust. I was to lie beneath the same sun that had kept Doris Duke and Henry Kaiser forever hopeful. I was to play at sipping frozen daiquiris and wearing flowers in my hair as if 10 years had never happened. I was to see for myself that just beyond the end of the line lay not despair but Diamond Head.

I went, a wary visitor. I do not believe that the stories told by lovely hula hands merit extensive study. I have never heard a Hawaiian word, including and perhaps most particularly *aloha*, which accurately expressed anything I wanted to say. I have neither enough capacity for surprise nor enough heart for twice-told tales to make you listen again to tedious vignettes about Mid-



The U.S.S. Arizona, *sunk during the attack, lies on the bottom. Oil still seeps to the surface from the watery tomb of 1,176 men.*

As dawn breaks, Hickam Field stands ready to answer once again. Today Delta Dagger supersonic jets can be off in three minutes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

westerners in souvenir shirts and touring widows in muumuus and simulated pearls, about the Kodak Hula Show or the Sunday Night Luau or the Schoolteacher and the Beach Boy. And so, now that it is on the line between us that I lack all temperament for paradise, real or facsimile, I am going to find it difficult to tell you precisely how and why Hawaii moves me, touches me, saddens and troubles and engages my imagination, what it is in the air that will linger long after I have forgotten the smell of pikake and pineapple and the way the palms sound in the trade winds.

Perhaps because I grew up in California, Hawaii figured large in my fantasies. I sat as a child on California beaches and imagined that I saw Hawaii, a certain shimmer in the sunset, an imperceptible irregularity glimpsed intermittently through squinted eyes. The curious void in this fantasy was that I had not the slightest idea what Hawaii would look like if I did see it, for in my child's mind there were three distinct Hawaiis, and I could perceive no connections among the three.

There was, to begin with, the Hawaii first shown to me in an atlas on December 7, 1941, the pastel pinpoints that meant war and my father going away and makeshift Christmases in rented rooms near Air Corps bases and nothing the same ever again. Later, when the war was over, there was another Hawaii, a never-never land which presented itself to me in newspaper photographs of well-fed automobile dealers relaxing beside an outrigger at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel or disembarking *en famille* from the *Lurline*, a Hawaii where older cousins might spend winter vacations learning to surfboard (for that is what it was called in those simpler days, surfboarding, and it was peculiar to Hawaii), and where godmothers might repair to rest and to learn all the lyrics to *My Little Grass Shack in Kealakekua Hawaii*. I do not remember how many nights I lay awake in bed and listened to someone downstairs singing *My Little Grass Shack in Kealakekua Hawaii*, but I do remember that I made no connection between that Hawaii and the Hawaii of December 7, 1941.

And then, always, there was a third Hawaii, a place which seemed to have to do neither with war nor with vacationing godmothers but only with the past, and with loss. The last member of my direct family ever to live in Hawaii was a great-great-grandfather who taught there as a young missionary in 1842, and I was given to understand that life in the Islands, as we called Hawaii on the West Coast, had been declining steadily since. My aunt married into a family which had lived for generations in the Islands, but they did not even visit there anymore; "Not since Mr. *Kai*ser," they would say, as if the construction of the Hawaiian Village Hotel on a few acres of reclaimed tidal flat near Fort De Russy had in one swing of the builder's crane wiped out their childhoods and their parents' childhoods, blighted forever some subtropical cherry orchard where every night in the soft blur of memory the table was set for 48 in case someone dropped by; as if Henry Kaiser had personally condemned them to live out their lives in California exile among only their totem mementos, the cala-

In the crater of an extinct volcano named Punchbowl, 19,000 men are buried, a whole long row of them unknown.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bashes and the carved palace chairs and the silver for 48 and the diamond that had been Queen Liliuokalani's and the heavy linens that had been embroidered on all the long golden afternoons that were no more.

Of course as I grew older I recognized that the name "Henry Kaiser" carried more symbolic than literal freight, but even then I missed the point, imagined that it was merely the proliferation of hotels and $100 thrift flights that had disturbed the old order, managed to dismiss the Hawaii of my first memory, the Hawaii which meant war, as an accident of history, a freak relevant to neither the gentle idyll that must have been the past nor the frenetic paean to middle-income leisure that must be the present. In so doing I misapprehended Hawaii completely, for if there is a single aura which pervades Honolulu, one mood which lends the lights a feverish luster and the pink catamarans a heartbreaking absurdity and which engages the imagination as mere paradise never could, that mood is, inescapably, one of war.

It begins, of course, in what we remember.

"Hawaii is our Gibraltar, and almost our Channel Coast. . . . With Hawaii on guard, a surprise attack on us from Asia, the experts believe, would be quite impossible. . . . Pearl Harbor is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, maritime fortresses in the world. . . . It is the one sure sanctuary in the whole of the vast Pacific both for ships and men. Hawaii's surrounding seas and guardian cliffs guard not only it, but the hemisphere behind it."

—John W. Vandercook, in *Vogue*, January 1, 1941.

Every afternoon now, 25 years after the fact, the bright pink tour boats leave Kewalo Basin for Pearl Harbor. It has a kind of venal festivity at first, the prospect of an outing on a fine day, the passengers comparing complaints about their tour directors and their accommodations and the food at Canlis's Charcoal Broiler, the boys diving for coins around the boats; "Hey Mister Big," they scream. "How's about a coin?" Sometimes a woman will throw a bill, and then be outraged when the insolent brown bodies pluck it from the air and jeer at her expectations. As the boat leaves the basin the boys swim back, their cheeks stuffed with money, and the children pout that they would rather be at the beach, and the women in their new shifts and leftover leis sip papaya juice and study a booklet billed as *An Ideal Gift—Picture Story of December 7*.

It is, after all, a familiar story that we have come to hear—familiar even to the children, for of course they have seen John Wayne and John Garfield at Pearl Harbor, have spent countless rainy afternoons watching Kirk Douglas and Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson wonder out loud why Hickam does not answer this morning—and no one listens very closely to the guide. Sugarcane now blows where the *Nevada* went aground. The concessionaire breaks out more papaya juice. It is hard to remember what we came to remember.

And then something happens. I took that bright pink boat to Pearl Harbor on two afternoons, but I still do not know how other people respond a quarter of a century later. I do not know because there is a point at which I began to cry, and to notice no one else. I began to cry at the place where the *Utah* lies in fifty feet of water, water neither turquoise nor bright blue but the gray of harbor waters everywhere, and I did not stop until after the pink boat had left the *Arizona*, or what is visible of the *Arizona:* the rusted after gun turret breaking the gray water, the flag at full mast because the Navy considers the *Arizona* still in commission, a full crew aboard, 1,176 men from 48 states. All I know about how other people respond is what I am told: that everyone is quiet at the *Arizona*.

The songs change, the boys come and go, but the tattoo artist stays on.

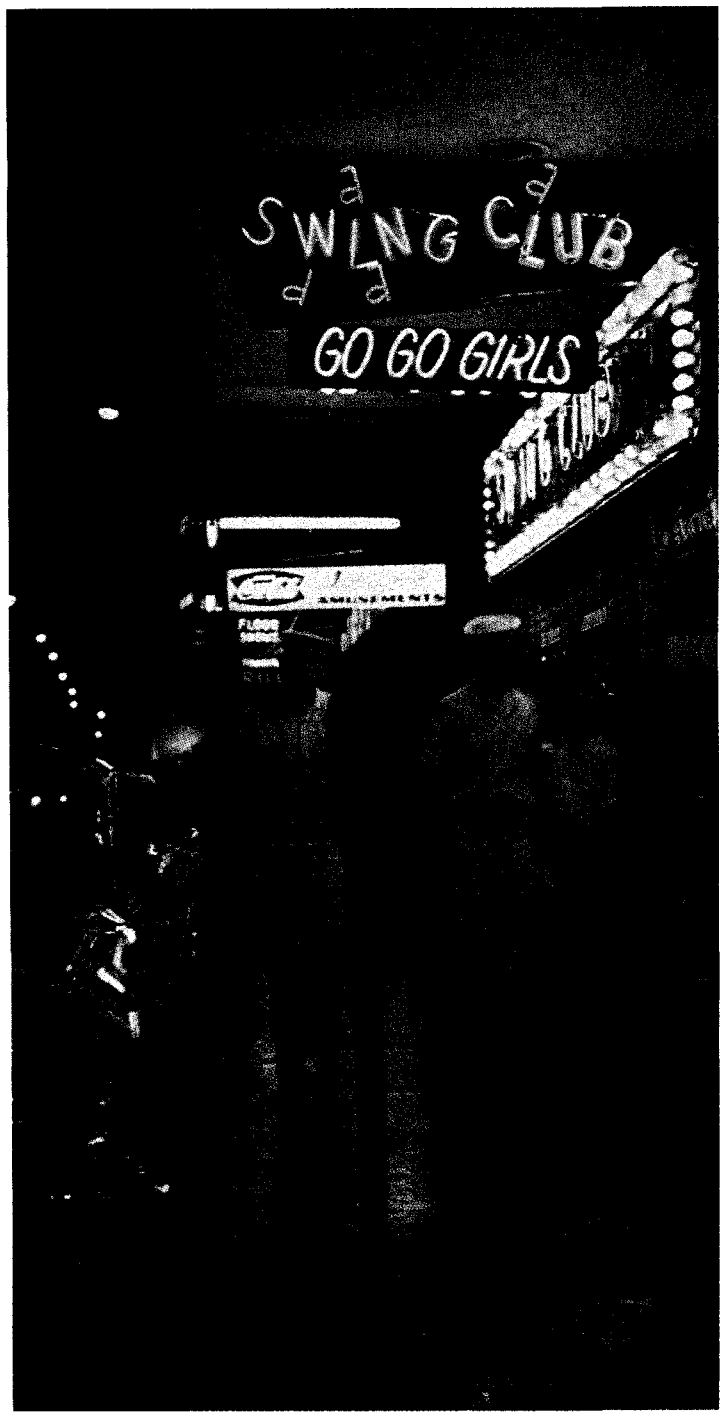
A few days ago someone just four years younger than I am told me that he did not see why a sunken ship should affect me so, that John Kennedy's assassination, not Pearl Harbor, was the single most indelible event of what he kept calling "our generation." I could tell him only that we belonged to different generations, and I did not tell him about a place in Honolulu that is quieter still than the *Arizona:* the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. They all seem to be 20 years old, the boys buried up there in the crater of an extinct volcano named Punchbowl, 20 and 19 and 18 and sometimes not that old. SAMUEL FOSTER HARMON, one stone reads. PENNSYLVANIA. PVT 27 REPL DRAFT 5 MARINE DIV. WORLD WAR II. APRIL 10 1928–MARCH 25 1945. Samuel Foster Harmon died 15 days short of his 17th birthday. Some of them died on December 7, and some of them died after the Enola Gay had already bombed Hiroshima, and some of them died on the dates of the landings at Okinawa and Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal, and one whole long row of them, I am told, died on the beach of an island we no longer remember. There are 19,000 graves in this vast sunken crater above Honolulu.

I would go up there quite a bit. If I walked to the rim of the crater I could see the city, look down over Waikiki and the harbor and the jammed arterials, but up there it was quiet, and high enough into the rain forest so that a soft mist falls most of the day. One afternoon a couple came and left three leis on the grave of a California boy who had been killed, at 19, in 1945. The leis were already wilting by the time the woman finally placed them on the grave, because for a long while she only stood there and twisted them in her hands. On the whole I am able to take a very long view of death, but I think a great deal about what there is to remember, 21 years later, of a boy who died at 19. I saw no one else there but the men who cut the grass and the men who dig new graves, for they are bringing in bodies now from Vietnam. The graves filled last week and the week before that and even last month do not yet have stones, only plastic identification cards, streaked by the mist and spattered with mud. The earth is raw and trampled in that part of the crater, but the grass grows fast, up there in the rain cloud.

It is not very far from the crater down to Hotel Street, which is to Honolulu what Market Street is to San Francisco, the bright night street in a port city. The carrier *Coral Sea* was in Honolulu that week, and 165 men in from Vietnam on rest-and-recuperation leave, and 3,500 Marines on their way to Okinawa and then to Vietnam (they were part of the reactivated 5th Marine Division, and it was the 5th, if you will remember, to which the 16-year-old Samuel Foster Harmon belonged), and besides that there was the regular complement of personnel for Pearl and Hickam and Camp H.M. Smith and Fort Shafter and Fort De Russy and Bellows A.F.B. and the Kaneohe Marine Air Station and Schofield Barracks, and sooner or later they all get downtown to Hotel Street. They always have. The Navy cleaned out the red-light houses at the end of World War II, but the Hotel Streets of this world do not change perceptibly from war to war. The girls with hibiscus in their hair stroll idly in front of the penny arcades and the Japanese pool halls and the massage studios. GIRLS WANTED FOR MASSAGE WORK, the sign says. WHAT A REFRESHING NEW TINGLE. The fortune tellers sit and file their nails behind flowered paper curtains. The boys from the cast of the Boys Will Be Girls Revue stand out on the sidewalk in lamé evening dresses smoking cigarettes and looking the sailors over.

And the sailors get drunk. They all seem to be 20 years old on Hotel Street too, 20 and 19 and 18 and drunk because they are no longer in Des Moines and not yet in Danang. They look in at taxi-dance places and they look in at strip places with pictures of Lili St. Cyr and Tempest Storm outside (Lili St. Cyr was in California and Tempest Storm in Baltimore, but never mind, they all look alike on Saturday night in Honolulu), and they fish in their pockets for quarters to see the Art Movie in the back of the place that sells *Sunshine* and *Nude* and all the paperbacks with

On leave in Honolulu in Saturday whites, they go to Hotel Street. They all seem twenty, or nineteen, or younger.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chained girls on the cover. They have snapshots laminated. They record their own voices, (*Hi, Sweetheart, I'm in Honolulu tonight*), and they talk to the girls with hibiscus in their hair.

But mostly they just get a little drunker, and jostle around on the sidewalk avoiding the Hawaii Armed Forces Patrol and daring one another to get tattooed. In a show of bravado they rip off their shirts a half block before they reach Lou Normand's tattoo parlor and then they sit with glazed impassivity while the needle brands them with a heart or an anchor or, if they are particularly flush or particularly drunk, a replica of Christ on the cross with the stigmata in red. Their friends cluster outside the glass cubicle, watching the skin redden, and all the while, from a country-and-western bar on the corner, *King of the Road* reverberates down Hotel Street. The songs change, and the boys come and go, but Lou Normand has been Thirty Years in the Same Location.

Perhaps it seems scarcely surprising that there should be a mood of war at the scenes of famous defeats and at the graves of 17-year-olds and downtown in a port city. But the mood is not only there. War is in the very fabric of Hawaii's life, ineradicably fixed in both its emotions and its economy, dominating not only its memory, but its vision of the future. There is a point at which every Honolulu conversation refers back to war. People sit up in their gardens on Makiki Heights among their copa de oro and their star jasmine, and they look down toward Pearl Harbor and get another drink and tell you about the morning it happened. Webley Edwards was on the radio, they remember that, and what he said that morning again and again was "This is an air raid, take cover." That is not a remarkable thing to say, but it is a remarkable thing to have in one's memory. And they remember how people drove up into the hills and parked to watch the fires, just as they do now when a tsunami wave is due. They remember emergency wards in school auditoriums and how the older children were dispatched to guard reservoirs with unloaded guns. They laugh about trying to drive over the Pali road in the fog after the nine P.M. blackout, and about how their wives took thick books and large handkerchiefs down to the Y.W.C.A. and used them to show girls from the outer islands how to make a hospital bed, and they remember how it was when there were only three hotels on all two miles of Waikiki, the Royal for the Navy, the Halekulani for the press, and the Moana. In fact, they manage to leave an indistinct impression that it was in 1945, or perhaps 1946, that they last got down to Waikiki. "I suppose the Royal hasn't changed," one Honolulan who lives within eight minutes of the Royal remarked to me. "The Halekulani," another said, as if it had just flickered into memory and she was uncertain it still existed. "*That* used to be kind of fun for drinks." Everyone was younger then, and in the telling a certain glow suffuses those years.

And then, if they have a stake in selling Hawaii, and there are very few people left in Hawaii who refuse to perceive that they do have a stake in selling it, they explain why Hawaii's future is so bright. In spite of what might be considered a classic false economy, based first upon the military, next upon the tourist, and third upon subsidized sugar, Hawaii's future is bright because Hawaii is the hub of the Pacific, a phrase employed in Honolulu only slightly less frequently than "our wonderful *aloha* spirit." They point out that Hawaii is the hub of the Pacific as far as the travel industry goes, and that Hawaii is also the hub of the Pacific as far as—they pause, and perhaps pick up a glass and study it before continuing. "And, well, frankly, if it goes the other way, what I mean by that is, if the situation goes the other way, we're in the right spot for that too."

Tourists from the mainland learn the motions of the hula. The local folks hope for The Million Visitor Year in 1970.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The aloha spirit is part of the product, and the product is where they live.

Perhaps nowhere else in the United States is the prospect of war regarded with so much equanimity.

Of course it is easy to suggest reasons, to say that after all Hawaii has already lived through one war, or to point out that Honolulu is even now in a war zone, steeped in the diction of the military, deeply committed to the business of war. But it runs deeper than that. War is viewed with a curious ambivalence in Hawaii because the largest part of its population interprets war, however unconsciously, as a force for good, an instrument of social progress. And of course it was precisely World War II which cracked the spine of sugar feudalism, opened up a contracting economy and an immobile society, shattered forever the pleasant but formidable colonial world in which a handful of families controlled everything Hawaii did, where it shopped, how it shipped its goods, who could come in and how far they could go, and at what point they would be closed out.

We have, most of us, some image of prewar Hawaii. We have heard the phrase "Big Five," and we have read or seen *Hawaii*, and we have a general notion that certain families acquired a great deal of money and power in Hawaii and kept that money and that power for a very long while. The reality of Hawaiian power was at once more obvious and more subtle than we might imagine it to have been. The Big Five companies—C. Brewer, Theo. H. Davies, American Factors, Castle & Cooke, and Alexander & Baldwin—began as agents for the sugar planters. Over the years, the Big Five families and a few others—the Dillinghams, say—intermarried, sat on one another's boards, got into shipping and insurance and money, and came to comprise a benevolent oligarchy unlike any on the mainland.

For almost half a century this interlocking directorate extended into every area of Hawaiian life, and its power could be exercised immediately and personally. American Factors, for example, owned (and still does) the major Hawaiian department store, Liberty House. In 1941 Sears Roebuck, working secretly through intermediaries, bought land for a store in suburban Honolulu. There was some question as to whether Matson Navigation, controlled by Castle & Cooke and Alexander & Baldwin, would ship merchandise for anyone so baldly attempting to compete with a Big Five enterprise. Sears finally opened its store, but not until after the Sears president, Robert E. Wood, had threatened to buy his own ship.

That was Hawaii. And then World War II came. Island boys went to war and came home with new ideas. Mainland money came in, against all island opposition. After World War II, the late Walter Dillingham could come down to a public hearing from his house on Diamond Head and cast at Henry Kaiser the most meaningful epithet of antebellum Hawaii—"*visitor*"—and have its significance lost on perhaps half his audience. In spirit if never quite in fact, World War II made everyone a Dillingham, and anyone in Hawaii too slow to perceive this for himself was constantly told it, by politicians and by labor leaders and by mainland observers.

The extent of the change, of course, has often been overstated, for reasons sometimes sentimental and sometimes strategic, but it is true that Hawaii is no more what it once was. There is still only one "Lowell" in Honolulu, and that is Lowell Dillingham, still only one "Ben," and that is his brother—but Ben Dillingham was

Beginners on the beach at Waikiki learn the stance they hope will take them down the big one, the surfer's wave.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

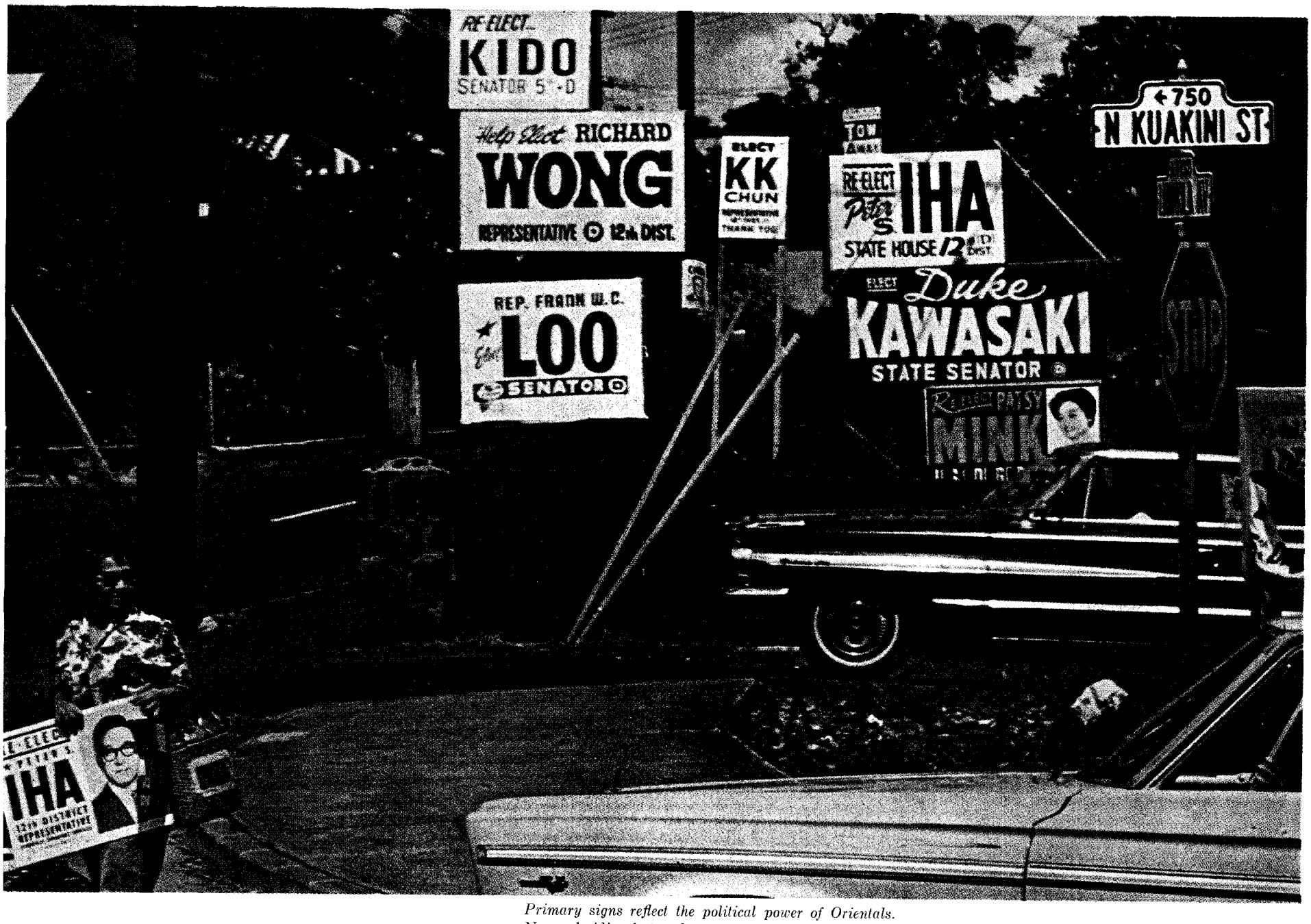
War and money cracked feudalism's spine.

overwhelmingly defeated in his 1962 campaign for the United States Senate by the Nisei Daniel Inouye. (In the 1920's, when a congressional committee asked Ben Dillingham's father and Henry Baldwin why so few Japanese voted in Hawaii, they could suggest only that perhaps the Japanese were under instructions from Tokyo not to register.) There is still a strong feeling in old-line Honolulu that the Big Five "caved in" to labor—but Jack Hall, the tough I.L.W.U. leader who was once convicted under the Smith Act for conspiring to teach the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence, now sits on the Board of the Hawaii Visitors' Bureau and commends the ladies of the Outdoor Circle for their efforts in "preserving the loveliness that is Hawaii." And Chinn Ho, who as a schoolboy used to chalk up quotations for a downtown broker, now owns not only a few score million dollars' worth of real estate but also that broker's own house, out on Diamond Head, hard by Ben Dillingham's. "The thing is," the broker's niece told me, "I suppose he wanted it when he was fourteen."

But perhaps there is no clearer way to understand the change than to visit Punahou School, the school the missionaries founded "for their children and their children's children," a statement of purpose interpreted rather literally until quite recently. To leaf through Punahou's old class books is a briefing in Hawaiian oligarchy, for the same names turn up year after year, and the names are the same as those which appear in cut stone or discreet brass letters down around what Honolulu calls The Street, Merchant Street, down on those corners where the Big Five have their offices and most Island business is done even today. In 1881 an Alexander delivered the commencement address and a Dillingham read the commencement poem; at the 1882 graduation a Baldwin spoke on "Chinese Immigration," an Alexander on "Labor Ipse Voluptas," and a Bishop on "Sunshine." And although high-caste Hawaiians have always coexisted with and in fact intermarried with the white oligarchy, their Punahou classmates usually visualized them, when it came time for class prophecies, "playing in a band."

It is not that Punahou is not still the school of the Island power elite; it is. "There will always be room at Punahou for those children who belong here," Dr. John Fox, headmaster since 1944, assured alumni in a recent bulletin. But where in 1944 there were 1,100 students and they had a median IQ of 108, now there are 3,400 with a median IQ of 125. Where once the percentage of Orientals was 10 percent, now it is a fraction under 30 percent. And so it is that outside Punahou's new Cooke Library, where the archives are kept by a great-great granddaughter of the Reverend Hiram Bingham, there sit, among the plumeria blossoms drifted on the steps, small Chinese boys with their books in airline flight bags.

"John Fox is rather controversial, I guess you know," old-family alumni will sometimes say now, but they do not say exactly wherein the controversy lies. Perhaps because Hawaii sells itself so assiduously as the very model of a modern melting pot, the entire area of race relations is conversationally delicate. "I wouldn't exactly say we had discrimination here," one Honolulu woman explained tactfully. "I'd say we had a wonderful, wonderful competitive feeling." Another woman simply shrugs. "It's just something that's never pressed. The Orientals are—well, discreet's not really the word, but they aren't like the Negroes



Primary signs reflect the political power of Orientals. Now a deciding factor, they are fast becoming the leaders.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

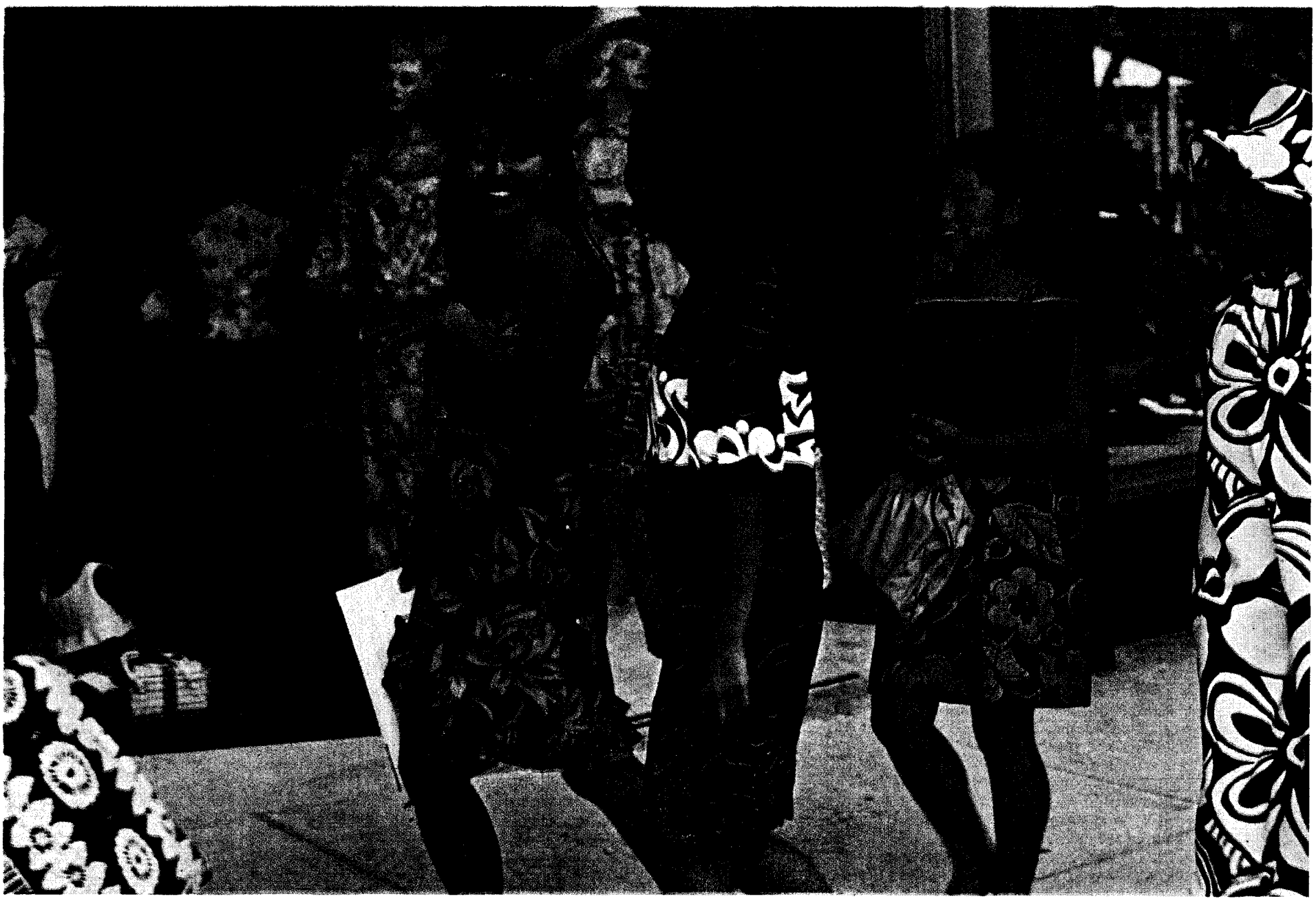
and the Jews, they don't push in where they're not wanted."

Even among those who are considered Island liberals, the question of race has about it, to anyone who has lived through these hypersensitive past years on the mainland, a curious and rather engaging ingenuousness. "There are very definitely people here who know the Chinese socially," one woman told me. "They have them to their houses. The uncle of a friend of mine, for example, has Chinn Ho to his house all the time." Although this seemed a statement along the lines of "Some of my best friends are Rothschilds," I accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered—just as I did the primitive progressivism of an Island teacher who was explaining, as we walked down a corridor of her school, about the miracles of educational integration the war had wrought. "Look," she said suddenly, grabbing a pretty Chinese girl by the arm and wheeling her around to face me. "You wouldn't have seen this at Punahou before the war. Look at those eyes."

And so, in the peculiar and still insular mythology of Hawaii, the dislocations of war became the promises of progress. Whether the promises have been fulfilled depends of course upon who is talking, as does whether or not progress is a virtue, but in any case it is war that is pivotal to the Hawaii imagination, war that fills the mind, war that seems to hover over Honolulu like the rain clouds on Tantalus. Not very many people talk about that. They talk about freeways on Oahu and condominiums on Maui and beer cans at the Sacred Falls and how much wiser it is to bypass Honolulu altogether in favor of going directly to Laurance Rockefeller's Mauna Kea, on Hawaii. In fact, the notion that the only place worth going in the Hawaiian Islands is somewhere on Maui or Kauai or Hawaii has by now filtered down to such wide acceptance that one can only suspect Honolulu to be due for a revival.

Or, if they are of a more visionary turn, they talk, in a kind of James Michener rhetoric, about how Hawaii is a multiracial paradise and a labor-management paradise and a progressive paradise in which the past is now reconciled with the future, where the I.L.W.U.'s Jack Hall lunches at the Pacific Club and where that repository of everything old-line in Hawaii, the Bishop Estate, works hand in hand with Henry Kaiser to transform Koko Head into a $350 million development named Hawaii Kai. If they are in the travel business they talk about The Million Visitor Year (1970) and The Two Million Visitor Year (1980) and 20,000 Rotarians convening in Honolulu in 1969 and they talk about The Product. "The reports show what we need," one travel man told me. "We need more attention to shaping and molding the product." The product is the place they live.

If they are from Honolulu but a little *arriviste*—say if they have been here only 30 years—they drop the name "Lowell" and talk about their charity work. If they are from Honolulu but not at all *arriviste*, they talk about opening boutiques and going into the real-estate business and whether or not it was rude for Jacqueline Kennedy to appear for dinner at Henry Kaiser's in a muumuu and bare feet. ("I mean I *know* people come here to relax and not get dressed up, but still. . . .") They get to the mainland quite often but not often enough to be well-informed about what is going on there. They like to entertain and to be entertained and to have people coming through. "What would it be like here without them?" one woman asked me rhetorically. "It'd be Saturday night at the club in Racine, Wisconsin." They are very gracious and very enthusiastic, and give such an appearance of health and happiness and hope that I sometimes find it difficult to talk to them. I think that they would not understand the reasons why I came to Hawaii, and I think that they will perhaps not understand what I am going to remember. □



Hawaii claims the most beautiful girls, intermarriage is frequent, but the topic of race relations is still delicate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The message in Billy Wilder's fortune cookie:

'WELL, NOBODY'S PERFECT...'

Dedicated to turning out old-fashioned, handcrafted bawdy comedies, Wilder's managed to average an Oscar every five years.

By RICHARD LEMON

> *"You're Norma Desmond. You used to be in silent pictures. You used to be very big."*
> *"I am big. It's the pictures that got small."*
> —SUNSET BOULEVARD

Poets have long maintained that success is an illusion, but much less attention has been paid to the illusory quality of failure. Kipling spoke of the wisdom of meeting with triumph and disaster and treating those two impostors just the same, but then, Kipling is out of style just now. The fact is, however, that throughout history man's epic failures have come about not through ineptness alone but through an ingenious combination of misused talent, bad timing, and sheer rotten luck. First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill was only partly to blame for the British debacle at Gallipoli in World War I, but he resigned in disgrace and was considered finished in politics. Ernest Hemingway's novel *Across the River and Into the Trees* was only a bad book, but it was written in his usual vigorous style; reviewers reacted as though it were some sort of offense against mankind, probably done on purpose. Charlie Chaplin's *Limelight* came out when he was in political disgrace, and Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini released *Stromboli* after having a baby out of wedlock; almost nobody but pickets went near the two movies, which in turn was taken as proof that Chaplin, Bergman and Rossellini were all washed up.

The most notable recent example of this eminence by catastrophe was a movie by Billy Wilder, a director who, in a 30-year career, has had about as many successes as anybody in American movies. Wilder has won six Academy Awards—two for directing, three for writing, one for producing—which is a record. He has had hits in just about every dramatic form: he co-wrote *Ninotchka*, Greta Garbo's great sophisticated comedy, and he co-wrote and directed *Double Indemnity*, a classic murder melodrama; *The Lost Weekend*, a film about alcoholism which won four Oscars all told; *Sunset Boulevard*, a tragedy about Hollywood; and *The Apartment*, which brought him three Oscars and was the best movie of the year. His productions have grossed more than $60 million, which puts him up with the top money-making directors, and his reputation inside the movie world is almost mystical. Wilder and his wife, Audrey, are considered the social leaders for a large chunk of the movie-world's elite, and his professional judgment is so respected that he has been able to sign up virtually any actor he wanted even before a script was written. Most striking of all, Wilder's recent comedies, from *Some Like It Hot* to *Irma La Douce*, had made daring use of sex without offending the general public, with the result that Hollywood's censor, Geoffrey Shurlock, had concluded that Wilder could "beat the odds"—meaning that he could get away with material that would be called vulgar if it came from anybody less skillful. It is a good bet that, as of two years ago, a great many movie people would have named Billy Wilder as the most talented and successful man in American movies.

Then, in December of 1964, while a showing of his life's work was running at New York's Museum of Modern Art and one week after U.S. Catholics had pledged to stay away from "indecent, immoral and unwholesome motion pictures," Wilder released *Kiss Me, Stupid*. If one had excerpted the strongest parts of the ensuing reviews, after the custom of movie advertising, the result would have run like this:

REPELLENT! SQUALID!—*The New Yorker*

LOUDMOUTHED! TASTELESS! CHEAP!—*Christian Century*

THE SLIMIEST MOVIE OF THE YEAR!—N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

COARSE! SMUTTY! SNEAKY DOUBLE ENTENDRES!—N. Y. *Daily News*

A TITANIC DIRTY JOKE!—*Life*

THOROUGHLY SORDID! REPULSIVE!—Legion of Decency

ONE WONDERS ABOUT BILLY WILDER—IS SENILITY SETTING IN OR HAS HE ALWAYS BEEN . . . NOT QUITE BRIGHT?—*Films in Review*

Of course there were exceptions. One magazine critic wrote that he liked the picture immensely, then tried to sell Wilder a movie script. European critics praised the movie's "cheery bad taste." But about the only U.S. review that was both favorable and sensible appeared in *Vogue*, whose lady critic promptly got a note:

"I read your piece in the beauty parlor while sitting under the hair drier," it read, "and it sure did the old pornographer's heart good. Cheers. Billy Wilder."

Excluding *The Spirit of St. Louis*, a commercially unsuccessful but respectable movie about Charles Lindbergh, *Kiss Me, Stupid* was Wilder's first taste of big-time failure in 14 years, but it might have been custom-made to undermine his reputation. Some critics had frequently berated Wilder for failures of taste and morality, complaining that his heroes were sinful weaklings, and that he hoked up his satires with happy endings. Wilder and co-writer I.A.L. Diamond had envisioned *Kiss Me, Stupid* as a bawdy comedy, in the manner of the Restoration theater, which would satirize some American preoccupations with sex. Instead they found themselves accused of the same preoccupations, which seemed to prove that Wilder's critics had been right all along. Furthermore, *Kiss Me, Stupid* arrived at a time when many people of stern conscience, frustrated by arguments that sex was permissible in works of art, were on the lookout for a work that seemed plainly dirty without being cluttered up with redeeming artistic qualities. *Kiss Me, Stupid* was ideally suited to a morality backlash.

"Billy was spoiled lately with success, and they really let him have it," says Walter Reisch, a screenwriter who is Wilder's oldest friend. "He asked me not to see the picture. It is the one thing about which he has no sense of humor."

"I was absolutely baffled by the reaction," Wilder said, pacing up and down his office many long months after these events; he then was already far into the writing of his next movie, *The Fortune Cookie*, which opened last October. "I've seen many a picture, believe me, that was far more suggestive and dirty. I don't mind reading a slew of reviews that say it was bad. It probably was bad. But what hurt me was that old pals said I set out deliberately to make a dirty picture. I go out into new territory and dig for oil, and sometimes all that comes up is vinegar. And sometimes the digging operation is so expensive we try to recoup the losses by selling the vinegar. I have the greatest respect for a director like [George] Cukor [director of *My Fair Lady*], but he is in a slightly different business. He buys oil and decants it. It would bore the —— off me to make *The Sound of Music* and *My Fair Lady*. They're very good pictures, but for me there's no challenge to it.

"When I was lying in the gutter," he said briskly, "a number of people came along and administered a kick in the groin. But in that period of depression and self-doubt, there was an element of beauty. My office is a clearing house usually for my chums—maybe they have third-act troubles, maybe they have actor troubles, and I work with them. Well, they stayed away in droves. They don't even put the bite on me right now. It's like the Ford plant after the Edsel was made. And it's wonderful. I have some time for the first time.

"We in Hollywood do not bury our dead," Wilder said suddenly, shifting metaphors; Wilder has the equivalent of a syncro-mesh transmission when it comes to metaphors, and can shift them at very high speeds. "They continue to stink. They will stink next week in Cincinnati and in London and in Paris, and two years from now they will stink on television."

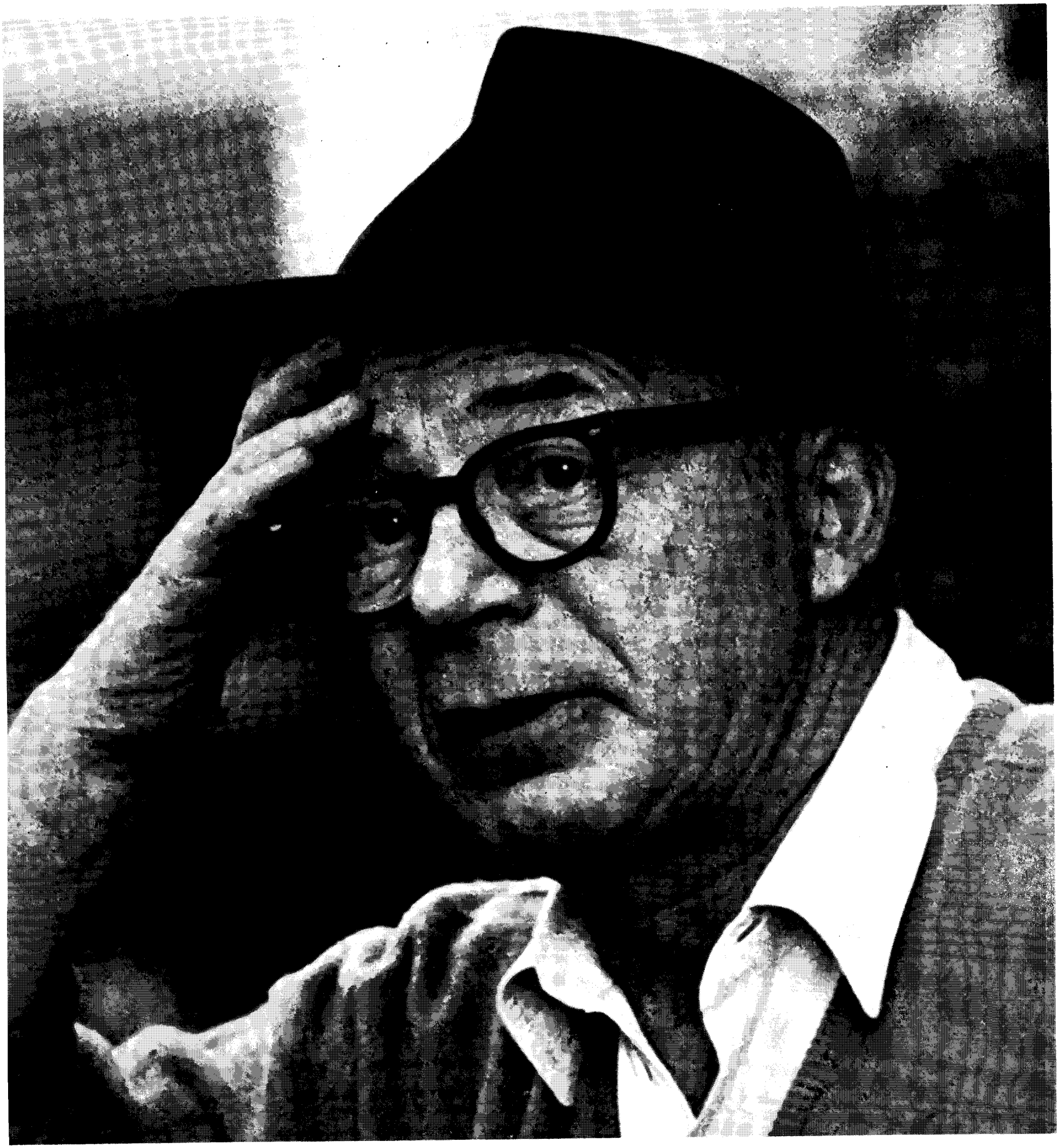
Wilder ticked off a few dozen paces back and forth. "After the picture came out," he said, "I went to Europe and walked through the snow and got it out of my system and came back and sat down with my esteemed colleague, I.A.L. Diamond. For twelve weeks we sat and stared at each other. He said we were like parents who have produced a two-headed child and don't dare to have sexual intercourse.

"But we shall survive," he added, picking up steam. "We shall now come out with the Mustang and sweep the market."

But then it was noted that Wilder had not really given his personal opinion of the picture, and he was asked what *he* thought of it. There was a pause, during which Wilder placed himself against a partition and stared at his inquisitor. "I have the capacity for erasing it from my mind," he said, finally. "I just don't think about it any-

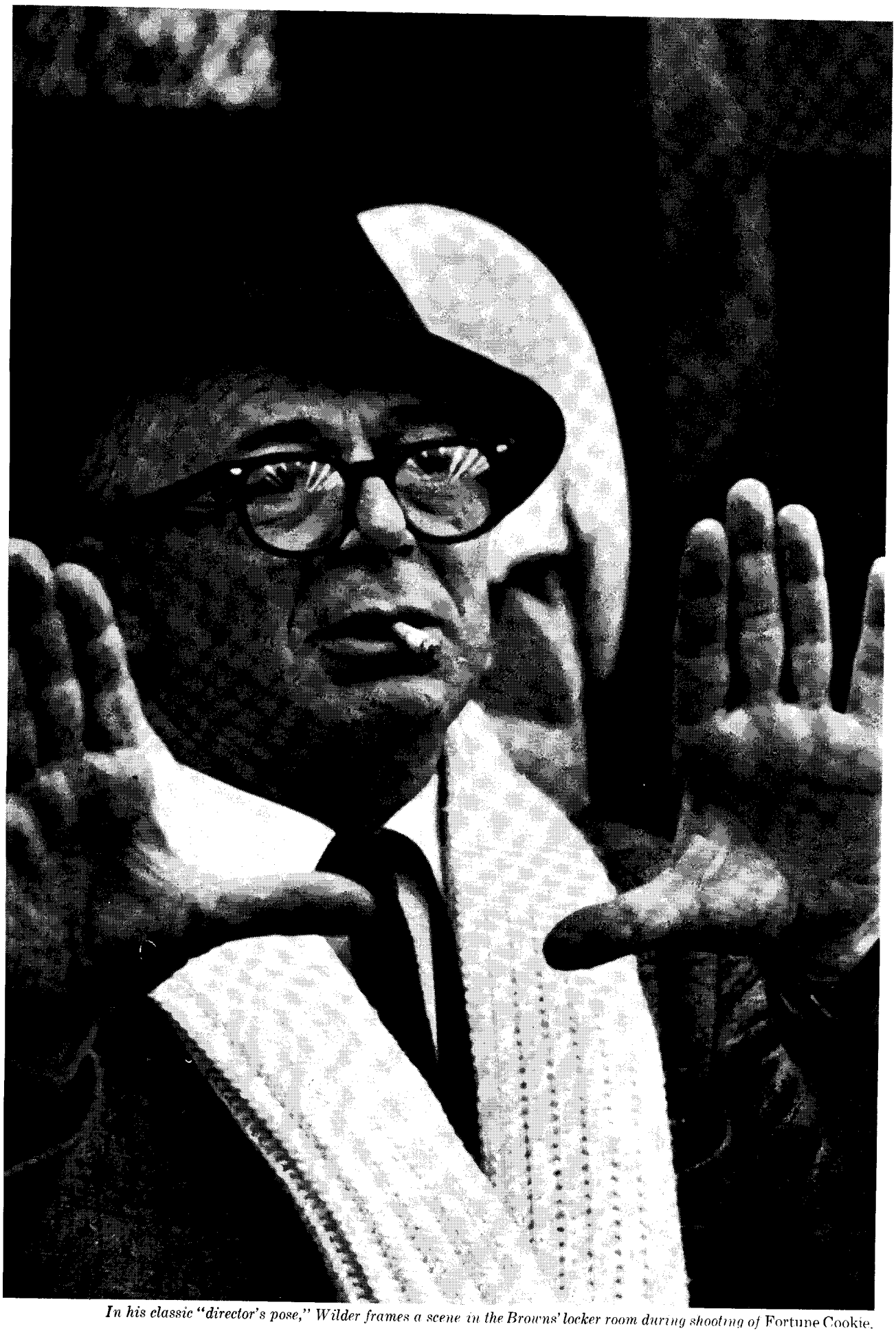
Photographs by Bill Bridges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I don't mind reading a slew of reviews that say it was bad. What hurts me was that old



In his classic "director's pose," Wilder frames a scene in the Browns' locker room during shooting of Fortune Cookie.

more. It's down the drain, across the river, and into the trees." Then he abruptly erased himself from the room, returning five minutes later with his coat on, to go out to lunch.

> *"Well, you can't figure them all, Walter."*
> —DOUBLE INDEMNITY

Billy Wilder is as at home in Hollywood as if he had invented the place, as, to a small extent, he has. He "invented" The Bistro, which is currently about the most fashionable restaurant in Beverly Hills, and he invented *Sunset Boulevard*, which may be the best movie ever made about Hollywood. Wilder has even become a little proprietary about the movie community, and he takes considerable umbrage at those who disparage or mistreat it. "Billy thinks it's his town," a fellow worker noted recently with hostility. When Darryl Zanuck took over 20th Century-Fox studios and let go a number of movie veterans, including one of Wilder's former associates, Wilder told him, in a telegram released to the press, that the firings were callous and his studio should be razed by bulldozers. When screenwriter Abby Mann spoke critically of Hollywood while at the Moscow Film Festival, Wilder shot the trade papers another wire: WHO APPOINTED ABBY MANN AS SPOKESMAN FOR THE AMERICAN FILM WORLD IN MOSCOW? PERSONALLY, I'D RATHER BE REPRESENTED BY ABBEY RENTS [which is a local agency renting everything from hospital beds to hair dryers].

Nonetheless, Wilder himself at first seems a surprising spokesman for Hollywood to have produced. He lives unostentatiously and does not call people "baby" or "pussycat." He is more apt to call them "Mr. Green" or "Mr. Watson," in the ironic, formal manner of a college professor. He cares little about personal publicity, except as it will help a picture, and has no public-relations man. He also has no agent and, beyond one secretary, who has been with him 16 years, no employees. Even his commercial success is anachronistic, because many of his pictures have been exuberantly cynical and bitter. After *Kiss Me, Stupid* was attacked for being cheaply commercial, Wilder's co-writer, I.A.L. Diamond, protested that "Nobody ever made a fast buck by telling people they're no damned good," but that is just about what Wilder has been doing for years.

Wilder and his second wife, Audrey, live in an apartment in Westwood, and they are among the few movie people whose reputations could stand it. Westwood is fairly elegant, but it isn't at all chic. Furthermore, around Hollywood, almost nobody above the rank of spear carrier lives in an apartment, if only because it's hard to have a swimming pool there. But there are the Wilders, living like New Yorkers high above Westwood, with elevator service and a small terrace, which sports Wilder's collection of Bonsai trees, and a medium-size living room festooned with art. Wilder began collecting art before he collected any money, and when he fled Berlin as a young man he left behind a fine collection of Mies van der Rohe furniture. Today, small Picassos, Chagalls, Bonnards, Dufys, Roualts, Calder mobiles, Maillol and Moore statues, and simple $10 obelisks, all sprout from the walls, tables, floors and ceilings. "You

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

als said I set out deliberately to make a dirty movie. . . .'

don't have paintings," one dealer told him, "you have *hors d'oeuvres*."

For all his prominence in Hollywood, Wilder has no entourage, and many of his friends are linked to the movies indirectly or not at all. One of his closest friends is Charles Eames, the architect and designer who created, among other things, a rosewood-and-leather chair which has become a classic and a status symbol and shows up in everything from high-priced doctors' offices to Scotch whisky ads. The chair was originally made as a present for Wilder. The two men have been exchanging furniture for 16 years, and Eames had no thought of marketing this one until Herman Miller, the furniture company, asked to be allowed to manufacture it. Since then, about 12,000 chairs, at roughly $600 each, have been sold.

"You design for someone in particular," Eames notes, with pleasure, "and then you find out that other people have more in common with the object of your affection than you realized."

Wilder is an excellent bridge player, and he is a member of a bridge set that meets every Saturday and Sunday and sometimes in-between. The game is noisy, with lots of jokes. Lew Wasserman, the president of M.C.A., a large, powerful production company, was pressured into joining it one afternoon, although he protested that he was out of practice. "You know, for a fella who hasn't played for a year," Wilder said cheerfully, as the game broke up, "he certainly played badly."

"Billy is a regular winner in that game, and not because he's a great technician," says Alfred Sheinwold, the professional player and columnist, who is another regular. "He can't be bothered with that. He's a *good* technician, but more than anybody else, he plays the people. Bridge players would use an expression: 'He always knows where the queen of spades is.' The expert may try all sorts of discovery plays to find that out. Billy just looks at the people and knows."

Speed is probably the dominant element in Billy Wilder's life. He is an avid sports fan and loves to watch baseball and football, particularly at the same time. He keeps two TV sets for the purpose. He is a very good chess player, but he won't play chess because it takes too long.

"Speed is absolutely of the essence to him," Walter Reisch says. "He cannot do anything slowly. If he enters a party, and everybody is talking slowly, he leaves. People who insist on finishing their sentences drive him crazy—he wants to write it himself. That's why he likes paintings—they don't talk back. That's his only fear in life—to be bored. He cannot stand to be with people who bore him.

"Which doesn't mean he doesn't like them or respect them. He just doesn't mingle with them. He loves them and avoids them."

Wilder's speediness is illustrated by his entry into the restaurant business. "My pal Romanoff [of the famous Romanoff's restaurant], you know, he closed," Wilder says, "and I wanted there to be a restaurant I would like to go to." Kurt Niklas, a former captain at Romanoff's, who is the manager and principal stockholder in The Bistro, recently recalled its founding.

"When you're a captain, everybody tells you, 'If you ever want to open your own restaurant, come and see me,'" he said. "It's all baloney. It never happens. Billy was the only one I knew would be as good as his word, so when Romanoff's closed, I went to him. Within twenty-four hours Billy had checks in the mail for ninety thousand dollars. We have sixty stockholders, and the people Billy didn't get, his wife got."

Nonetheless, The Bistro did not turn out quite the way Wilder planned. It was conceived as a simple place with sawdust on the floor and red-checked tablecloths. It wound up with red carpets and dark paneling and mirrors for watching other tables. Wives, led by Audrey Wilder, are credited with the change, which doesn't surprise or bother Wilder. As he has noted about writing movies, "The background starts out to be a flower shop and winds up as a PT boat."

> *"You should be glad I'm not twelve. I was a very straightforward child. I used to spit."*
> —THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR

"Billy's too elusive, you know," Charles Lederer, the screenwriter, said to a reporter recently. "You won't be able to get him down on paper."

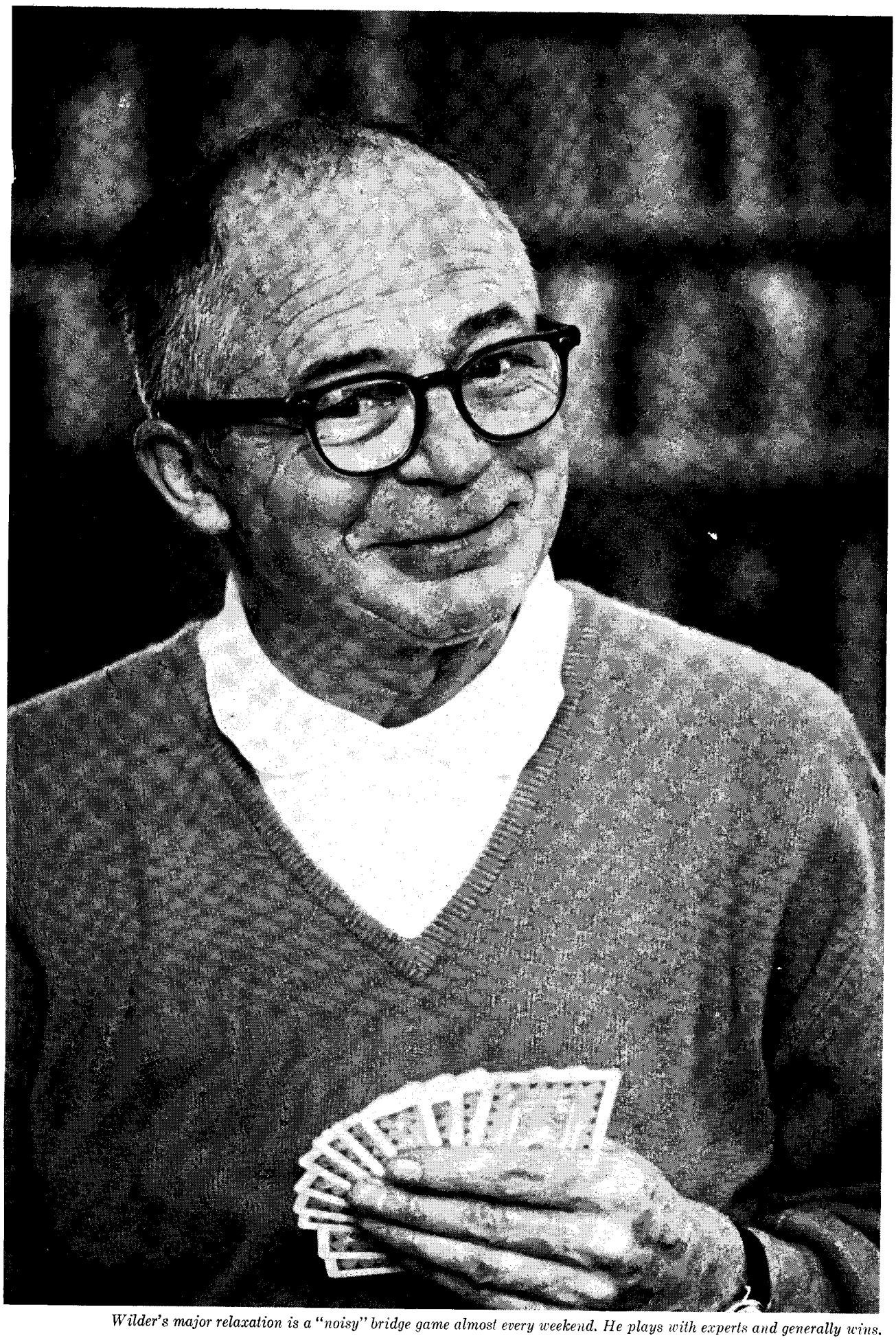
Still and all, the reporter felt he ought to try, so he went home and wrote:

Wilder, Billy, American film director, was born in Vienna, June 22, 1906. His father was in various businesses, including restaurants and trout hatcheries. Wilder briefly attended the University of Vienna and spent three years as a Vienna newspaper reporter, once interviewing Sigmund Freud, Alfred Adler, and Richard Strauss all in one morning. Bandleader Paul Whiteman was so pleased with a Wilder review of one of his concerts that he paid Wilder's way to Berlin to have him review a Whiteman concert there. Wilder stayed on in Berlin, where he wrote about 20 pictures in four years, his first being *People on Sunday*, which is now in the Museum of Modern Art's collection. Wilder fled to Paris when the Nazis came to power, and in a garage there he wrote and directed *Weeds*, starring Danielle Darrieux. Before it came out in 1934, he moved on to Hollywood, where he won $15 at a party by jumping into a swimming pool with his clothes on and swimming the length. For some time this was the biggest splash he made in Hollywood. But in 1936 director Ernst Lubitsch was looking for a "cute-meet," which is to say a cute way of having a movie hero and heroine meet each other, for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, starring Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert. Wilder thought up the idea of having them meet at the pajama counter of a department store, where Cooper wanted to buy just the pants from a pair of men's pajamas and Colbert wanted to buy just a top. After that it was clear sailing. In collaboration with Charles Brackett, Wilder wrote a string of hits, including *Ninotchka*, *Midnight*, *What a Life*, *Arise My Love*, *Hold Back the Dawn*, and *Ball of Fire*. His first pictures as a director were *The Major and the Minor*, *Five Graves to Cairo* (both written with Brackett), and *Double Indemnity*, written with Raymond Chandler. Since then, Wilder has co-written and directed *The Lost Weekend*, *The Emperor Waltz*, *A Foreign Affair*, *Sunset Boulevard* (all with Brackett), *Ace in the Hole*, *Stalag 17*, *Sabrina*, *Seven Year Itch*, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, *Witness for the Prosecution*, and with Diamond, *Love in the Afternoon*,

Working with a rapport that requires few words, Wilder made last-minute script changes with collaborator I.A.L. Diamond (top). Then, after explaining scene to star Jack Lemmon (center), he hurried to the Cleveland Stadium (bottom) to double-check camera angles before filming.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'His only fear in life is to be bored. He can't stand to be with people who bore him. . . .'



Wilder's major relaxation is a "noisy" bridge game almost every weekend. He plays with experts and generally wins.

Some Like It Hot, The Apartment, One, Two, Three, Irma La Douce, and *Kiss Me, Stupid.*

But that didn't seem to get very much of Wilder, so then the reporter wrote:

The hallmarks of the filmic style of Billy Wilder are realism, cynicism, and a convoluted approach to the matter of sex. Although he has amended his filmic style somewhat in recent works in favor of a broader comedic approach, Wilder's greatest cinematic achievements have featured such settings as gas stations, bowling alleys, insurance offices, drive-ins and other commonplaces of the American milieu. They have also been marked by a low view of life and love. Wilder films being populated by insurance cheats, tax dodgers, gawkers, hookers, wife cheaters, low tippers, and other petty malefactors, creating a misanthropic ambience. . . .

But the reporter couldn't keep that up, so then he wrote:

An office in Hollywood. Standing behind a cluttered desk is BILLY WILDER, a short man of 60 who, oddly enough, gives the impression of being too tall for his age. He wears a checked cap and glasses and would be pacing except that he is tethered to a telephone. A few feet away, sprawled in a black Eames chair, is I.A.L. DIAMOND. He is tall, thin, and bespectacled, and has the owlish look of a man who expects the worst but is content anyway.

WILDER: You still want to do a story on an old, tired, discouraged director?

(*Cut to a hotel room where a nondescript reporter sits talking into the phone.*)

REPORTER: Oh, yes, unless you've gotten cold feet about it.

WILDER: No cold feet. (*Talking faster.*) When all those people jumped on me, and I was definitively labeled as the pornographer of the West Coast, the Henry Miller of celluloid, everybody wanted me to write the Mad Hatter and Mr. X, the critics, and I just decided not to. But maybe the time has come to talk again. Have you met the Mad Hatter?

REPORTER: I met her just the other night.

WILDER: How many heads did she have?

REPORTER: Just one, Monday night.

WILDER: And even that was too much?

REPORTER: Well ——

WILDER: I picture her as looking like Z, only uglier, which is very ugly.

REPORTER: No, in fact she's quite pleasant-looking.

WILDER: Please. Don't destroy my illusions.

But the reporter couldn't continue that long, either, so he gave up. A few days later, at an interview, Wilder handed him a piece of paper. "I thought you might be able to use this for your story," he said. The reporter unfolded it and read:

"I found out that the only way to improve your bridge game is to play with the experts for big stakes. Of course this does not improve your bank account. But who cares? Give me another fifteen years and I shall be runner-up for the Vanderbilt Cup—that's Sam Vanderbilt, who organizes the annual Salvation Army tournament, and the first prize is a cup of lentil soup."

"So now I have Wilder on paper," the reporter thought, and pocketed it.

> *"He is a tall, loose-jointed man of forty, with a brain full of razor blades and a heart full of chutzpah."* —DESCRIPTION OF A CHARACTER IN THE SCRIPT OF *The Fortune Cookie;* ALSO, REPORTEDLY, A DESCRIPTION BY WILLIAM HOLDEN OF BILLY WILDER.

One warm and pleasant afternoon—the sort of warm and pleasant afternoon that inspired ordinary men to make up Beverly Hills and Bel Air and Holmby Hills—Walter Reisch served a visitor coffee, white wine, and rich, homemade cookies in his Bel-Air house. Mrs. Reisch, in a hostess gown, and their daughter, a student at U.C.L.A., sat by the fireplace. Reisch is a short, quick, energetic man with a tanned face who, in his 60's, looks and bears himself a lot like a peppery gentleman who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
Campbell's
TOMATO SOUP
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
This ad appeared 45 years ago...
LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone who goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed at the price today—45 years later—for the same size can.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

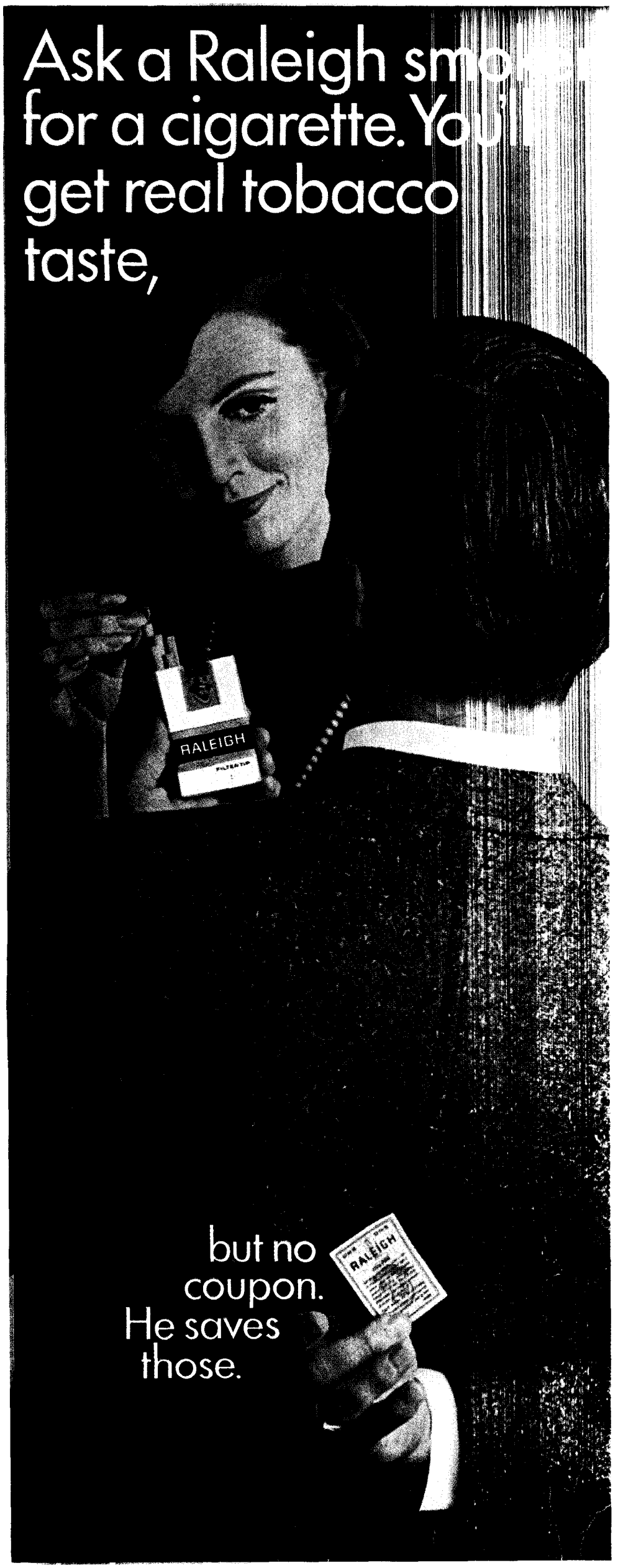
Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient...the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can, and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find better ways to do this as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

Campbell's Quality
We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And everything we make contains
Our business reputation.
CAMPBELL'S • SWANSON • V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN • BOUNTY
...all made by Campbell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BILLY WILDER

for years coached boxing at Yale.

"Billy and I started together in Berlin in 'Twenty-nine or so," Reisch said. "Berlin was an enormously inspiring city, full of experiments. It had come back to reality after the war, and we came from Austria, a little schnook country, and Billy was received as with open arms. He was a newspaperman from Austria who had developed a fantastic knack for getting interviews. For instance, the richest man in the world was Sir Basil Zaharoff, he sold arms to governments, to the Fascists. Nobody ever saw this man. Billy found out he was going to make a two-hour stopover on the train in Vienna. He walked right onto his train and got the interview. That man was stupefied by such *chutzpah*.

"Between trains he caught them," Reisch said. "How do you like the cookies?"

"Wonderful," the visitor said.

"You have to dunk them," Reisch said, grabbing a cookie and demonstrating. "In Vienna, everybody dunks the cookies in the wine. Did Billy tell you about the time he interviewed Freud? He was supposed to get famous people's opinions on something, and he got into his office and said, 'Dr. Freud, I'm from the paper.'" Reisch, imitating Freud, jumped up, extended his arm straight out, forefinger pointing, and growled "'*Rrrraus!*'", which means "Get out!"

(Later, Wilder expanded on this. "The deal was very short. 'Herr Wilder?' 'Yes.' 'Dere is the door.' At that time Freud was attacked constantly. He was the funny charlatan who took everybody for a complicated cerebral ride; he felt about newspapermen the way I feel about them now. You know even now, every Strauss in Vienna has a statue, but Freud—nothing.")

"More than anything else it was Wilder's absolute zest for life that made him beloved," Reisch said. "He was the most gregarious sort. Always the fourth for bridge. Not too much work if possible. And a lot of poker games in between. A terrible critic, an absolute cynic. He never missed a poker match, never a tennis match and never a date with a pretty girl.

"In Berlin for a time, Billy was a dancer," Reisch went on. "The Hotel Eden was an international center for movie people, it held tea dances—*thé dansants*—every afternoon. Every famous hotel had a tea dance from five to eight. If a lady came with her husband who was not a dancer, the hotels saw that there was a gentleman who could dance with her. One had to have impeccable manners. That was the way you got your dinner, a few drinks, a cigarette and a little salary too.

"Hitler took over Berlin in January of 'Thirty-three. A few days later Wilder and I left for Paris, and our first stop when we got off the train was not at the producer's office. Our first stop in Paris was at the Stade Roland Garros to see a French-English tennis match. That was the most important event when Hitler came to power.

"Billy enjoys life more than anybody I know," Reisch said, walking his visitor to the door. "He has never gone 'Hollywood.' He makes everybody in his pictures feel important. Of course, he's also cruelly rude. He has very little leniency. But that's not from success. His wife once said, 'Long before Billy Wilder was Billy Wilder, he behaved as though he were Billy Wilder.'"

Wilder arrived in Hollywood in 1934, with little money and less reputation. To buck up his family during the lean days in Berlin, he had written that he had changed his name to 'Thornton' and enclosed clippings about Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. His mother learned the truth when she bought the book and saw the author's picture, but she took it well. "That other fellow Wilder," she said, "I never really liked his stuff very much." In America, Wilder spent two years carrying two scripts around, making no sales. For a while he was reduced to living—with permission—in the ladies room of an apartment hotel. Then in 1936 Wilder wrote *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* with Charles Brackett, the urbane and witty former drama critic at *The New Yorker*, in what became the most famous writing team in the movies.

Wilder's father had died in Berlin in 1926, and his mother had remarried. Wilder never saw his family after he came to Hollywood. "My mother, my grandmother and my stepfather died in Auschwitz," he says. "My mother died around Nineteen-forty, 'Forty-one—I could never find out exactly when—but I know through the Red Cross that she was gassed at Auschwitz."

In 1945, near the end of the war, Wilder was appointed by Elmer Davis to head the motion picture section, Psychological Warfare Division of the U.S. Army in Germany, with the rank of colonel and responsibility for all theaters and radio stations in occupied Germany. The nearest he got to action was a time when some requisitioned champagne exploded and, thinking they were under fire, Wilder led all his men under their Jeep.

"After the war," Wilder says, "some Germans wanted to put on a passion play, and a carpenter wrote me asking permission to play Jesus. After we screened them we found out that six of the Apostles were Gestapo men and the carpenter was a stormtrooper. I said, 'Yes, as long as the nails are real.'"

Wilder's directing career got into high gear with *Double Indemnity*, and in 1950 the Wilder-Brackett writing partnership was dissolved. There were rumors of an argument, but the two men have nothing but good to say about each other now.

Wilder's first picture after the breakup was *Ace in the Hole*, since retitled *The Big Carnival*. It was a black and ferocious parable about man's inhumanity to man in which a reporter (Kirk Douglas) prolongs the rescue of a man trapped in a cave in order to make a bigger story out of it; finally, while thousands of curiosity seekers and a carnival and TV cameras are massed outside the cave, the man dies. *Ace* was Wilder's darkest movie and it was a commercial flop, which may have given him a permanent aversion to unhappy endings. The fact that it was his first picture without Brackett boded doubly ill for his future; he was warned that his next had to earn enough profit to cover both movies. His next was *Stalag 17;* it earned enough for both of them, and it also brought its star, William Holden, an Academy Award.

In 1936 Wilder had married the daughter of a prominent California family. They were divorced in 1948,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and she now lives near San Francisco with Wilder's only child, a daughter. In 1949 Wilder married Audrey Young, a former singer with the Tommy Dorsey band, whom Reisch describes as "brilliant, beautiful, and as hard as he is." She is also more phlegmatic than he is—he refuses to play bridge with her, and she cheerfully tells people so—and she bears strong responsibility for the Wilders' social eminence. By himself, Wilder tends to scare people.

Wilder loves to talk, and he is a careful listener, but he approaches a conversation somewhat the way a big-game hunter approaches a safari. He doesn't grope for words, he jumps on them. And when he talks, he paces. As soon as he gets the scent of an original notion, Wilder is on his feet, and when he sits, it means that things are getting dull. The knowledge of having bored Wilder is as burdensome as if one had passed on a cold, but keeping him going can be hard work. "Do you like opera?" a floundering interviewer asked recently, trying to sound as though the question had just occurred to him. "An idiotic art form," Wilder said, and meant all four words. He has no small talk.

Wilder's impatience is now legendary, but there are many ways of looking at it. Charles Eames talks about "this constant sense of quality, this impatience with the second-rate." Other friends say he has a passion for avoiding the obvious, and doesn't even like to give Christmas presents because there's no originality in it. Charles Lederer, a friend of Wilder, with a reputation for a sharp tongue, recently tried to put Wilder's acerbity into focus.

"For surgery that takes off three-quarters of a person's hide, I can't compete with Billy," Lederer said, pacing ferociously in the Wilder manner. "But the reason is that Billy doesn't have malice. I don't think he's aware of other people's constant fear that they are the target of malice. I don't believe Billy would open his mouth—and believe me, that would be a deprivation to him—if he thought he would hurt somebody's feelings."

But Wilder's occasional attempts at tact do not work out well. Hope Holiday is an actress who has appeared in two Wilder movies (she was the blonde who picked up Jack Lemmon in a bar in *The Apartment*). A few years ago Miss Holiday decided to take up painting, and after months of hard work she asked Wilder to look at the results.

"He looked at them and didn't say a word, and finally I said, 'Well, what do you *think?*'" she recalls. "He said, 'Don't ask me what I think. Stick to comedy.' I haven't painted since."

Over the years Wilder has been credited by Hollywood with a large number of funny and cutting remarks, many of which he actually said:

"I'd worship the ground you walk on if you lived in a better neighborhood." (Said to his prospective wife, Audrey, when she was a Goldwyn girl.)

"Please, not while I'm eating." (When his wife announced at the breakfast table that it was their first wedding anniversary.)

"The usual monkey funeral." (To an eager assistant director on *Sunset Boulevard*, who asked Wilder how he "saw" an upcoming scene in which a monkey was to be buried.)

"Why don't you get out of that wet coat and into a dry Martini?" (Often credited to Robert Benchley—sometimes Alexander Woollcott—and actually written by Wilder and spoken by Benchley in *The Major and the Minor*.)

"I can't. I still have relatives in Germany." (Supposedly said when Wilder was asked why he didn't put Otto Preminger, an Austrian with a dictatorial reputation, in his place.)

But Wilder denies authorship of this last one. "A certain kind of joke will come along, and they slap it on somebody because they think it fits his personality," he says. "It becomes 'a Dorothy Parker story.' If it's a little bit cynical, it becomes 'a Wilder story.' It fits a sort of fictitious image of me, that I am cynical and rude and crude and bitter."

> *"All right, Mr. de Mille, I'm ready for my close-up."*
> —SUNSET BOULEVARD

"I do not have in my cellar prints of my old movies," Wilder says. "I don't read my old screenplays. I don't live in past glories. That was last week—what have we done this week?"

The fact is, Wilder hates looking backward, and he goes to great lengths to avoid his past glories. If somebody springs one of his pictures at a Hollywood party, he gets out of there fast and plays gin with anybody he can find. "I start sweating," he says. "I see all the mistakes. I feel very inferior." After the first public preview of *Irma La Douce*, which eventually grossed $11 million, Wilder was disconsolate. "If I had my way," he said, "I'd reshoot ninety-five percent of that thing." He is more at ease watching other people's movies, and he admires proficiency in everything from Fellini to James Bond, but he is almost as frustrated by other people's mistakes as by his own. "Billy doesn't dislike bad movies," Walter Reisch once said. "He resents bad movies."

Wilder's approach to movie-making is plain and functional. He uses close-ups sparingly ("I think a close-up is such a valuable thing—like playing a trump in a bridge game), is fond of surprises ("Anyone who enters a room not through a door but through a window already is a center of interest, right?"), and will write a script only with specific actors signed up ("A movie is a star vehicle. What good is it to have a magnificent dramatic concept for which you must have Laurence Olivier and Audrey Hepburn—if they're not available?"). When pressed, he will name the themes of movies ("Peculiarly enough, the theme of *Kiss Me, Stupid* was human dignity. It was also about the sanctity of marriage"), but he considers a theme so basic as to be hardly worth discussing. "The theme is there. You try to dramatize it. You can't just start writing into the blue and say let's see, retroactively, what it's all about. We knew damn well *The Apartment* was a movie about the price of success. That one was called a dirty fairy tale, by the way.

"I did not approach the movies from the theater, the Stanislavsky approach," he says. "I'm just a storyteller."

Wilder has said that 80 percent of the creation of a movie is the writing of it, and he goes at the writing with a kind of wild, headlong care. In his office at the Goldwyn studios he paces back and forth between two rooms, whacking objects with a cane or some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reasonable facsimile, such as a shillelagh. In earlier days he whipped darts at a dart board during his walks. His collaborator sits at a typewriter. Brackett, who shared a long and narrow office with Wilder, once complained that working with him was like watching a tennis match, and gave him a stiff neck.

"Both of us sit in the same office, week after week, month after month, five days a week, from nine to six," Diamond says, explaining how he and Wilder work. "Then we start working Saturday and Sunday mornings too. Everything is worked out line by line. In the course of a script there will be one joke he wants to get in, and I'm dead set against, and vice versa. On plot, we've had knock-down, drag-out fights. It's more or less predirected—he knows in the office where he's going to put the camera. We've never started shooting with a completed script. We usually have a third of it to write. We spend three months shooting, three months postproduction—editing and scoring—then a short vacation, and we start again."

"It's such an ordeal to write," Wilder has said, "and such a pleasure to direct." The Wilder-Diamond scripts are models of economy. "They're lean and specific and simple," says Jack Lemmon. "There's not an extra 'if,' 'and,' or 'but.' In four pictures I have never heard of an actor wanting to change a line, which is common on other sets. No, there was one in *Some Like It Hot*—'Now you're talking.' I wanted to say it twice. Twenty minutes Billy took before he decided to let me do it."

In contrast to the clarity of the writing, the typical Wilder plot is a model of confusion. Wilder loves to think up ways for his characters to fool each other—he has disguised men in women's clothes, women in men's clothes, and women in tot's clothes—and his cruelest deceptions usually involve love and/or sex. In *Double Indemnity*, which he got from the James M. Cain novel, Barbara Stanwyck has her lover, Fred MacMurray, murder her husband, then she shoots MacMurray; in a belated rush of affection, she finds it impossible to finish him off, so he shoots her. In *Sunset Boulevard*, a young screenwriter, William Holden, is kept by a deluded, fading star, Gloria Swanson, who guns him into her swimming pool when he tries to leave her. And in *Some Like It Hot*, poor Joe E. Brown actually gets himself engaged to Jack Lemmon, who isn't unmasked until the last line of the movie.

Like any master of disguise, however, Wilder is a stickler for authenticity. The names of many of his characters have been lifted from real life, usually from a famous and inappropriate person. In *The Apartment*, Shirley MacLaine got her name (Miss Kubelik) from a violinist, and Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot* was named for a Michigan State halfback. In pursuit of the appearance of reality, he has had many battles with production departments as a result. "They always try to give you 'Lucky Chesters' or 'Camel Strikes,' and I will not stand for that," he says. "Or phony names on newspapers—'The N.Y. Blade.' Once you have that, you know, all believability goes out the window." Once, Wilder even demonstrated that when he sends a character to a good show, he really means for him to see a show he feels is good. In the script of *The Apartment*, Lemmon was given two tickets to *The Sound of Music*, a musical in which Wilder had invested, and arrangements were made to film him outside the theater. Wilder went to see the show, hated it, and switched Lemmon's tickets to *The Music Man*.

The filming of Wilder's movies is relaxed but efficient, and many of his crew members are veterans of other Wilder movies. Doane Harrison, his film editor, has worked with him for more than 25 years and, unlike most editors, is always there during filming to advise Wilder and reduce the excess footage. Other directors have wound up with as much as two hours of extra film. Wilder generally cuts his films by two or three minutes. Moving through the complex machinery of movie-making, overseeing the assembling of his picture, he is intent, observant, calm and detached, like the captain of a well-trained ship who no longer needs to give a lot of orders. Charles Eames, whose own creations run from furniture to a multi-screen movie system, has observed Wilder in action often and with fascination.

"You don't go to watch Billy shoot to learn how to make a picture," he says, "but to learn how to write an editorial, how to make a chair, how to make a piece of architecture."

When a movie is finished, Wilder usually refreshes himself by getting out of Hollywood for a while. "I often think I will go someplace different, but somehow I always find myself in Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich, and Piccadilly, and the Champs Élysées. I go to places where I speak the language. It makes me feel very uncomfortable otherwise." He does not "look for ideas" when he's traveling. "You see," he says, "you don't look. It occurs to you. I love to make pictures from original stories, and maybe they are my best pictures—*Sunset Boulevard*, *The Apartment*—but there is no such thing as looking. It occurs to you, and the time comes when you have to get it off your chest.

"*The Apartment* occurred to me while I was in New York, where I go twice a year," Wilder said, traveling around his apartment one recent Sunday morning. "On the other hand, maybe that theme would have occurred to me in Oklahoma. Either you have a sense of your time or you don't. A guy can be at the front and write a lousy piece about it, and another guy can write a good piece about it from his desk in Santa Monica.

"The big trick is to find the subject that relates to a human experience. Explain the rules, involve people, and they will do most of the work for you. You say, 'This guy is greedy, this guy is something else'—and you let the clashes of the drama unfold. Then you throw them a few curves, and once in a while you feel you have them by the throat—those conscientious objectors in the audience—and then you let them have it.

"Boston University and the University of Oregon would like my correspondence," Wilder said suddenly. "I blush, and I cringe, and I am going to try to talk them out of it, because I can't stand that sort of thing. My correspondence will be of very little interest to posterity." He took a few paces, smoking. "I am a dedicated man, not after the fast buck," he said. "But if there is one thing I loathe more than not to be taken seriously, it's to be taken too seriously."

The phone rang. Wilder picked it up and said hello and listened for a moment and then started talking. "I'll have lunch with you, I'll have dinner with you, I'll talk to you, but I won't play bridge with you," he said. "You're a marvelous guy, and I'm a great admirer, and I'll be happy to see you any time—but I won't play bridge with you. OK?" He hung up.

"I think the whole idea of making movies is to suck them in and make them do the work for you, make them participate," he went on. "You have to catch them, and they have to be playing with you. It is calculated to look natural. I admire elegant camera work but not fancy stuff. The camera hanging off the chandelier—that's for children, to astonish the middle-class critics. I would like to have them forget there is a camera, a dolly, a crew of one hundred fifty. If it was possible, I'd like to get them up on the screen and working.

"I have been criticized for happy endings. The easiest ending is the unhappy ending—that you can write any time. It's become sort of a bromide now that they don't live happily ever after. . . . The question is whether you have a right to get people into the theater, and they expect a cocktail and they get a shot of acid. People don't want to hear that they stink. It's not like the theater. For seven-seventy you can give a message. For a dollar twenty-five—no message.

"When they go to a play, they are primed what to expect, but in the movies they are not prepared for what they are going to see," Wilder said. "*Some Like It Hot* bombed when it had a preview in Pacific Palisades. Joe Mankiewicz [the director] stood on the sidewalk with me afterward, commiserating. Then we showed it at Westwood, and they loved it. Pacific Palisades loved it later, but they had to be told it was funny. *Lost Weekend* was a disaster until they were told it was serious. Audiences laughed."

Wilder took two quick puffs on his cigarette. "Everybody in that audience is an idiot," he said. "But fifteen hundred of them are geniuses."

> *"We're coming, we're coming, Leo,*
> *So Leo, don't despair.*
> *While you are in the cave a-hopin',*
> *We are up above you pokin',*
> *We will finally make an openin',*
> *Lee-O."*
>
> —ACE IN THE HOLE

On a gray, chilly—or "gloomy bone-chilling," as the script called it—day in Cleveland last fall, during the third period of a professional-football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Minnesota Vikings, the Browns' LeRoy Kelly ran a punt back from his own 10 to midfield, and Billy Wilder's latest movie began. The movie was called *The Fortune Cookie*, and it starred Jack Lemmon as a CBS-TV cameraman who gets run over by a Browns' back during a game; Walter Matthau plays his lawyer-brother who persuades Lemmon to fake serious injuries and sue the Browns and CBS for a million dollars. The other two stars are movie newcomers: Ron Rich, a Negro, as the back, and Judi West, as Lemmon's ex-wife, who comes back when she gets wind of his impending fortune. The movie is a sardonic comedy, and its closest relatives among Wilder's pictures are *Ace in the Hole* and *The Apartment*.

Kelly's run was the start of an intricate sequence in which, in a fine piece of directing chicanery, Wilder planned to give reality to the fiction of his story, and it was about the only thing that went right that afternoon. The favored Browns played badly and lost by ten points. Quarterback Frank Ryan passed poorly and was booed off the field in the fourth period. When it was over, Browns' owner Art Modell told Wilder that, as planned, he would have his players in uniform for a walk-through the next day.

"They did the walk-through today," Wilder said. "Tomorrow I want the real thing."

Later, at a press party, Wilder told reporters, "After my last picture, I know how Modell feels. But he shouldn't worry. There'll be further disasters."

The next day, with some of the Browns in their own uniforms and some of them dressed up in Vikings uniforms, Wilder began stitching together his deception. With halfback Ernie Green wearing number 44 in place of Kelly, who was too small to pass for actor Ron Rich at close range, the run was faked out for an extra 20 yards, where Green was knocked out of bounds. Next, Wilder substituted a stuntman for Green, and another stuntman for Jack Lemmon, as the cameraman; the Kelly-Green-Rich stuntman was then filmed smacking into the Lemmon stuntman, who reeled backward against a large, rolled up tarpaulin. Next, the Lemmon stuntman got up onto a small platform, jumped onto a trampoline, and was photographed flying head over heels over the tarpaulin, landing on his back on a pile of mattresses covered with fake grass. Then Lemmon went in for his stuntman and did a tiny but violent fall to simulate the end of his spill. Finally Rich went in for his stuntman and was photographed taking off his helmet and looking with dismay at Lemmon, who was pretending to be out cold.

On the sidelines, Wilder, wearing a tan cap, checked topcoat, and tan sport shirt, smoked and walked back and forth by himself, head down, occasionally pausing to watch Lemmon clowning with reporters and a football. From time to time he gave short directions: "One more, just for security"—"OK, let's go" (clapping his hands and beckoning to the referees)—"Hit him good" (to the Browns-Vikings). "Very concerned" (to Rich as he bent over Lemmon). When a scene was shot, Wilder stood beside the camera in a half crouch, shoulders hunched, his arms held away from his body as though he were carrying two buckets of water, watching intently.

Afterward, a member of the company hailed one of a dozen visiting reporters. "I thought of something for your story," he said. "You know Billy directed Otto Preminger in *Sunset Boulevard*, and somebody wanted to know why Billy didn't make Preminger behave more. 'I can't,' Billy said. . . ."

The next day, election day, the stands were packed as far as the camera's eye could see, which is to say as far as one section on each side of one exit. Some 10,000 fans had been lured into place by an offer of 5,636 prizes, including a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Independent Insurance Agents represent us in Alabama, Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas and Vermont.

CONNECTICUT

Ansonia, Charles F. Asimus Agency. **Avon,** The Gustafson Agencies. **Bethel,** The Ambler Agency, Inc. **Bloomfield,** Anthony Bongiovanni. **Branford,** Owens Ins. Agency/Stephen B. Palmer. **Bridgeport,** Ellis, Edwards & Greene, Inc./The Fitzpatrick Agcy., Inc./W. G. Lineburgh & Son, Inc. **Bristol,** James R. Donahue/Tracy, Driscoll & Co., Inc. **Burlington,** James W. Hull. **Clinton,** Seward F. Hull Agcy. **Coventry,** K. L. Smith Agcy. **Danbury,** David W. Baker, Inc./Carey Ins. Agcy./Kenneth L. Myers. **Danielson,** Raymond Denomme. **Deep River,** The J. Frederick Trojan Company. **Derby,** The Birdseye Agcy., Inc./Thompson Agcy., Inc. **Devon,** Loring E. Miller Associates. **East Haddam,** Dean Agency/Wilbur C. Root Agcy., Inc. **East Hartford,** Myers Agency. **Ellington,** Bagnall Ins. Agcy. **Elmwood,** Savage Ins. Agcy. **Fairfield,** Kenneth F. Williams Agcy. **Glastonbury,** Mucklow-Ralston Ins. Agcy. **Greenwich,** Elkanah Mead Agcy., Inc. **Groton,** Bailey Agencies, Inc./The Les Parks Agcy. **Groton Long Point,** The Burfoot Agency. **Hartford,** Carpenter-Budds, Inc./J. William Cyr Agcy./Thomas Fahy Ins. Agcy., Inc./Thomas J. Faulkner Agcy./Harold G. Holcombe, Inc./Ins. Counselors of Hartford, Inc./Winfred A. Kloter. **Harwinton,** Ralph O. Johnson/Fred Naylor Agcy., Inc. **Hazardville,** The Bridge Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Jewett City,** Louis J. Masse. **Kensington,** Powers-Bolles-Vigra-Houlihan Agcy. **Ledyard,** Chas. J. Cavanaugh Agcy. **Litchfield,** The Kane Agencies. **Madison,** The Hull Agency. **Manchester,** Clarence H. Anderson Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Meriden,** Francis J. Dowling/The Gardner-Kirby Corp. **Merrow,** Wilcox & Reynolds. **Middlebury,** Hearthstone Agency. **Middletown,** Richard J. Carlone/Coughlin & Coughlin, Inc. **Milford,** Russell W. Clarke Ins. Associates, Inc. **Moosup,** Potter & Collonan. **Naugatuck,** Chittenden Ins. Agcy., Inc./Root & Boyd, Inc./James E. Sweeney, Inc. **New Britain,** Adolf Carlson Ins. Agcy., Inc./Liegeot Ins. Agcy./Walter J. Liss Agcy./George R. Smithwick. **New Haven,** Thompson & Peck, Inc./Lewis S. Welch, Inc. **New London,** Bailey Agencies, Inc./John F. Butler/Smith Insurance. **New Milford,** New Milford Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Newtown,** The McLachlan Agency, Inc. **No. Grosvenordale,** J. A. Archambault & Son, Inc. **Norwalk,** Donald E. Gaynor. **Norwich,** John F. Moore/A. W. O'Connell/Robert H. Young. **Old Saybrook,** King & May Ins. Agcy. **Pawcatuck,** William H. Giles Co. **Plainville,** The Hyatt Agency. **Portland,** Robert J. Curtin/Mrs. Perry Hale. **Putnam,** N. A. Keroack, Inc./Leschke-Puffer Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Rockville,** L. Bissell & Son. **Seymour,** John H. Kolb/The Seymour Trust Co. **Simsbury,** William G. Kerr. **So. Norwalk,** The Taylor & Golden Co., Inc. **Stafford Springs,** Penney-Hanley Co. **Staffordville,** Staffordville Ins. Agcy. **Stamford,** A. H. Nelson Co. **Stratford,** William R. Gleason/David Kennedy Agcy. **Taftville,** Adams Ins. Agcy. **Thompsonville,** Enfield Ins. Agcy., Inc./Walter M. Olsen/Milo D. Wilcox Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Torrington,** Buonocore's Ins. Agcy./Litchfield County Agcy., Inc./The E. J. Murphy Ins. Agcy. **Unionville,** Robotham Co./The Service Agency. **Waterbury,** Webster's Ins. Service, Inc. **Waterford,** Hedden Agcy., Inc. **Watertown,** Edward W. Kalita Ins. Agcy. **West Hartford,** Thomas S. Berry/Harvy E. Godard, Inc./Normand A. Gaines & Assoc./Henry D. Ordway/H. Randall Pease, Jr./John H. Thompson. **Westport,** John Sachs Agency. **Willimantic,** Ashton, Jordan & Blish/Lincoln's Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Windsor,** Parker-Ellingwood Agcy. **Winsted,** Dudley H. Manchester. **Woodmont,** Miss Leota M. Fulton.

FLORIDA

Bradenton, Recommended Services, Inc. **Coral Gables,** Allied Group Underwriters Ins./John Z. Fletcher & Assoc. of Miami, Inc./Florida Mortgage & Securities Co. Ins. Agcy./ Hartnett, Inc. **Daytona Beach,** General Agents, Inc. **De Bary,** Clay Ins. Agcy. **Defuniak Spgs.** Statewide Ins. of Walton County, Inc. **Ft. Lauderdale,** Warner Ins. Agcy. **Ft. Walton Beach,** Courtney & McQuagge, Inc. **Hollywood,** Jack Berman Ins. Agcy./Hartnett Ins. Agcy. of Hollywood, Inc. **Jacksonville,** Percy Camphell Ins./Carleton & Teichman. Inc./Ribault Ins. Assoc. Inc./Williams Ins. Agcy. **Lake City,** Hunter-Walker Ins. Agcy. **Merritt Island,** Lancaster Ins. Agcy./L&W Ins. Agcy./Vanguard Ins. Agcy./Winderweedle Ins. Agcy. **Miami,** Chapman Ins. Und. Inc./Kennedy & Ely Ins., Inc./Ossip Ins. Agcy., Inc. **Miami Beach,** International Underwriters, Inc. **Naples,** Vern Duncklee Ins. Agcy. **No. Palm Beach,** Nicholas Ins. Agcy. **St. Petersburg,** Elbert W. Dugan/Bert Smith Ins. Inc. **Sanford,** Boyd-Wallace Ins. Agcy. **Sarasota,** Agency Assoc. Inc. **Sharpes,** Jack Armstrong Ins. Agcy. **Tampa,** Stewart Ins. Agcy./Williamson & Shuman, Ins. Agcy. **W. Palm Beach,** Julian J. Platz, Inc. **Zephyrhills,** Lee Reed Insurance.

Complete fire and casualty coverage *lock, stock and barrel*

Manager, salesman, accountant, personnel—you name it. The owner of a small-to-medium size business wears many hats. But when it comes to the complex matter of complete fire and casualty insurance coverage, he knows he can lean on his Lynn Mutual insurance agent. This interested, local insurance agent will check every detail and see that his client is protected lock, stock and barrel for fire and casualty at the lowest possible cost . . . at Lynn Mutual's Reduced Rate. Review the agents listed on this page, and talk to the one nearest you for worry-free, low-cost coverage on business, home and auto.

A Minute Man Company *Established 1828*

LYNN MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

MULTIPLE COVERAGES FOR INDUSTRY, BUSINESS AND PERSONAL PROPERTY PROTECTION

NEW YORK

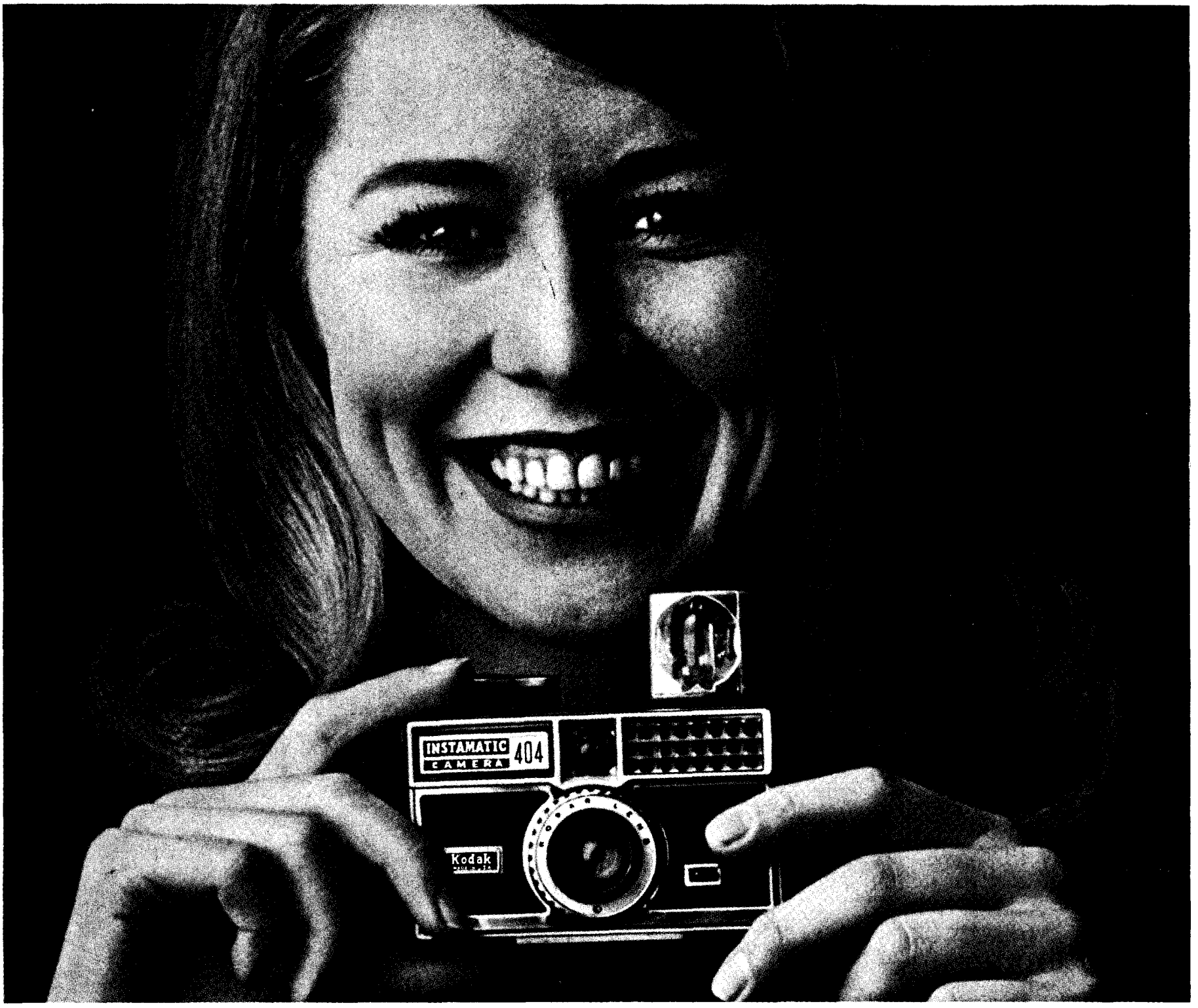
Albany, Robert J. Campbell/J. B. Raila Ins. Agcy. **Amsterdam,** Kerbelis & Sons, Inc./Harry D. Putman & Son, Inc. **Bainbridge,** Corbin Ins. Agcy. **Batavia,** Lullo Ins. Agcy./Spinning Agcy, Inc. **Binghamton,** Norman A. Boyd, Inc. **Boonville,** Wagoner-Hickok Agcy., Inc. **Buffalo,** Anthony N. LaScala/Earl W. Popp/Ryan & Cable, Inc. **Cape Vincent,** J. H. Maloney. **Chadwicks,** Roy J. Uertz. **Cortland,** Tanner-Ibbotson, Inc. **Dunkirk,** Monroe Ins. Agcy. **East Greenbush,** David A. Cobb. **Endicott,** D. A. Gioffre Agcy./Stabler Agcy., Inc. **Eaton,** Wagner Ins. Agcy. **Geneva,** Harry M. Touhey & Assoc., Inc. **Glens Falls,** Wm. P. Leonard Agcy., Inc. **Gloversville,** The D'Errico & Farhart Agcy., Inc./Geisler Agcy., Inc. **Greenwich,** The Mesick Agcy. **Herkimer,** The Crocker Agcy., Inc./M. E. Murphy Ins. Agcy. **Holley,** Leon F. Hawley. **Ithaca,** The Geherin Ins. Agcy. **Jamestown,** Anderson-Winchester Agcy., Inc. George W. Endersen, Jr./Erickson Agcy., Inc. **Jeffersonville,** Beck & Levy-Tegeler, Inc. **Kenmore,** Richard L. Rausch. **Kingston,** Edward J. Schrowang. **Little Falls,** W. Randall Whitman Insurance. **Massapequa,** Henry W. Metzger Agcy., Inc. **Malone,** Tierney-Caron Ins. Agcy. **Middletown,** Tunis S. Fiero, Inc./Arthur H. Kimble Agcy., Inc. **Newburgh,** Herr-Schermerhorn Agencies, Inc./Joseph X. Mullin/The Pellett Agcy., Inc./Shipp & Osborn/Fred W. Lawrence. **New Paltz,** William Richard Morris. **Niagara Falls,** Billings Mutual Agcy. Inc. **No. Hornell,** Partridge Ins. Agcy. **Norwich,** Anthony Meyer Agcy. **Ogdensburg,** Ernest H. Smith. **Olcott,** Reid Ins. Agcy. **Oneonta,** H. M. Bard & Sons, Inc. **Oswego,** Dowd & Harrington, Inc./Fitzgibbons Agcy., Inc. **Plattsburgh,** W. A. Robinson, Inc. **Port Leyden,** Gerald L. Wetmore. **Poughkeepsie,** Marx-Ellis, Inc. **Rensselaer,** Eugene Richter. **Rochester,** G. K. DeLong, Inc./Burton H. Walker Agcy. **Romulus,** Elroy P. Walker. **St. Johnsville,** Harlin A. Devendorf. **Saranac Lake,** Clinton J. Ayers, Inc. **Saratoga Spgs.** Clements Agcy., Inc./McAvoy & Williams Agcy., Inc./Tarantino Ins. Agcy. **Schenectady,** Bell's Agcy., Inc./Thomas M. Fitzpatrick/William H. Lockwood Co., Inc./Ward-Porter Agcy. **Schoharie,** Grant's Agency, Inc. **Syracuse,** F. H. Booth Assoc., Inc./Martin H. Doyle, Inc./Jaquin & Co., Inc. **Tonawanda,** Ken-Ton Agcy., Inc. **Troy,** A. Chas. Berger, Inc./Breese, Rousseau & Co., Inc./Thomas A. Graham Agcy., Inc./Stanley A. Pettinger. **Tupper Lake,** Harold J. Nichols. **Utica,** Cantwell & Bromley, Inc./Ed Choinacki Agcy., Inc./Ellen Agcy., Inc./Bernard F. Gilroy/James A. Hayes/Hughes & Richards/McLoughlin & Leonard, Inc./Smith, Treiber & Wittig, Inc./Paul N. Spring Ins. Agcy./Stephen Zurek. **Wappinger Falls,** E. J. Buck, Inc. **Whitesboro,** John J. Humphreys.

TEXAS

Austin, R. B. Lewis Agcy./McMordie Cavness Ins. Agcy./Sterling Sasser & Son. **Bryan,** Jacob Beal Ins. Agcy. **Cleburne,** Redding & Rinehart Agcy./Marvin B. Clary. **Crockett,** Roy Garner Ins. Agcy. **Dallas,** Jack K. Bell Mutual Agcy./Downey Ins. Agcy./Hancock Ins. Service/Hefner Insurance/Huber & Scott Ins. Agcy./Jester Ins. Agcy./J. E. King Gen. Agcy./Millers Ins. Service/Richburg Ins. Agcy./Don Skinner Associates/Smith-Allen Ins. Agcy./Doc Swalwell & Partners/Texas Casualty Ins. Agcy./John T. Watson/R. T. Weakley & Co./Edward V. Wood. **Denison,** Munley Ins. Agcy./White Ins. Agency. **El Paso,** C. D. Lee Ins. Agcy. **Ft. Worth,** Anderson Ins. Agcy./L. T. Barton & Associates/L. T. Barton, Ins./Ward Collier Ins. Agcy./The CWC Agcy./DuBose Ins. Agcy./Bob Isham Agcy./McMahon & Assoc./Mitchell, Gartner & Thompson/A. M. Montgomery Agcy./Mutual Insurance Agcy. of Texas/Kathleen Rouse Ins. Agcy./Ryan-Richards-Garrison/Gene Smyers Ins. **Gainesville,** Jack Howard Ins. Agcy. **Greenville,** Darby Ins. Agcy. **Houston,** Alexander Ins. Agcy./All Risk Ins. Agcy./Amico Ins. Agcy./Bayou Ins. Agcy./E. C. Bean & Sons/Richard Bouley Ins./ A. C. Breland Ins. Agcy./John A. Bumstead & Associates/T. J. Burnett & Son/Butler, Smelley, Wardell & Locke/Fairbend Ins. Agcy./Wayland Hancock Ins. Agcy./Holt & Bridges Ins. Agcy./Johnson, Perrin & Brown/Phil Kleas/W. C. Pleasant Ins. Agcy./Robinson & Co./Lee Russell Ins. Agcy./Sage Ins. Agcy./Union Ins. Agcy./Westbury Ins. Agcy. **Jacksonville,** Mutual Ins. Agcy. **Paris,** Homer Walters Agcy. **San Antonio,** Bratton Ins. Agcy./Ruble & Associates/Mick Williams, Ins. **Sherman,** Binkley Mutual Ins. Agcy. **Sulphur Springs,** Kelty Ins. Agcy. **Tyler,** Davis, Turner & Caruthers/East Texas Ins. Agcy./George Ins. Agcy. **Waco,** Jarosz Ins. Agcy./Knudson Ins. Agcy./Lawson Ins. Agcy./Nix & Company/Philip Sanger Ins. Agcy./Service Ins. Agcy./Smith Ins. Agcy./Morris R. Wood Ins. Agcy.

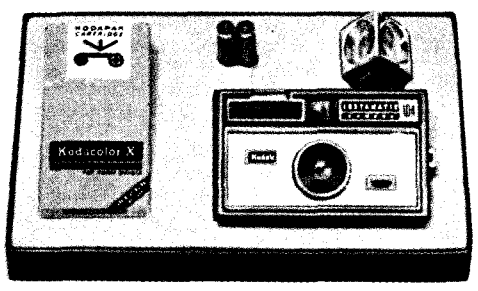
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What do you give them if they already have a camera?



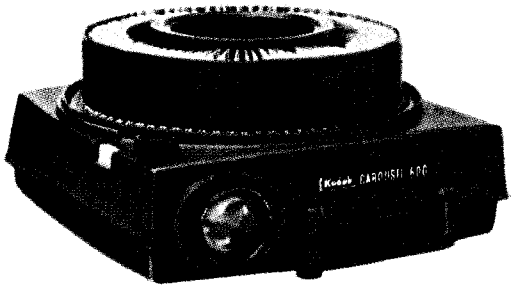
A Kodak Instamatic® Camera!

Because they'd rather *load instantly*. And you have six compact models to choose from, all accepting flashcube, some with electric eye, in a wide price range. The KODAK INSTAMATIC 404 Camera (above), has convenient motorized film advance and electric eye. It comes in a complete, ready-for-action outfit with KODACOLOR-X Film, flashcube and batteries, for less than $60.



Lowest-priced KODAK INSTAMATIC Camera! Loads instantly—no threading. Flashcube rotates automatically. Complete KODAK INSTAMATIC 104 Outfit with KODACOLOR-X Film, less than $20.

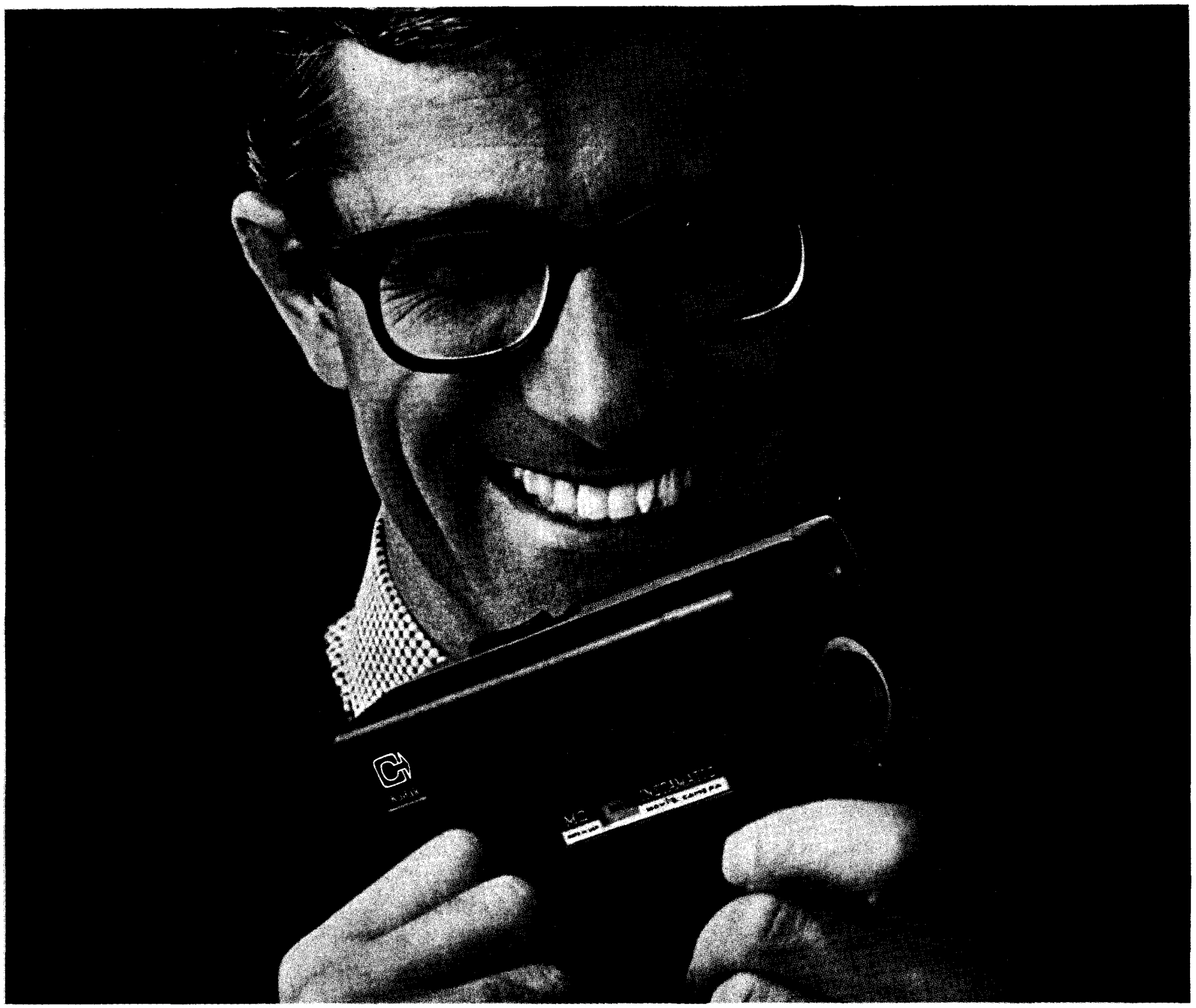
Electric eye sets exposure for you. Instant loading, automatic flashcube rotation, plus *f*/8 lens for good, clear shots. Complete KODAK INSTAMATIC 304 Outfit . . . less than $48.



The jamproof color-slide projector. Ideal for 35mm and INSTAMATIC Camera slides. The horizontal tray makes it dependable as gravity. Three models to choose from. KODAK CAROUSEL 600 Projector . . . less than $80.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

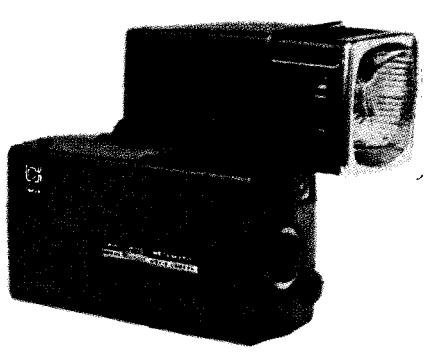
...and if they already have a Kodak Instamatic Camera?



Give a Kodak Instamatic Movie Camera!

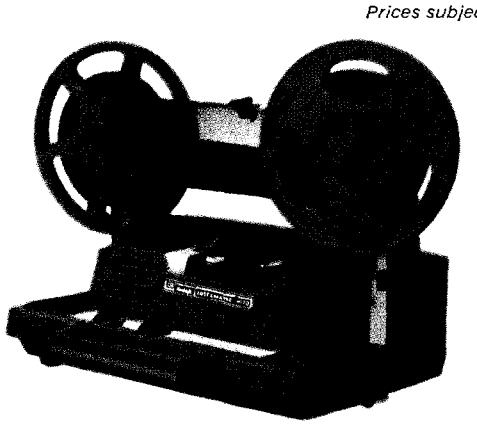
Because they want to save the *action,* too. They'll load instantly—no threading, no fumbling. And no winding—battery drive. This is super 8, the new way to better movies (clearer and brighter on the screen). KODAK INSTAMATIC M2 Movie Camera (above), less than $40.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Loads instantly—takes great super 8 movies! Automatic exposure control. KODAK INSTAMATIC M4 Movie Camera, less than $70. Indoor movie light, less than $20.

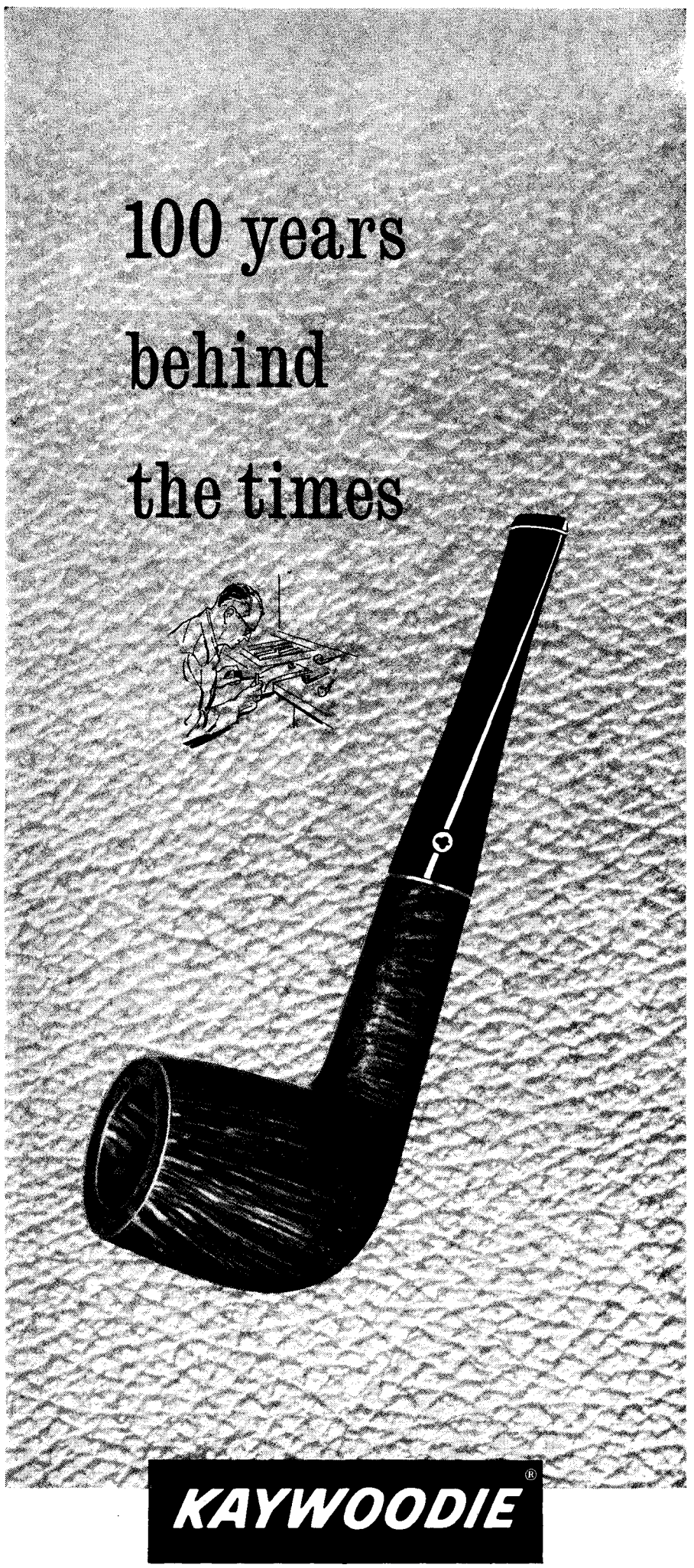
Instant-loading super 8 zoom reflex movie camera. Battery-powered CdS electric eye, fast *f*/1.9 zoom lens. KODAK INSTAMATIC M5 Movie Camera . . . less than $120.



Perfect choice for the super 8 projector they'll need. 7-speed projection. KODAK INSTAMATIC M70 Movie Projector, less than $150. Other models from less than $63.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In the face of greatly increased demand for pipes, Kaywoodie simply refuses to compromise its quality. We will continue to use only rare, aged briar as we have since 1851. We will continue to insist on the 128, separate, hand operations needed to bring out the best smoking qualities of our briar. Which is why your Kaywoodie always smokes mild and cool. Perhaps we are a hundred years behind the times. But any other way and it just wouldn't be Kaywoodie.

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows Briars, Block Meerschaums from $6.95 to $3,500, imported Kaywoodie Tobacco, smoking items. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. E12.

sports car worth more than $20,000, and the chance to watch a movie being shot. Under the stands a press agent was phoning *Variety* in Hollywood to report the event as probably the largest extras-call in history. On the sidelines the St. Edward High School band played *Hello, Dolly*, while on the bench the Kent State University freshman football team played the part of some of the Browns, who were off practicing real football. In front of a battery of microphones, Jack Lemmon gave away a free trip to Los Angeles to a hefty, amazed ticketholder. "No——?" he asked Lemmon in an incredulous whisper, after they had stepped away from the microphones.

Then an assistant director stepped up to the microphones and explained that Ernie Green, as "Boom-Boom" Jackson, was going to simulate a punt runback, and the two-section crowd must get on its feet and cheer loudly, being careful not to look at either the camera or Jack Lemmon, who was to be wheeled out the exit on a stretcher.

Wilder told the assistant director to go ahead, the assistant called "OK," the 10,000 fans got to their feet, and one of the Browns threw the football in simulation of a kick. Downfield, Ernie Green took it on the 10 and started running. Upfield he came, 10 yards, 20 yards, twisting, caroming off tacklers, knees pumping, while Browns in Vikings uniforms bounced off of him in every direction. The Kent State freshmen along the sidelines were on their feet, yelling "Come on Boom-Boom," and "Go, Boom-Boom, Go!" Green passed midfield, still shedding tacklers, twirling and grinning. And, as he tore toward the enemy goal line on what may have been the most electrifying run of his career, Jack Lemmon was wheeled up the ramp and out of sight past 10,000 cheering fans who resolutely looked the other way.

> Leo (trapped in a cave): "*Yesterday there were two thousand people out there.*"
> Tatum: "*Today there's three thousand.*"
> Leo: "*Well, who are they? What do they want?*"
> Tatum: "*They're your friends.*"
> Leo: "*I guess everybody's got friends he doesn't even know about.*"
>
> —ACE IN THE HOLE

A number of things can happen after a disaster. After *Across the River and Into the Trees*, Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* was hailed as a masterpiece, which was probably more than it deserved. After *Limelight*, Charlie Chaplin made one more film and then let 14 years go by before directing *A Countess From Hong Kong*. It stars Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren, has been hailed as marking the return of a genius, and will be out soon. After *Stromboli* Ingrid Bergman (married Rossellini and) won an Oscar for *Anastasia*. After the game against the Vikings, Frank Ryan helped lead the Browns to a conference championship. Fullback Jimmy Brown, who was allowed to skip the filming of *The Fortune Cookie*, quit football to go into the movies. Leroy Kelly, no bigger than ever, thus got promoted to the first-string backfield, where he has done almost as well as Brown did.

The Fortune Cookie had its first sneak preview in Westwood in June, with Wilder, Diamond, Lemmon, Ron Rich and Art Modell attending; Walter Matthau, whose heart attack had delayed completion several months, was busy with another picture. The runback was convincing; it was even shown twice, the second time on stop-action camera. The movie's first big laugh came when Matthau's mother said, to a nun in a hospital, "Thank you, Sister," and Matthau said, "Shut up, Mother." Matthau got most of the laughs, but the audience reaction was spotty. Afterward, Wilder said that he was not unhappy. He planned to cut three minutes and change some waltz music at the end to circus music. Lemmon acted cheerful, but he said, "I thought it was a bomb—almost as bad as I thought *Irma La Douce* was at its preview. I thought it died every time Matthau was off-screen."

The Fortune Cookie opened in theaters around the country on October 19, 23 months after *Kiss Me, Stupid*, to generally favorable reviews and good business. Some critics liked it and some didn't, and most liked some of it. Most people said Walter Matthau was marvelous, but some said Jack Lemmon wasn't as good as usual. What it did for Wilder is hard to say.

A few hours before the sneak preview last June, which was his real farewell to the thing, Wilder was asked what the rest of that day would be like for him. "I'm going to go home," he said, pacing up and down his office. "Take a shower. Dinner with Art Modell—you know. Then I'm going to chug down to the theater, wipe my brow, say a few prayers.

"Before a fight, you know you can defend yourself. But I'm just going to get slugged, and there's nothing I can do. If you're a producer, you make eighteen pictures a year. An actor makes three pictures a year. If Al Kaline strikes out, he gets up again two innings later. We get to bat once a year—and the suffering in the dugout is prolonged, believe me, when the people are booing.

"The thing one has to remember is, it's not going to be the greatest—not the greatest hit, not the greatest flop. Do they care—that's the important thing. Are they interested. It's a brand new game. I've invented the rules—do they want to play or not? Because they must do some work. . . ."

Then he stopped pacing. "Look, it's just another picture," he said. "It'll be on the bottom half of a double bill soon." And then he sat down. Anyway, he is now well into the writing of another one, a drama for Walter Matthau. He hopes to start filming this spring.

"*If people loved each other more, they'd shoot each other less.*"
"*Are you a religious fanatic or something?*"
—LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

"*Shut up and deal.*"
—Last line of THE APARTMENT

"*Kiss me, Stupid.*"
—Last line of KISS ME, STUPID

"*Well, nobody's perfect.*"
—Last line of SOME LIKE IT HOT

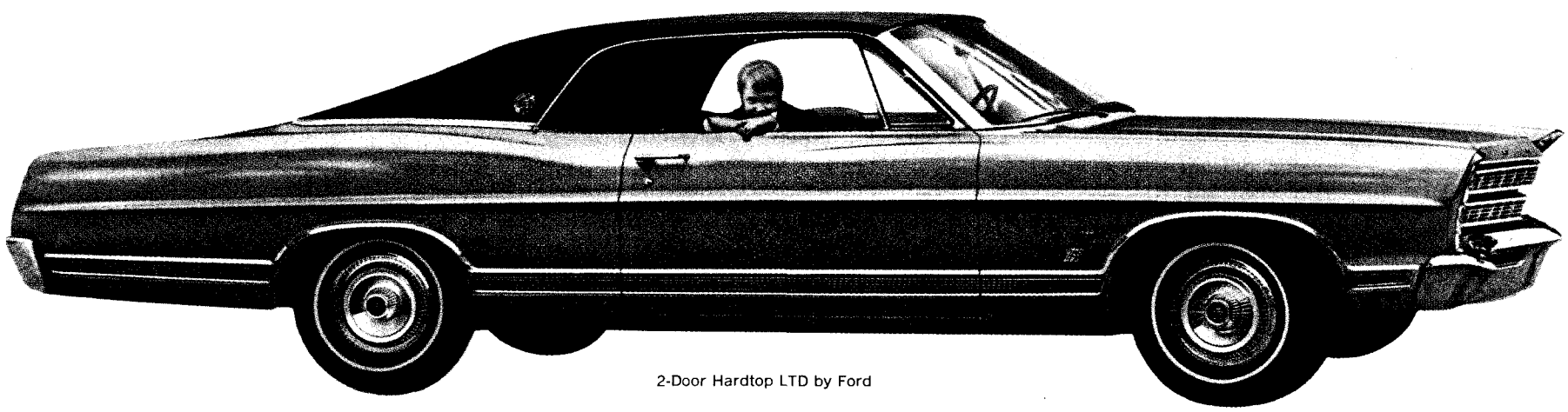
"*Come on, play ball!*"
—Last line of THE FORTUNE COOKIE □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have a dog, a cat, a rabbit and a '67 Ford.

My Father always buys Fords because they never give him any trouble. Our new Ford has a light that tells you when a door's not shut... a stereo tape player...automatic speed control... and one thing my Father doesn't know about.

(A frog I'm keeping in the glove compartment.)



2-Door Hardtop LTD by Ford

Test-drive a solid, substantial '67 Ford. Discover all the better ideas Ford offers you in luxury and convenience. Choose SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic, a transmission that shifts both automatically and manually. A Convenience/Control Panel that warns you if fuel is low, door is ajar, and locks all doors automatically. Stereo-Sonic Tape System. Power disc front brakes, plus much more. The '67 Ford is the strongest, quietest, best-built Ford in history. Always keep your valuables in a strong box.

You're ahead in a Ford

FORD

Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAY MUSSOLINI DIED IN SANTA VITTORIA

America's favorite spot in Italy today is not Rome or Florence, but a mountain village which so fiercely and ingeniously resisted the Nazis that it became the subject of the best-selling novel, 'The Secret of Santa Vittoria.' Here is a new chapter in its history, a dramatic story that was only briefly sketched in the book.

BY ROBERT CRICHTON

Fabio had taken a chance with his life, coming up the mountain on his bicycle in the dark, to tell the people of Santa Vittoria about the death of Mussolini, and now they just sat there in the piazza and stared at him.

"It will be a great morning for all of Italy, don't you see?" the boy said, but they only sat on the stones and looked at him standing on the church steps. It was foggy in the darkness of the early morning, and cold, but Fabio's shirt was stained with sweat. He had come eighteen miles, from Montefalcone, the city where he had heard the news, and had pedaled all the way up the mountain, something that is rarely done.

"We'll have freedom now. Justice. Democracy."

They didn't understand, because it had nothing to do with the grapes, and if it has nothing to do with the grapes and the wine it means nothing here. Fabio should have known that, but he had been away, and so he was disappointed. He had arrived in the piazza at three in the morning and rung the church bells, and the people had come running up the lanes into the piazza to hear the news, and now they sat and looked at him as if he had done something evil, or worse, stupid. He had started back down the steps of the church, when Babbaluche, the cobbler, stopped him.

"The death," the cobbler shouted at the boy. "They want to know how the Duce died."

"They don't want to hear that," Fabio said. Some of the people were leaving the piazza. "They want to go home."

"The people are entitled to their blood," Babbaluche said. "Big blood, important blood."

"They want to go down on the terraces and go to work," Fabio said. "You can see that. They don't want to hear it."

"The people always want to hear when the stag is run to ground by a pack of common dogs," Babbaluche said.

The cobbler was right. Fabio went back up the church steps and stood in the beam of light from his bicycle lamp. The people came back.

"Now pay attention to the boy," Babbaluche shouted. The people don't like Babbaluche, but they listen to him. He stood up to the Black Shirts once when all of the rest turned away, so we respect him, and he is our cross to bear. He also has a voice that sounds as if he had a brass pipe in his throat. "Don't be stupid about this, now," he told them. "Use your ears and your brains. Fabio can't do it all for you."

"It took place in Rome, only two days ago in Rome," Fabio began.

"Tell them Rome," the cobbler ordered.

The light threw the boy's shadow back onto the face of the church, Santa Maria of the Burning Oven, and his hand, when he raised it, was twenty feet high. It was very effective.

"Rome," the boy said. "Try and imagine a city so big that if you started across it in the early morning, by the time you stopped to eat and water your ox you still wouldn't be half of the way across. A city so big that brothers who live on opposite sides of it don't see each other for ten years at a time. A place with piazzas so huge that you could dump Santa Vittoria in the corner of one and it would never be noticed there. Now you see Rome."

Fabio raised his arms, and the shadows of his hands flew back on the stones like dark wild birds. "Now imagine a man walking through this city, alone. In Santa Vittoria we have known heat, but we are on a mountain and there is wind. In Rome there was no wind, and when there is no wind to move the heat the city sits and burns."

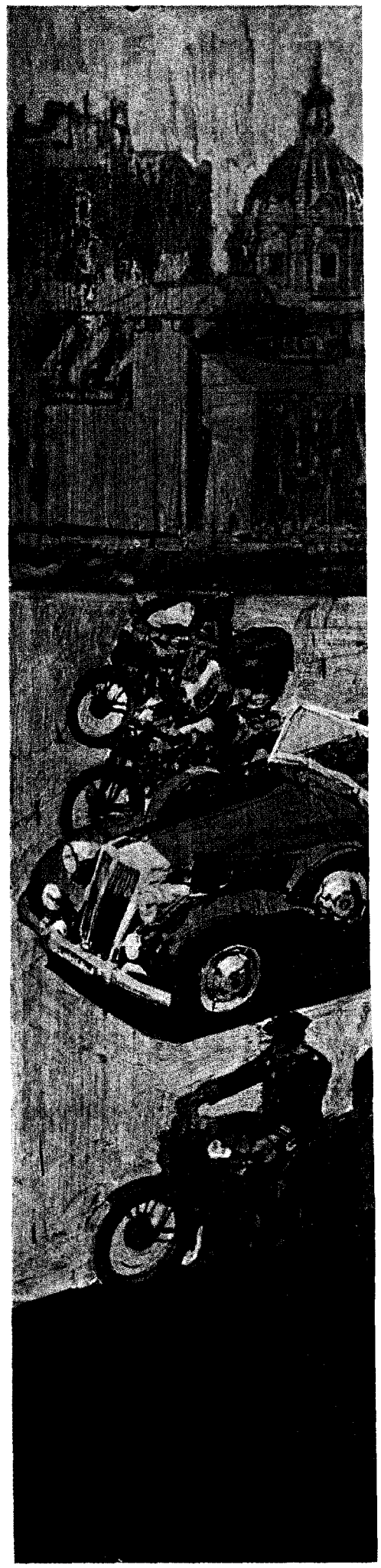
"The city dies in the heat," Babbaluche said.

"There are no vines and no grape leaves to crawl under in the afternoon," Fabio said.

"Why would anyone live in a place like that?" someone said.

"For bread, you ass," the cobbler said. "Why do you live in this rotten place? Now pay attention to Fabio."

"Imagine the man walking through those dead burning streets. Alone. Everyone else is running from the sun. His name is Dino Grandi and he is



© 1966 by Robert Crichton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an aristocrat, a Fascist, a landowner, but don't shut your hearts to him until you hear what it was he did."

Fabio stopped then because he was fearful that he had lost the people, but they were leaning forward toward him. The only sounds in the piazza were the sounds no one here hears: the night wind shaking things in the piazza as it passes through, a child crying out when he finds he has been left alone, the shifting and bumping of the animals against the walls of the houses and the clop of their hoofs on the cobbles.

"In the man's hand is a leather pouch, rich and soft, and in the pouch is a paper they call a resolution. This Grandi is a member of the Fascist Grand Council, the leaders of Italy, just beneath the Duce himself, and the resolution is meant for the other members of the Grand Council who will meet on this night to decide the future of our country. It reads: RESOLVED: The noble people of the glorious nation of Italy ——"

Someone in the darkness of the piazza began to laugh, the laugh of a goat, wild and a little crazy.

"It's cheap to laugh at the obvious," the cobbler shouted into the darkness.

"Go on, Fabio, go ahead," the people said.

"—having lost all confidence in the ability of the leader to any longer lead; aware that he has broken the spirit of the army and undermined the will of the people; determined that he has betrayed his bond of trust to the people for the last time: We, the members of the Grand Council, possessed of the power to do so, demand that the powers now held by the said Mussolini be returned to the King from whence they came, and that an end be brought to this shameful and disastrous war in which we find ourselves engaged."

"Three cheers for Dino Grandi," a man shouted. It was Bombolini, the wine seller.

"Close your fat mouth," his wife Rosa said.

All of this day (Fabio continued) he carries the paper to one member of the Council after another, asking them to read it and pleading with them to sign it. If more than half of the members of the Council sign, the resolution will be law. He takes it to the ones he trusts best, the leaders of the country—you know the names—to Alfieri, to Federzoni, to Bastianini. They hold the paper away from them, the way you hold a snake you find among the grapes because they are afraid of it, and it can mean their death

"You can't mean what it says," one of them says.

"There is no choice left except to mean it," Grandi says, and the man signs.

Realize this much. All one of them must do is lift his telephone and call the Secret Police or the Duce himself, and Grandi will be dead before the day is done.

And think of the members of the Council. How do they know this isn't a trap set for them and that if they sign it, it will not be Grandi who will pick up his telephone and call?

But they begin to sign, and the more of them that sign, the more courage the rest find to sign the resolution. In the oven of the afternoon he goes to the house of Buffarini-Guidi, to Galbiati's house. At two places he is refused entrance by the guards at the doors because they do not believe he is a member of the Grand Council, so wretched does he look. At five o'clock in the afternoon he needs one more name, and he goes to the palace of Tringali-Casanova, a prince of Italy.

"Why should I sign?" the prince asks.

"For the glory of yourself and of Italy," Grandi says. Tringali-Casanova signs the resolution. If none of them fails Grandi, at seven o'clock this evening, when the meeting of the Grand Council is called, the fate of the Duce will be sealed.

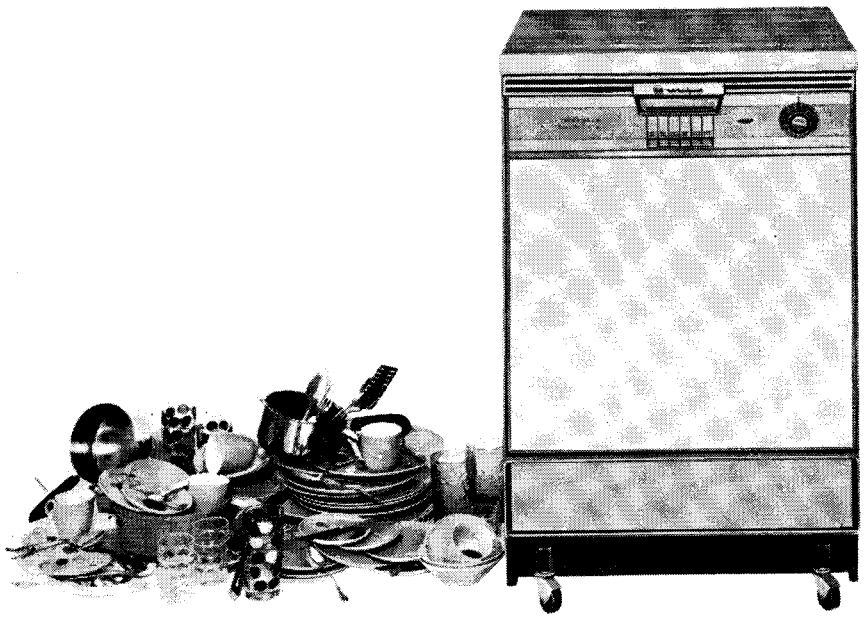
"Three cheers for Tringali-Casanova." It was the wine seller again. "A true prince of Italy."

"Order him to shut his enormous mouth," his wife said.

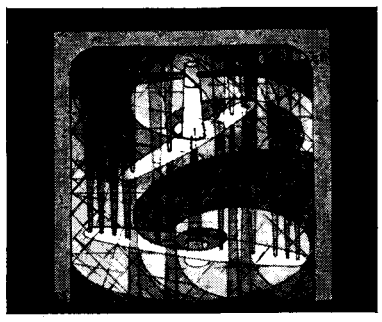
"You make spit with your mouth, Bombolini," the cobbler shouted.

"Go on, Fabio," the people said. "Go on."

At his home Grandi takes a cold bath (Fabio went on), and it is a mistake because the cold water restores life to his limbs, and the feeling of life sharpens the ache of the death he fears waits for him. As he is leaving his house, his wife stops him at the door. She knows

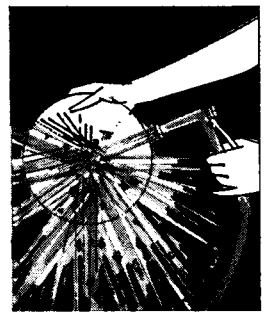


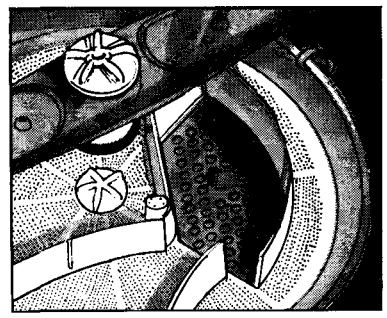
Hide 'em when they're dirty.



Two spray arms for total cleaning. Two full-size spray arms whirl water everywhere so dirt can't hide. No dry spots, so you can load dishes any which way.

Lazy water sloshes . . . our water scrubs. We make water *work* by putting it under pressure, and aiming it with jet-spray nozzles. These jet-sprays work like a nozzle on a hose—shoot out water to pry off foods. And water is kept *hot*—hotter than hands can stand.





This catches the scraps so you don't have to scrape. Our self-cleaning filter screens food particles, sends them down the drain . . . so circulating water is kept clean, hot and sudsy.

Find 'em sparkling clean.

If you have an average size family, RCA WHIRLPOOL dishwashers scrub your whole day's dishes in just one load. You get the same scrubbing action in all built-ins, front loading and top-loading portable models. Your choice of 5 decorator colors, white and edged tones of avocado, sapphire blue, fawn and copper. It's called edging, and it's beautiful. You'll like what you see at your RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer.

The promise of quality is never forgotten

For best performance in your new RCA WHIRLPOOL dishwasher, use a superior detergent like Cascade.

SAMPLES IN EACH RCA WHIRLPOOL DISHWASHER AND A PORTION OF THE COST OF THIS AD PROVIDED BY CASCADE PURSUANT TO AGREEMENT WITH WHIRLPOOL CORPORATION.

RCA Whirlpool HOME APPLIANCES

PRODUCTS OF WHIRLPOOL CORPORATION

TRADEMARKS RCA AND RCA USED BY AUTHORITY OF TRADEMARK OWNER, RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spoil him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

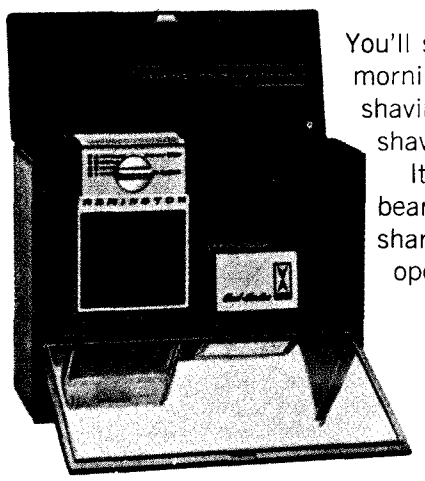
Give him a shave that's 3 hours

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1966 S.R.C.

SELECTRO and SELEKTRONIC: Trademarks of Sperry Rand Corp.

closer.



You'll see a happy expression come over his face Christmas morning as his beard disappears—if you give him this new shaving invention. The cordless REMINGTON® 500 *Selektronic* shaver. It shaves three hours closer. Here's why.

It has a dial that adjusts the cutting edge to his particular beard. No matter how tough it is—or isn't. And it has the sharpest blades and the thinnest shaving heads ever developed at Remington.

Give him one for Christmas, so he can shave just once every twenty-four hours, and get a shave that's three hours closer every time.

There's more. When he dials Trim, he gets the biggest sideburn trimmer that ever came out of a shaver. (Watch him try that out Christmas morning.) Dial Clean and blow out the whiskers with one pffft. (You can have fun doing that part yourself.) And he can get up to two weeks' shaves without recharging.

The REMINGTON 300 *Selectro* does everything the 500 *Selektronic* does except it only works plugged into an outlet.

If your man is under 25, give him the REMINGTON 200 *Selectro* shaver. It's very much like the 300 *Selectro* only it has two shaving heads instead of three. And it costs less.

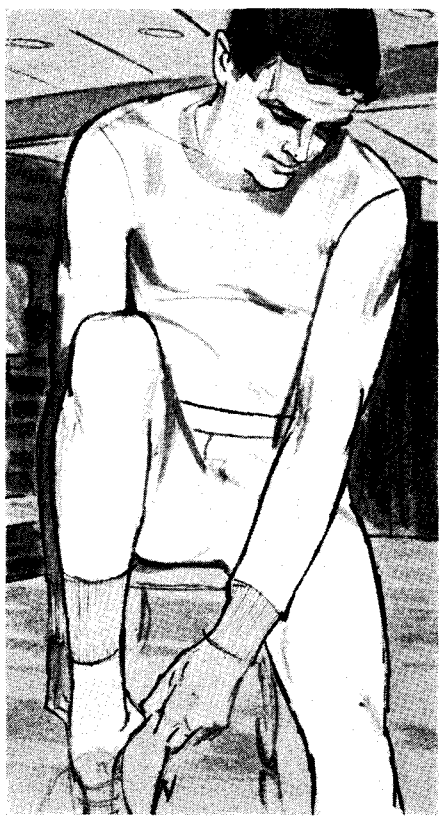
Wouldn't it be nice if his 5 o'clock shadow didn't show up on time? Give him a new REMINGTON for Christmas, and see.

REMINGTON
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

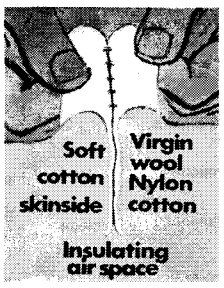
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

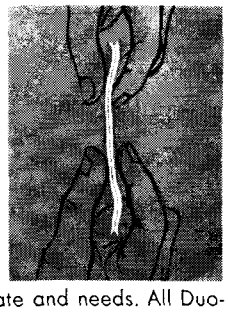
WILL YOU BE OUT IN THE COLD TOMORROW?

NOT IF YOU WEAR DUOFOLD 2-LAYER UNDERWEAR



Duofold is effective. Duofold's unique, 2-layer principle provides the most effective cold-weather protection you can buy. The skinside layer of soft cotton absorbs perspiration. Thousands of tiny interlocking stitches act as moisture-wicks. They draw the moisture through the insulating air space to the outer layer of virgin wool and cotton fortified with Nylon, where it evaporates away from your skin. The result: Duofold keeps you *warm* and *dry* always.





Duofold is comfortable. Duofold looks and feels just like regular underwear. It fits trimly and comfortably, no bulk — no bulging. The skinside layer of soft cotton is itch-free.

Duofold is practical. Duofold is available in Longs, Shirts and Unions...in 7 different warmths. There's one to suit your climate and needs. All Duofold cold weather underwear is washable and shrink-resistant. Costs a little more but well worth it.

For the store nearest you, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25, or write Duofold Inc., Mohawk, New York. Also available in Canada.

duofold®
2-LAYER UNDERWEAR

what lies hidden in the soft leather pouch.

"Why must it be you?" she asks.

"Because there comes a time in a man's life when a duty must be done or he no longer can call himself a man."

He walks this night to the Palazzo Venezia, where the meeting will be held, because he knows it might be the last time he will ever walk through the city he loves. It is cool now, the stones have stopped burning, and there are shadows in the streets. And a strange thing begins to happen. As he nears the palace on the Via del Corso, out of all the lanes and side streets that lead into it come other members of the Council. They have all thought the same thing—that this night might be their last.

They don't talk to one another, and they walk alone; each man is inside himself. In the square in front of the palace they are met by a terrible sight. The steps of the palace are lined with soldiers dressed in black. It has never been this way before. Now they look at one another, and when they do they make soundless words with their lips. It can mean only one thing: *He knows.*

Someone has talked. The Duce *knows!*

There is no turning back. From some place each of them finds enough courage to climb the steps and to then go down the hall that is lined with soldiers into the Room of the Map of the World. Each finds his seat among the six rows of little golden chairs which are lost in the enormous room as Santa Vittoria is lost in a piazza.

And they wait. Always before, the Duce has come on time, but this night they wait. They sit on the gold chairs until the light in the piazza passes into darkness, and the blueness in the window that overlooks the piazza becomes black. No one moves and no one speaks and when it seems to them that the night itself must have passed, they hear him: the sound, the hard leather of his heels cracking against the marble of the hall. He is coming. The door to the room opens; he is in the door; he is upon them.

A shout then: "All rise for the Duce!"

They rise. He is in the room and passing through them.

"All salute the Duce!"

They all salute and begin to shout, "We salute the Duce, we salute the Duce," until he reaches his seat, which is beyond them, and above them, and when he is seated they stop. The silence is so sudden and so pure that each of them thinks the Duce must be able to hear the words that are being shouted inside of their heads. The lights in the room are lowered—they have a way to make the lights grow dim the way the sun grows dim in evening—until the only light is the strong light that rests on the Duce's great brow, that outlines the rock of his jaw, that reflects in the burning of his eyes. None of them is able to look up at him. They feel his eyes burn into the tops of their heads.

And he begins to speak. He speaks to them the way a father talks to a child he loves but whom he must punish for the child's own good. They have been naughty and they must pay a price, and yet he is full of love for them. He talks about the war and why things are bad and why, if they have faith in him, the war will be won in the end. They will all be happy then, he tells them. And they want to believe it. As the Duce talks, Grandi feels the resolution burn inside the leather of the pouch as if it were a live coal. He feels ashamed of himself for what he is about to do, the same as any child must feel who is about to betray his father. There are three things in the pouch: the paper, a bomb to kill the Duce if the soldiers come to arrest Grandi, a pistol with a bullet for his own head.

For five hours the Duce makes love to them, and sometime after midnight he is done. Always before this, there has been applause, but this night there is none.

"Are there questions?" the secretary calls, and, as always, answers, "There are no questions because our Duce has explained all matters. The meeting of the Grand Council is concluded."

It is the moment to rise, but no one rises. The Duce looks at them, and they look at the marble floor.

"Perhaps one of you has something to say," the Duce says at last. "He who has something to say should stand and say it."

There is no movement. It is all that the other members of the Council can do to keep from turning toward Grandi, but at last there is movement, a chair scraping the marble floor, and Grandi is trying to rise to his feet. It is hard for him; his legs tremble, and he is forced to hold onto the back of the golden chair in front of him.

"What's the matter with you, Grandi?" the Duce says. "Why do you tremble so?"

Grandi can make no answer. There is, however, the *click* the others have come to recognize. The leather pouch is open.

"You look sick, Grandi," the Duce says. He is not unkind. "You have the look of a man about to die."

"Resolved . . ." Grandi says. But the voice is too weak and too low and too filled with trembles to be heard.

"Why can't you look up at me, Grandi? Are you ashamed of something you have done?"

"Resolved." The voice is stronger now. "The noble people of the glorious nation of Italy, having lost all confidence in the ability of the leader to any longer lead . . ."

There was a tremendous shout of triumph in the piazza. "Three more cheers for Dino Grandi. I knew that he would do it." It was Bombolini once again.

"Signora Bombolini, on behalf of the people of Santa Vittoria," the cobbler said, "I must beg you to drag this sack of manure you are burdened with out of the piazza," but she only buried her head deeper into the darkness of the shawl around it.

"Go on, Fabio, go ahead, "the people said.

You must understand this (Fabio said). For the first time in twenty years a man has dared to say a thing against the Duce in the presence of others. To the amazement of them all, as Grandi's voice grows stronger, the Duce sits and listens to the end. When it is over he is smiling.

"And what do you intend to do with this resolution?" he asks.

"To vote on it," Grandi says.

From his seat high above them all, he looks down on them, and they don't look back at him.

"Look at me!" he commands. And the heads snap up, from fear and from the habit of the years. He looks at each of them in turn, one after the other, until their eyes fail them, even Grandi's eyes, and they allow them to fall away from the Duce and study the marble of the floor.

"Who of you wishes to vote on this?"

There is no answer to his question. They are defeated.

He rises from his own seat then and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are not a blob. You are a very charming young lady."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rub a dub dub.

At Emerson, we do it by hand.

When you invest in a console model television set, you expect—and should get—more than just a good TV receiver.

That's why we have master cabinet makers working for us. Craftsmen who know that the difference between just furniture and fine furniture is hand finishing.

They select genuine veneers and solid hardwoods to build consoles styled to complement every decor.

While all this is going on, our electronic technicians are building the color receiver that will go into the console. A 25,000-volt chassis, solid-state circuitry and a rectangular picture tube with rare earth phosphors are just three reasons why Emerson color takes a back seat to no one.

After the cabinet has been inspected and re-inspected and the electronic components inspected, tested and checked, they are joined. Then we over-inspect the whole works.

The guts of the 25-inch color console* we show doesn't really need the French Provincial surroundings to give you a bright color picture. It's just that some people are very fussy about the furniture they put in their living rooms.

*Model 25C07 295 sq. in. viewable area.

EMERSON

A Subsidiary Of National Union Electric Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off to a FRESH START

Wherever you go . . . go your best in clothes dry cleaned by One Hour Martinizing! Safe, odorless, gentle—the modern method of dry cleaning that has your finest clothing superbly clean in just one hour . . . yet costs you no more.

One Hour "Martinizing" Certifies THE MOST IN DRY CLEANING

® Certification Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. and Canadian Trade Marks Off.

FRANCHISED BY MARTIN EQUIPMENT SALES, CINCINNATI, OHIO

walks down to them. There is no anger in him. He wants to be among them. He is smiling.

But the victory is not complete enough; he must make them choose their own defeat. "Because I love you and respect you, I am going to allow you to vote on Grandi's resolution. I am going to go into the next room, and when I come back I will allow you to vote. Because I love you and honor you, I know that you will choose the right thing to do."

The mood in the room has changed. The members of the Council turn toward Grandi, and they despise him because he has made them disown the father who trusts them. It is only five minutes, but when the Duce comes back into the room it is as if he has returned to them from a long journey. He smiles at them, and they find themselves smiling back.

"I know you have decided to do the right thing," he says. He is the father, and they the children, and they are happy this way.

"I have made a list of all your names, and after each name there is a box marked YES and a box marked NO. If you believe in your Duce you will say yes. If you are against your Duce you will say no. It is that simple. Are there questions?"

"There are no questions," one of them says. "The Duce has made it clear."

"So then I call upon General de Bono to be first because General de Bono is the first among us."

The old soldier, who is very stiff and very white, is on his feet.

"Because of my respect and love for you, de Bono, because you are first among us, to save you the humiliation of having to make such a choice in public, I have marked your paper for you. I give my thanks to you, de Bono, and my love." He turns to the next name on the list. "Buffarini-Guidi, rise."

The old soldier remains standing.

"You may rest yourself, de Bono. Perhaps you did not understand. I have voted in your name."

The Duce turns away once more, but he is conscious, as the members of the Council are, that de Bono still stands. The Duce swings back toward him. "You may sit," he says.

The General continues to stand, and the Duce takes a step toward him. "You have something else to say?"

The soldier nods. "Then say it," the Duce says. "Say it so that we all can hear it."

For an old man, the voice is surprisingly loud. "You can hear it," the soldier says. "It is no. For the love of Italy I say no, no, no."

And this is the moment, they all know, that if it is going to happen it will happen. They don't look at de Bono or at the Duce, but at the great doors into the room. If it is going to happen, it will be now; the doors will be thrown open, and the black-suited soldiers will come. Grandi fingers the cold metal of his bomb. Others wait, their necks bent, as the ox waits for the blow of the hammer. And nothing happens. The doors remain closed. As the seconds pass, they lift their eyes and turn back toward the Duce, and when they do, a terrible sight meets their eyes. The skin of the Duce has turned to wax. Death sits in his face. The great head has become a skull.

Someone runs in front of the Duce. "I want to vote, too," he shouts. "Call my name. I want to be on record. I want to vote no. No. No."

The Duce doesn't see him or hear him. The face is wax, the face is dead. The room is filled with shouts of "no." "That it should come to this," he says at last, but they don't hear him. They rush about the room now congratulating one another on the downfall of the Duce. One of them rushes by the Duce, who takes him by the arm. "Even you, eh?"

It is the Count Galeazzo Ciano, father of the Duce's grandchildren, flesh of his own flesh. Ciano pulls his arm away and turns to the others. "He's given his best for Italy. Don't let yourselves forget that, but there's nothing left for him to give."

It is the end, the time for the Duce to rise and go. He comes down to them and begins to pass through them. They back away from him as if he were diseased, as if the death on his face were a thing they could inherit from him. Now there is no crack of leather on the marble but a scuff, a dead leaf blown by the wind across the floor. At the door he turns to them. "How is it now, you no longer honor your Duce?"

It is Grandi who climbs onto a golden chair. "All hail the Duce," he shouts.

And they shout. As they shout the door opens—this is the way it has always been—and he can hear them, all the way down the length of the hall lined with soldiers, still hear them in the piazza where his car waits for him, and hear them until the palace itself is drowned in darkness, hear them shouting: "Duce, Duce, Duce, we hail thee, we hail thee, we hail thee, Duce, Duce . . ."

For Fabio it was the end of the story. The Duce was destroyed, and that was sufficient. Once more he started down the steps of the church. Babbaluche looked at him with disgust. "Oh, Fabio, you've been away so long. You haven't given the people their blood."

"That's it. There was no blood."

"The death, then. Give them their death." Fabio went back up into the beam of the bicycle light.

In the morning, yesterday morning (Fabio told them), there is a message from King Victor Emmanuel. The Duce must go to the King's palace, the Villa Savoia, at five o'clock in the afternoon to discuss earnest matters of state. At five o'clock, the bad time, the seventeenth hour. When his wife, Rachele, hears of the order, she refuses to allow him to go.

"Something terrible will be done today," she says, but the Duce smiles at her.

"No harm will come to the Duce," he says. "The people of Rome won't let any be done."

A little before five o'clock the Duce's car moves through the hot, silent streets of Rome. At the gate to the palace he is met by the King himself, and so it is a good sign.

"How hot it is today," the King says. "Come into the garden where it is cool."

Only the two of them, the King and the Dictator. No one but them has seen what happened, but over the tall hedges that rim the garden they are heard, and at first it is puzzling to those outside the garden. The King is singing. His voice is thin, but it is also clear and high, and the words are distinct. He is singing a song that all the soldiers are said to be singing. All Italy knows the song; only the Duce has never heard it.

What have you done to us,
Mussolini?
What have you done with our
Alpini?
I'll tell you what you've done,
Mussolini.
You have spilled the blood of our
Alpini.
You have turned the white snows
red,
And turned the living to the dead.
You have murdered our Alpini.
That's what you've done,
Mussolini!

After the song there is silence from the garden. The stones of the courtyard seem to burn.

"Where did you hear that?" the Duce says.

"All of the soldiers are singing it."

"And do you believe it?"

"It doesn't matter. All of the soldiers are singing it."

Now all of the bells in the palace ring, quiet bells, soft bells. It is five o'clock, the beginning of the bad time.

"Then there is nothing more to say."

"No, there is nothing more to say."

Over the hedges, those outside can hear the sound of the Duce's feet on the gravel path of the garden. He is all alone. At the opening in the hedge he turns first toward the palace, and then turns away and starts back toward the shadows of the gate that leads out of the palace grounds. His car is no longer there. In its place is a black ambulance. On the steps, a young army officer waits for him.

"Citizen Mussolini?" He points to the ambulance. "To protect your health."

"But I am not sick," the citizen says.

"The people of Rome are fickle," the officer says. Mussolini is seated on the bed in the back of the car, and the door is closed. It is done.

And still he must be killed, Fabio knew. The sun had begun to work its way into the piazza. It touched the tiles on the roofs across the piazza; the night, along with the fog, was melting. When the sun comes up here, the people want to go to work; it is some craze in their blood, the way the eels must find their way home. They wanted to go down to the terraces and begin to tend the grapes, but they wanted the Duce to die as well.

So Fabio asked them to imagine once more this black ambulance moving almost soundlessly through the ancient city, bright in the heat of late afternoon, rolling past the great monuments to all the great Caesars, through the arches built to all the great men, through the length of the city, until at last the ambulance rolls through a gate and onto the ancient Appian Way.

"Where are we now?" Mussolini asks.

"The Appian Way," the soldier says.

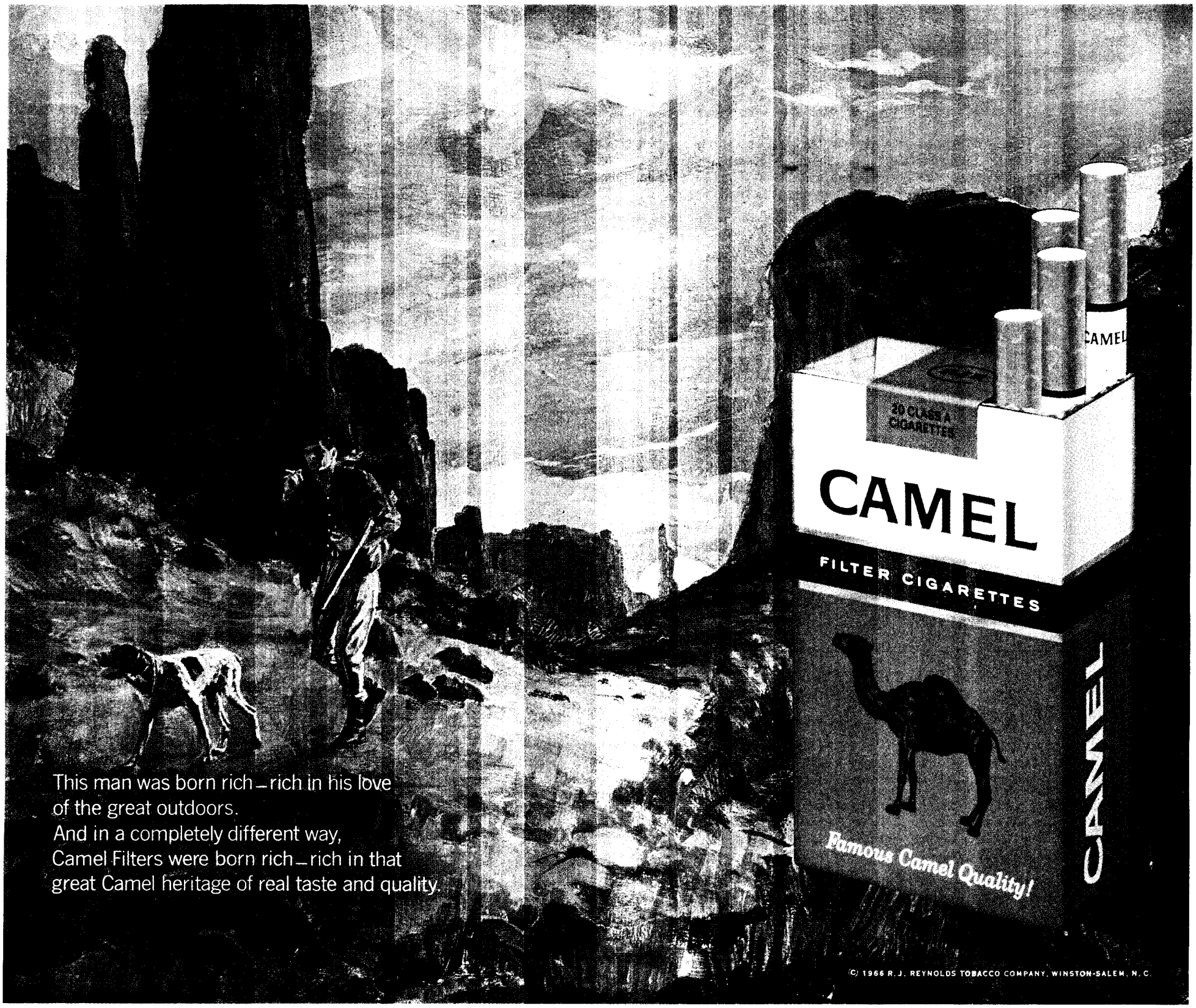
"The way all of the conquerors have come to Rome," he says.

And then Rome is behind them. In a small village along the road, where two highways cross, the ambulance is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMEL FILTERS

born rich in that great Camel heritage of real taste


20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
CAMEL
FILTER CIGARETTES
CAMEL
Famous Camel Quality!
This man was born rich—rich in his love of the great outdoors.
And in a completely different way, Camel Filters were born rich—rich in that great Camel heritage of real taste and quality.
© 1966 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

No other can compare in quality and richness of flavor.
This is the one to try, for this is the one...

BORN RICH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you have the determination to follow this world-famous physician's Final Diet, then

YOU CAN LOSE 20-40-60-80 *EVEN 100 POUNDS* -and Never Gain an Ounce of it Back!

This is an entirely different kind of reducing ad — for an entirely different kind of reducing book. It is the LAST reducing book... the LAST reducing product... the LAST reducing aid you will ever have to buy in your entire lifetime — IF you have the determination to learn the TRUTH about permanent reducing, and stick to it!

This advertisement pulls no punches. It offers you no impossible dreams. It simply gives you a set of facts about permanent reducing — about taking off weight and NEVER putting it on again — that, though they are demanding, are also so thrilling that they may be hard to believe at first.

Let us state the most vital fact over again — right here:

If you follow this Final Diet, you can lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds, and never gain an ounce of it back.

We are going to repeat this statement of fact, over and over again throughout this advertisement, so you can never lose sight of it.

If you follow this Final Diet, you can lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds, and never gain an ounce of it back.

This is the essential fact. Now let us go on with the details —

Let us introduce this puzzling fact right at the beginning.

What you are about to be given in this book is a strict and precise diet — which carefully and scientifically controls your every eating moment — *but which has the surprising result of making many of your weight-loss problems far less difficult than you ever dreamed they could be!*

MEDICALLY PROVEN ON THOUSANDS OF PATIENTS. IT CAN GIVE YOU A NEW FIGURE AND A NEW LIFE—IF YOU FOLLOW IT SO RELIGIOUSLY THAT YOU EVEN EAT WHEN IT SAYS TO EAT EVEN IF YOU DON'T FEEL HUNGRY!

Here are a few examples of the "pleasant surprises" you will find throughout this book:

Although, of course, this diet forces you to eat less food overall, it may actually force you to eat MORE food at certain times of the day. For example, if you are like most over-weight people, you are simply going to have to eat MORE for breakfast, whether you want it or not. And this diet allows you OVER THIRTY different kinds of snacks—one between every meal, and one every night before you go to bed.

There is no longer any need to try to STARVE yourself into a weight loss. Because, when you follow this Final Diet, you can quite normally lose up to 100 pounds a year — and never gain a single ounce of it back.

Certain foods, of course, are omitted. But certain other, surprising foods are quite actively included. For example, you are allowed ice cream up to three times a week. (Watch your friends' eyes pop open with astonishment when they see you eating that delicious ice cream dessert — and STILL shedding inches and pounds!)

And, at the same time, you'll have sandwiches for lunch, and, if you wish, a cocktail before dinner and wine with it. In other words, there's no punishment in this diet — only scientific eating.

And — very important — if you make a mistake one day (as this doctor KNOWS you're going to make mistakes), and overeat, then he simply does NOT permit you to cut back on your food the next day to "make up" for it! This is the fatal mistake most dieters make that destroys their diet. Instead, he forces you to eat YOUR FULL DIET the next day, and forgive yourself, and go on losing weight.

IS YOUR WEIGHT UNEVENLY DISTRIBUTED? ARE YOU AFRAID THAT DIETING WILL MAKE YOUR FACE LOOK OLDER? DO YOU HABITUALLY OVER-EAT AT PARTIES? THEN HERE AT LAST ARE MEDICAL SOLUTIONS TO EACH OF THESE PROBLEMS.

And — to repeat — when you follow this Final Diet, you can lose exactly as much weight as you wish... you can lose 20-40-60-80—even 100 pounds ...and never gain an ounce of it back.

SOME OF THE STARTLING MEDICAL FACTS YOU WILL DISCOVER IN THIS BOOK:

- **The one fatal TIMING mistake that makes most people fat (90% of all over-weight people do it). Not in this case, what you eat, but how you eat it. See page 19.**
- **The incredibly simple secret of making the same amount of food seem TWICE as much. See page 20.**
- **The only effective way to handle tension-eating. See page 22.**
- **How to deal with the extra, after-meal stimulation you need if you've just stopped smoking. In other words, how to stop smoking without gaining weight. See page 125.**
- **How to make artificial sweeteners go twice as far. See page 125.**
- **Twenty-seven Escape-Valve foods, that you can eat in any reasonable quantity. See page 120.**
- **"Skim-Shakes" — delicious, satisfying, non-fattening snacks. See page 114.**
- **Eat this delicious food, and it will probably kill your "uncontrollable" craving for sweets, right on the spot! See page 122.**
- **How to drink with a client (or friend) and never have him notice that you're dieting. See page 164.**
- **Scientific Weight-Loss Charts—detailing the exact amount that you can expect to lose each week with this diet. And why — as has often happened — if you lose twice or even three times the expected amount in the first week or two, you must consider this a lucky bonus, and guard against going off the diet the very next week!**

A strict diet in a strict book? Yes! BUT ONE THAT PRODUCES RESULTS! That gets you off the weight-loss, wait-gain see-saw! And that gives you unexpected aids to final, scientific reducing almost every step of the way. Prove it yourself! Try it at our risk — today!

INFORMATION, INCORPORATED, 119 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10003

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

INFORMATION, INCORPORATED, Dept. SEP-16
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003

Gentlemen: Without obligation please rush me the amazing new book, HOW TO GET THINNER ONCE AND FOR ALL. I am enclosing only $5.98 complete. I understand this book is fully guaranteed. If this book does not do everything you say... If I am not completely delighted within 30 days, I will return book for full money back at once.

☐ If you wish your order sent C.O.D., check here. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee of course!

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip Code*_____

© Information, Incorporated 1966

About The Author
DR. MORTON B. GLENN

Dr. Glenn is President of the American College of Nutrition. He has served as medical consultant to the U.N. and as President of the Food and Nutrition Council of Greater New York. In addition to his private practice, he is chief of the Obesity Clinic at Knickerbocker Hospital, of the Morrisania Nutrition Clinic, New York City Department of Health, of the Kips Bay Obesity Clinic, New York City Department of Health.

Now let us examine some of the quite remarkable side effects of this diet — documented bonus-benefits that no crash-diet on earth, for example, could ever get you.

In the first place, because of the scientific nature of this diet, it has proven — in case after case — *to be of special help to men and women whose excess fat is primarily on or below the waist.*

Secondly, because this diet is NOT a crash diet, NOT a torture diet, it does NOT cause the skin of your face to collapse, wrinkle and furrow in that terrible way that crash diets so often do.

On the contrary, if you follow this Final Diet precisely, your face can look younger from almost the very first week. And you can lose exactly as much weight as you wish... you can lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds... and never gain an ounce of it back.

And you will be able to lose this weight, and keep it off, despite the parties you attend—despite the business or club lunches and dinners—despite all the "social eating and drinking" everyone of us must do, every week of our lives!

Because this is the first diet you have ever seen that gives you specific techniques for dealing with each one of these "food traps". That allows you to satisfy yourself AND your diet AND your companions — without calling the slightest attention to the fact that you are dieting, and by actually allowing you to SEEM to eat and drink as much as they are, when you are really LOSING POUNDS AND INCHES at the very same moment that they are gaining them!

Yes, even if you attend another business lunch, every day of the week, when you follow this Final Diet, you can lose exactly as much weight as you wish... you can lose 20-40-60-80—even 100 pounds ...and never gain an ounce of it back.

In fact —

MANY PATIENTS FOUND THIS APPROACH SO EFFECTIVE THAT THEY LOST TWICE AS MUCH WEIGHT AS THEY HAD ORIGINALLY HOPED TO! HERE'S HOW THEY KEPT THAT WEIGHT OFF. AND WHY YOU CAN TOO.

The proof of this diet, of course, is in the results it produces for YOU. That is why we allow you to read it from cover to cover AT OUR RISK, and why you can try it for thirty full days thereafter without gambling a penny.

Let us make this perfectly clear: The first thing you do when you receive this book, is write down the exact amount of weight you want to lose, right inside it. This may be 10 pounds — 20 pounds — 40 pounds or more. It makes no difference.

Then, that same day, you begin the diet. But with THIS thought:

Every one of the thousands of successful patients who have traveled this road before you, have written down the figure that they wanted to lose. But once they got started—once they learned these new eating habits — many of them simply went FAR BEYOND the weight-loss figure they had first thought would be "perfection" for them!

For example, one woman patient wanted to lose 10 pounds, and be as thin as she was five years before. But as the diet developed, and the fat melted away from her body, she decided to GO ON and lose 20 pounds, and be as slim as she was on the first day she was married!

Why did these patients decide to lose more, and more, and even more weight? FOR THE VERY SAME REASON THAT THEY DID NOT PUT THIS WEIGHT BACK ON AGAIN! Because by following this diet precisely, these men and women LEARNED NEW EATING HABITS. They literally retrained their appetites! They destroyed the fat-causing food patterns that had kept them over-weight for years!

This was by no means easy — but they did it, and you can do it too! *And once you have done it, it will be practically impossible for you to eat in the same old fat-causing way that you are eating today!*

Once you follow this Final Diet precisely... once you put yourself on the road to making these scientific new eating habits your guides to health and beauty... then you can lose exactly as much weight as you wish... you can lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds... and never gain an ounce of it back!

PROVE IT YOURSELF — ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

The choice is now yours. You have been on fad diets — easy diets — miracle diets. You have lost some weight. You have gained it right back again!

NOW DO YOU WANT TO LOSE IT FOR GOOD?

There is no wardrobe in the world you can buy that will make you look as attractive. There is no pill in the world that will give you as much renewed energy and vitality, or add more healthy years to your life.

The choice is yours. This is a book for people who mean business. If you really mean business, cut out the coupon and send it in — at our risk today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forced to stop, and, as happens in such places, the people crowd around the car because people are interested in the misfortunes of others.

"Someone is dying," they say. They make the sign of the cross so that the angel of death riding in the black car won't choose to stop in their town. At last, a child, on the shoulders of a man, sees inside.

"An old man," he tells them. "It's an old man in there."

"An old man is dying," the people tell one another. When the ambulance goes on once more, Mussolini says one sentence: "The people of Italy have always destroyed their greatest sons."

It is evening now, and the long, black car drives through the deepening shadows in the valleys, past country towns and then through the upland villages where the soil is not so rich—always upward. The people working in the fields stop to look because they have never seen such a sight before, and some take off their hats.

"Some rich man has died," they say. "What good is all his money now?"

At last the car is in the Abruzzi country, where everything is harsh. The car starts upward: up through the high pastures where the sheep and cows spend the summer; up above the pastures where trees no longer can grow; and finally up into the snowfields on the sides of the mountains. It is night now in the valleys, but the snowfields are still touched by sun. The road ends in the snow. The citizen is asked to step out of the car into the snow. Four soldiers in the uniform of the Alpini wait for him.

"Why here?" he says.

They don't answer him. They begin to lead him up a steep wall of snow until they reach a place where men have been digging in the snow. "We expect you to act like a proper Alpino," one of them says, and he knows then. He nods.

"Undress, then. We will turn away."

He says nothing. but he begins to undress. He drops his soft black hat on the snow, and the wind begins to propel it across the snow like a child's boat in a pool. He takes off his shirt so that his chest is bare—that chest seen so often by the people of Italy—naked to the snow, naked to the wheat, to the sun. This is for the last time, and now he is naked in the snow.

It is cold now. The cold has come all at once. The sun, which minutes before has been bronzing the crust of the snow, has dipped somewhere down into the sea, and the mountain has become buried in blue shadow. It seems more fitting this way; it is a deed for darkness. The snow, which all that afternoon has been melting, begins to freeze. The pools of water begin to turn to ice once more, and the evening wind, which always comes at this time, begins to blow loose crumbs of snow across the hardening crust.

"Are you ready?"

"I have always been ready."

"Do you want to do this by yourself?"

"No, I would never do this by myself."

He is brave. Of this no one can deprive him. There is a hole cut in the snow—narrow, dark, and deep. Two of the soldiers take his arms and two of them take his feet, and in this manner they lower him into this cavity of ice.

"You dishonor Italy in doing this," he says.

They are only simple men, like yourselves, but one of them is worthy of the task. "No, mister, we honor the dead of twenty years. Shall we begin to do this?"

"Do what you have to do." They begin to shovel snow down into the hole until finally only the head of Mussolini is left unburied.

"You may cry out if you wish—if it will help you," one of them says. "There will be no one here but us to hear you."

It is dark; even the crests of the mountains far to the north are dark. The four soldiers will spend the night on the mountain to make sure that wolves don't finish too quickly the work that God is meant to do; to make certain the leader dies the way the Alpini died, frozen to death in alien snow.

Before that night was over he called them once, and one of them went to stand above him.

"Call me your leader. Call me Il Duce once more before I go."

"No, mister," the soldier said. "It wouldn't be true."

The moon is up by then, and the snowfields are bright again with light. It is said that from where he stood on the mountain half of Italy lay bathed in moonlight at his feet.

"Then do this much for me. Tell them how your Duce died," he says. "The people deserve to know that much."

And so I have told you.

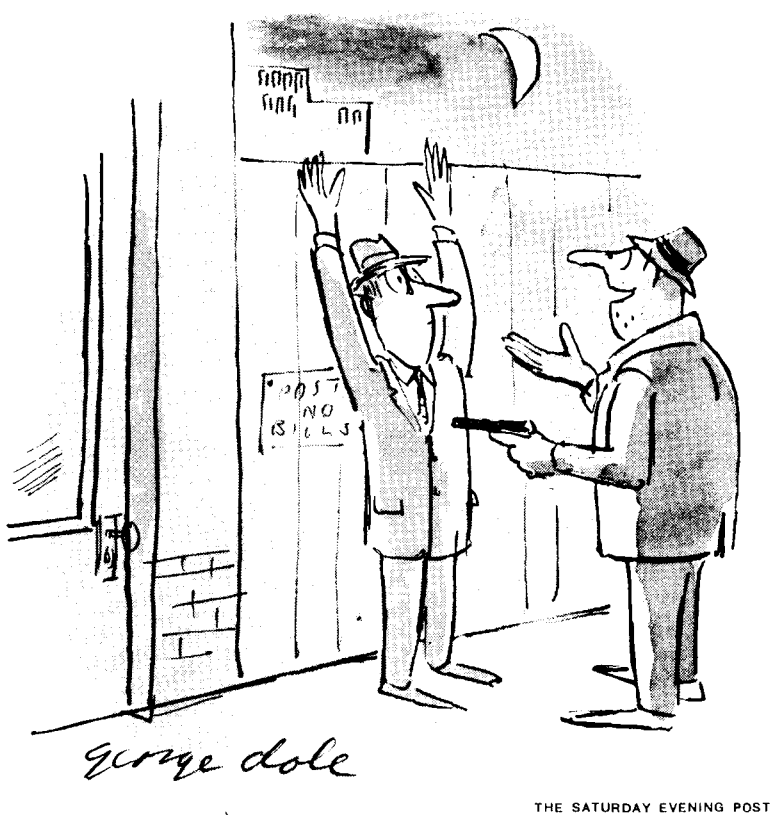
When Fabio was finished, some of the women were crying. They always cry when they hear the story, not for Mussolini but for the twenty-three young men who left this town in the spring of 1941, marching down the mountain, the feathers on their silly hats bending before the May wind, singing and shouting all the way down to the Montefalcone road in the valley, all of the people standing at the Fat Gate and waving, and standing along the walls and waving, waving to them until even Sparacino, who is an idiot but has the eyes of a hawk, could not see a speck of them. Not one of them was ever heard from again.

It is said by those who know mountains that one day a long time from now, when even the youngest here is dead from old age, the snows will release him. He will sink to the bottom of the glacier, as hard and white as the pebbles in the river, and some shepherd will find him bumping along the stones in the milky green waters of the glacial stream. Then they'll do with him what we would do here: wrap him in a rush mat and bury him under a wooden cross or even a stone, with no one to know that this chilled mass of flesh in the form of an old man had once been the ruler of everything their eyes can see. And perhaps they will put something on the stone after all:

HERE AN UNKNOWN PEASANT SLEEPS

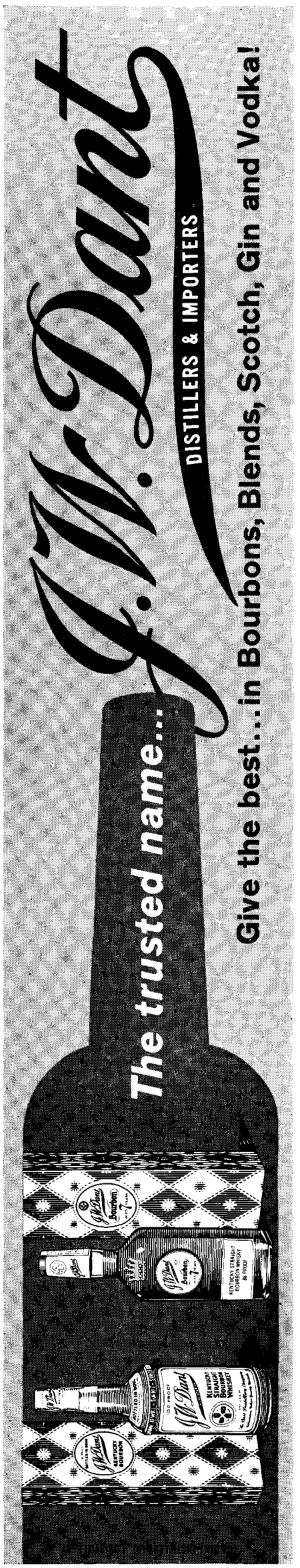
It would be for him the cruelest end of all.

We know now this isn't the way the Duce died, but it is the way we learned it here and the way we desire it. It's the way Fabio must tell it when the people ask to hear it, which is often in the winter when the harvest is in and the snows come and no one can leave the mountain, and the way our children know it, and the way Fabio's son will tell it. It is a better death, we think, and more fitting and so more true than the way he died. It is, at least, the way the Duce died in Santa Vittoria, and the way he will be condemned to die in this place forever. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Frankly, it was the tax aspect of this that intrigued me most."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had made a million dollars in Hollywood, and she had been a loyal movie wife—or so he thought until he began to learn the secrets in her life.

THE PRIVATE PEOPLE

BY JOHN O'HARA

The doorman, being a man in his late fifties, still gets a small charge out of uttering the name. "Good morning, Mr. Dorney," he will say, and if anyone happens to be nearby and asks the doorman if that was the Mr. Dorney, Jack Dorney, the doorman is very pleased.

"He must be—what? Sixty-three?" the other person may say.

"Sixty-three on the second day of last February," the doorman will say. "An Aquarius. You'll find that Fritz Kreisler and Havelock Ellis had the same birthday. The violin player and the, uh, the famous author. Also born the second of February. Will you be wanting a taxi, ma'am?"

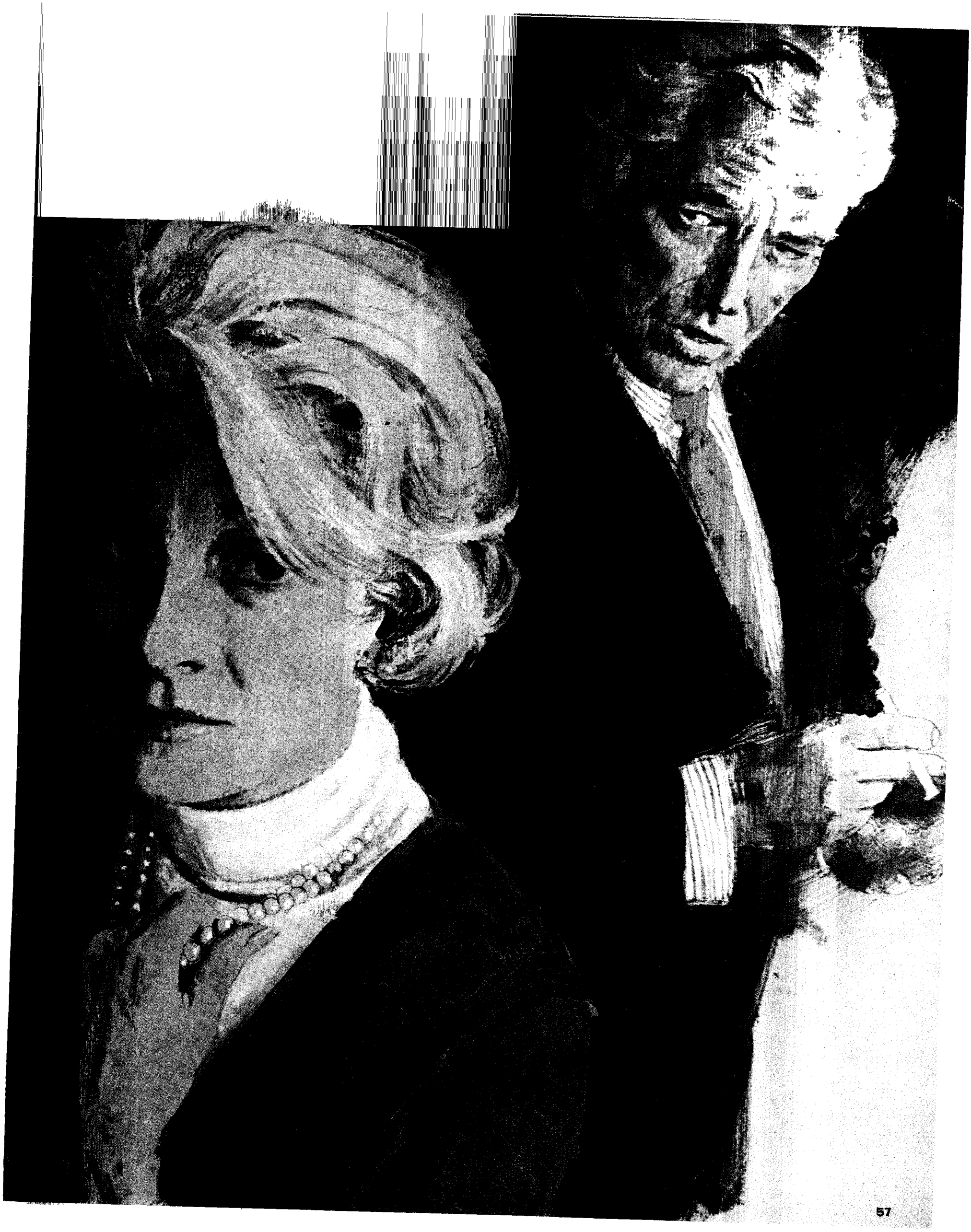
Down the street goes Jack Dorney, headed toward Fifth Avenue. Seldom does anyone under thirty give him a second look; his image was, as it were, frozen by the makeup people in the movie studios so that it remained an indeterminate twenty-five to thirty-five until he was actually in his forties. His biggest pictures were made after he had ceased to be a juvenile and before the slightly protruding lower lip, the tentative frown, the almost vanished chin line, the free-growing eyebrows that now act as a disguise. Some people of a certain age will vaguely recognize his walk; he still walks like a dancer, briskly and rhythmically, as though he were going to be joined by Ruby Keeler at the corner of Seventy-ninth and Fifth.

But at Seventy-ninth and Fifth he is not going to be joined by anyone. He crosses Fifth to the west side of the Avenue and turns southward, and as he proceeds to Sixtieth he could be any carefully dressed man to most of the people who see him. He wears crushable but never crushed English hats with narrow bands, dark blue or light gray topcoats, brown suede or black calf shoes, and regardless of the weather he carries an umbrella, tightly furled. At Sixtieth he has walked nearly a mile, and he hails a taxi to take him the rest of the way, even when it is only a few blocks. He has learned that between Sixtieth and Forty-Second, from Sixth Avenue to Second, he risks chance encounters with old acquaintances, old friends, old girls, who want to borrow money or get drunk or grip his arm or reminisce. They are the ones who never fail to recognize him, who know that he made good investments, who want to rewrite history so that a weekend in Palm Springs becomes a never-to-be-forgotten romance. Once

© 1966 by John O'Hara

Illustrated by Bill Whittingham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was a time when he could tell them he was stopping at the St. Regis, but now they all know he has settled in New York. They are bores, and even the genuinely pathetic ones can be mean. "Why, you stuck-up son of a bitch, you washed-up ham, don't give me that nice-to-see-you bit," one woman had screamed at him in front of the Pavillon. She wanted him to come to dinner with some of the old bunch and have their picture taken for *Life*. She had this young photographer friend that . . .

At Sixtieth he takes a taxi to one of a few restaurants, one of his two clubs, places where people behave themselves. In these places he is known to all the staff, from busboy to manager or owner, and in most of them he knows their names. In the restaurants especially he goes back with a few of the waiters to the speakeasy days, when he would come to town from Hollywood and spend his money, as they used to say, like it was going out of style. With waiters he was always generous, not only at the end of an evening but in times of financial emergency; he gave them money for their children's tonsillectomies or schooling, and in several instances for the burial expenses of the waiters themselves. One day he looked down from a box at Belmont and saw a waiter toward whose funeral bills he had given a hundred dollars during a previous visit to New York; that night in his favorite speakeasy a waiter handed him an envelope containing a hundred dollars in fives and tens. "We understand you ran into Julio today," said the waiter.

"I didn't run into him. I just saw him," said Jack Dorney. "He looked pretty good for a dead man."

"Anyway, he asked us to give this back to you," said the waiter.

"If I remember correctly, it was you that took up the collection for Julio."

"I guess it was me," said the waiter.

"You know God damn well it was you," said Jack Dorney.

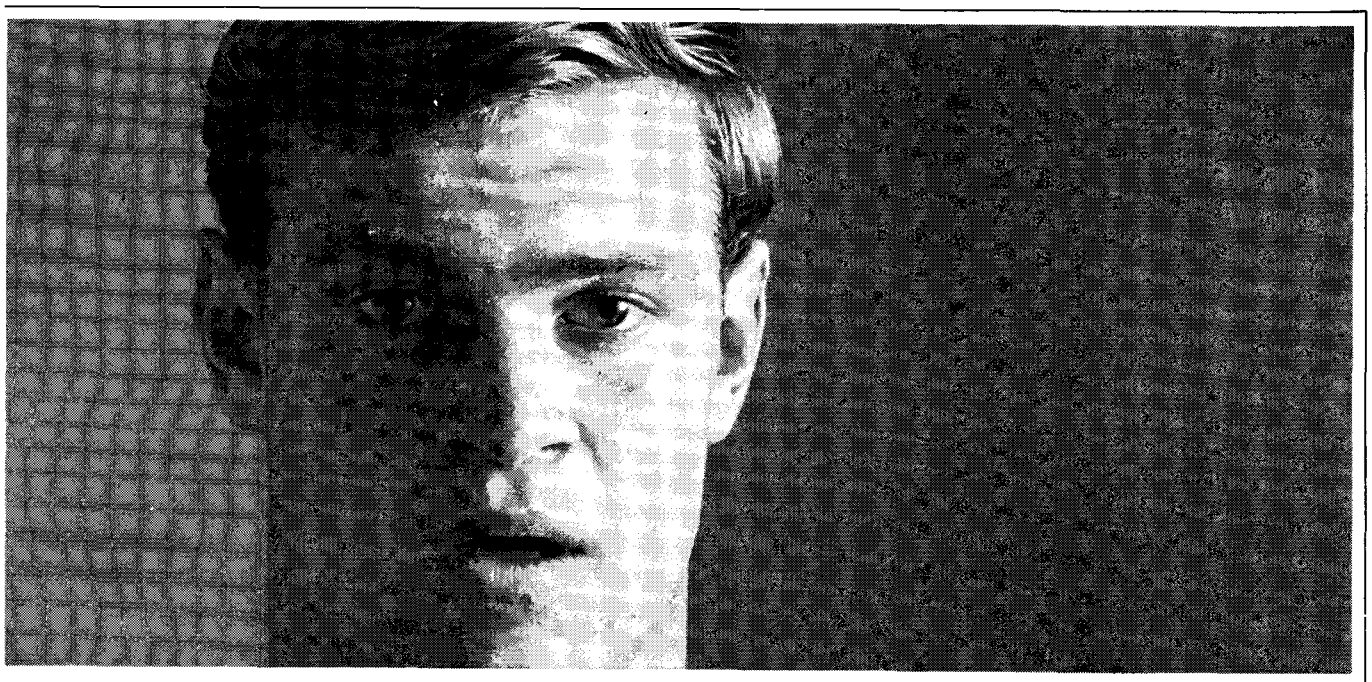
"You gonna say anything to the boss?" said the waiter.

"I might, and I might not," said Jack Dorney.

"It's worth my job, Mr. Dorney."

"Don't think I don't know that," said Jack Dorney. "You could have asked me for the money without playing me for a chump." He did not expose the waiter, but the next time Jack Dorney came to New York the waiter was working elsewhere. He never knew what happened to Julio.

One of Jack Dorney's clubs is traditionally theatrical, and he goes there less frequently than to his other club, which has taken in perhaps a dozen actors in its history. He avoids the theatrical club for much the same reasons that he takes taxis at Sixtieth Street. There has always been some mystery about his getting into the society club, but enough of the right people made their move at the right time, and he got in ahead of some more obviously eligible candidates. He had gone to a rather second-rate prep school in New Jersey, and could claim relationship with no prestigious family, but he had been a 4-handicap golfer and sailed a succession of small boats, and in his Hollywood days had kept out of messes. Upon moving to New York he made himself agreeable to the men who liked to play golf with celebrities who could come in with a 72, and they thought well enough of him to take him to lunch at the society club and eventually to ease him into membership. It was a completely masculine operation: None of his sponsors knew his wife. But there were members of the club who had got in through their wives' connections, and they had not always turned out for the best. The men who supported his candidacy assumed that if he had stayed married to the same woman for twenty or thirty years or whatever it was, she must be all right. *He* was a good fellow, so she was probably all right after all those years. He never said much about her, but somehow you got the impression that she kept busy with charity work or an interior-decorating business that she was interested in. The Dorneys had no children—no son who might turn out to be an embarrassment when he was old enough to be put up for the club, no daughter who could create problems of getting her invited to the debutante dances. Jack was just a darn good fellow who had made a lot of money in the movie business and played awfully nice golf and was about as little actorish as he could possibly be, considering. In his quiet way he fitted in very nicely, and as a matter of fact it was something of a relief to go to the club and see at least one face that was not the same old run of Porcellian and Keys and Ivy kissers, one generation after another of the St.



"But, Dad, you always drive like that..."

It's hard enough to teach your teenager the rules of the road. But when *you* don't know them—or ignore them—how is he going to learn?

For the better part of 16 years, he watched you at the wheel. What did he see? A good driver who heeded traffic laws? Or one who rolled through stop signs, drove too fast, took chances? Even worse, did that child of yours ever become a lookout for motorcycles?

Juvenile courts are filled every day with kids who learned how to drive from their parents.

Many adults are bad drivers and don't know it. They've been driving a certain way for years and have never thought to change. They're too close to the car in front of them. They change lanes without checking the rear view mirror. Maybe it's forgetting to buckle that seat belt.

How about you? Do you know or ignore the rules of the road? Test yourself next time you drive. Take an honest, hard look at your driving habits. If you're making mistakes, you owe it to your children to change. And change now.

Sometimes the lessons of childhood are learned too well. Before the lesson of bad driving can be un-learned, sometimes it's too late.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your neighborhood new car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for their cooperation.

NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION
Official organization of America's franchised new-car and truck dealers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ready to pop the question?

Bet she says "Yes!" But before you plan a growing family, make sure your nest-egg is growing, too. At a Full Service bank—where your money works hardest for you!

HIGH INTEREST ON SAVINGS—at *guaranteed* interest rates!

LOW RATES ON LOANS—for *every* worthwhile purpose!

CHECKING ACCOUNTS—and every banking service your family will ever need!

Only a Full Service bank can do all this for you:

	Full Service Banks	Savings and Loan Assns.	Mutual Savings Banks
Savings Accounts	YES	YES	YES
Checking Accounts	YES	NO	NO
All kinds of loans	YES	NO	NO
Every Banking Service	YES	NO	NO

See a FULL SERVICE bank first!

FULL SERVICE BANK®

COPYRIGHT 1966/FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS/PHILA., PA.

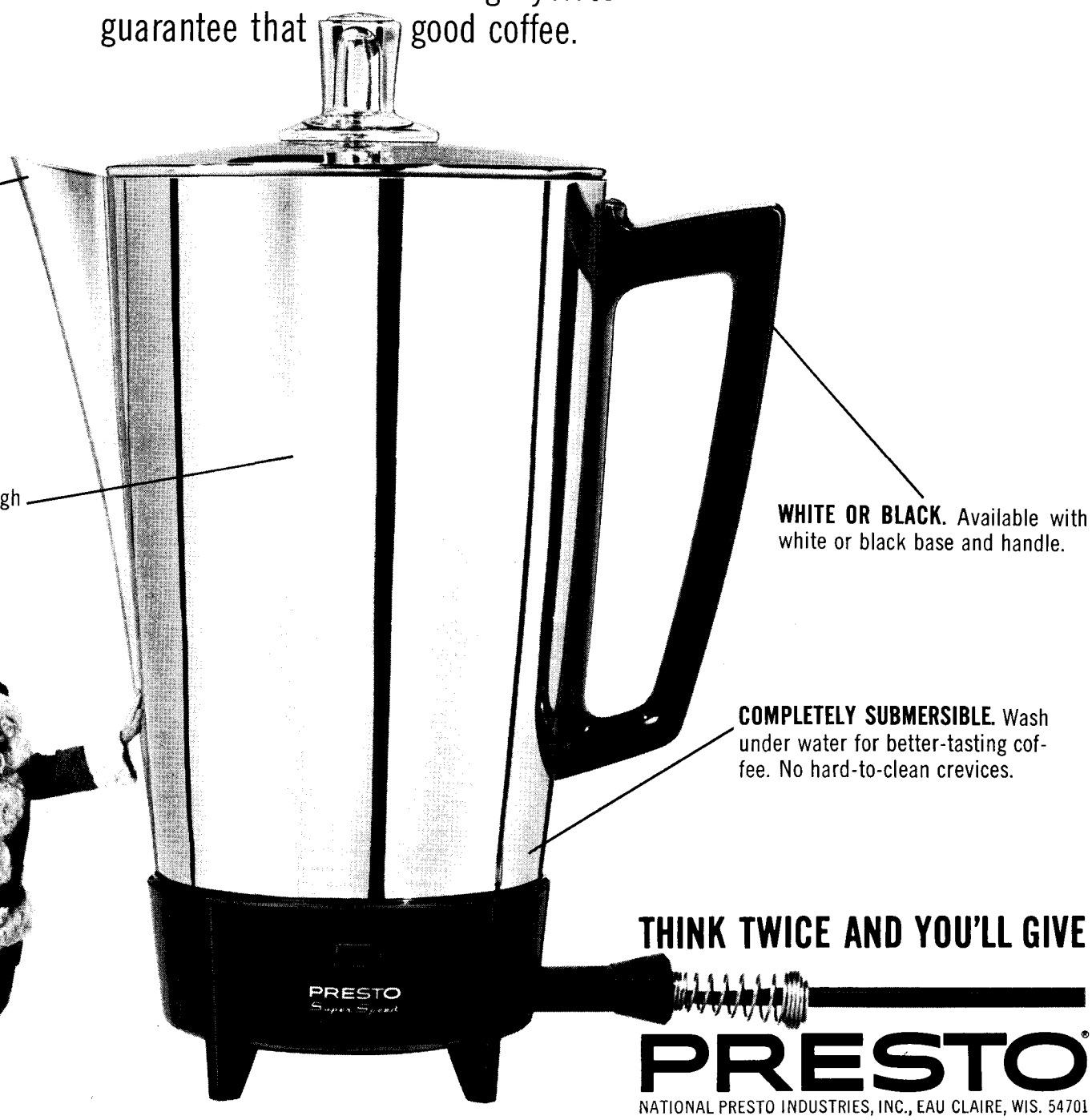
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESTO THINKS

your coffeemaker should make good coffee; it should be superfast and automatic. Then we thought

TWICE and

made it completely submersible so it can be cleaned thoroughly...to guarantee that good coffee.



OPEN SPOUT. Nothing to trap grounds or oils which could spoil good coffee flavor.

STAINLESS STEEL. Keeps its high polish. Washes clean and bright.

WHITE OR BLACK. Available with white or black base and handle.

COMPLETELY SUBMERSIBLE. Wash under water for better-tasting coffee. No hard-to-clean crevices.

THINK TWICE AND YOU'LL GIVE

PRESTO®

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC., EAU CLAIRE, WIS. 54701

© N. P. I. I. 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grottlesex types. Not that Jack Dorney was strange-looking, or that he wore actorish clothes, but you could not help remembering that he was Jack Dorney the movie actor even if you didn't think much about it when you saw him in the bar or having lunch with one of the St. Grottlesex types.

After lunch he often goes to the midtown branch of his broker, to get there before the market closes. It is a pleasant place, a prolongation of the club atmosphere, and the men he sees there have long been accustomed to his presence. He is by way of being a specialist in a few stocks, but he is a cautious trader and sometimes weeks go by without his giving the broker an order. Then he will make a little joke about giving the broker a commission so that he will continue to be welcome in the office, with its comfortable chairs and air conditioning. But the broker has learned that there is nothing casual about the transactions, which usually take place in the last half hour of business and are nearly always profitable for Jack Dorney. He is said to have a feel for the market. This he denies. "The doorman at my apartment gives me my feel for the market," he says. "He's a nut on astrology, and every morning he tells me what kind of a day I'm going to have. That's my feel for the market." But he has also said that if he can make a hundred dollars a day, it comes to twenty-five thousand a year, which is better than being a big operator and losing five dollars a year. He has a horror of having to dip into capital.

After the market closes and he and his brokerage acquaintances have second-guessed the day's trading, he goes to a movie, to his dentist, to wherever and whatever will keep him engaged until five-thirty or six, and then he goes home.

The apartment is small, with an unstylish elegance that Celeste Dorney acquired in the Hollywood days. There is a Marie Laurencin in the foyer and a Raphael Soyer in the sitting room, but not much of Jack Dorney's movie money was spent on pictures. The sitting room is, as the decorators used to say, "busy," with a profusion of jade, Meissen, cameos, Josiah Wedgwood, bellpulls, mirrors of all sizes, cloisonné, clusters of miniatures, porcelain snuffboxes, sterling ash trays, a Lalique clock that stopped running in 1951, a crystal candelabrum with too-short candles, and a rather startling portrait in oils of Jack Dorney in the role of a Confederate captain that won him an Academy Award. The baby-grand piano is closed, and on it rest a dozen silver-framed photographs of movie stars, directors, and producers. Against the wall is a portable bar, equipped with a sterling ice bucket and cocktail shaker, a few glasses, and a set of cut-glass bottles for Scotch, bourbon, rye, gin, vodka, and vermouth, each having a sterling label on a chain around the bottle's neck.

"Oh you're home," she says. He hangs his coat and hat in the foyer closet and goes to her and kisses her cheek.

"Back again, same day," he says.

"Well, who did you see?" she says. She tries to look at him, but her focus is pulled toward the bar.

"Who did I see? Well, I'll tell you who I did see, but he didn't see me. I was in a taxi. Hank Fonda."

"Oh, Hank. I wish we could get him and Jimmy Stewart to —— Do you remember what friends they used to be? And still are, I guess. But Hank's always in a play, and did you read that Jimmy Stewart is supposed to be worth thirty million dollars? I can't believe it. Thirty million?"

"I saw that," he says. "Gin or vodka?"

"Oh—vodka," she says, and from that he knows that she has had a straight vodka while waiting for him to come home. She has a theory that vodka is odorless, therefore less detectable than gin.

"Well, Jimmy Stewart always knew what he was doing," he says, and mercifully gets to work on her cocktail.

"But think of anybody in our business with thirty million. Bing Crosby—but he's different. Oil, I guess."

"That's what it was. Oil. At least with Jimmy. With Bing it was oil, and orange juice, and God knows what all."

"Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter. They never made anything like that. Dick Barthelmess, Bill Powell. They were supposed to be the richest in the old days."

"Don't overlook Lew Cody in that setup," he says, and hands her the drink. "Hang a lip over that and see how it tastes."

"Don't say that, Jack. You know I don't like it. It's so vulgar."

"Well, I'm a vulgar man."

"No, you're not, not any more," she says. She has the drink in her hand, and it will protect her from anything.

"You haven't tasted that," he says.

"I'm not in any hurry," she says. Nor is she, now that the glass is in her hand, less than a foot away from her lips. "You? Aren't you having anything?"

"No."

"Have something. Go on. Have something," she says.

"No, thanks."

"I think it's awful of you to make me drink alone," she says.

"Hell, what difference does it make?"

"Well, then I'm just going ahead without you," she says, and finishes her drink in a sip and a gulp.

Every day they play this game. She has two more drinks, and at seven o'clock she is drunk, drunk for the night, ready for bed and four or five hours' sleep. He gets his dinner—heats the soup and unwraps the sandwich the maid has left in the icebox. He puts the dirty dishes in the kitchen sink and goes to his bedroom, where he has a TV and his personal junk and all the books he has read or plans to read.

He had learned about reading from Celeste, fairly late in life and without preparation. In the early years of their marriage he would come home from the studio and say, "What do you *do* all day?"

"I'm not like you, I don't have to be doing something all the time. I can play tennis, and swim, if I feel like it. But I'd just as soon read."

"Read what?"

"Books, silly."

"What are you trying to do? Improve your mind?"

"It's too late for that. No, I've always liked to read."

"What? Love stories?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes not. I don't only read novels, you know. If there's something I think I'm going to like, I buy it. The people at the bookstore make suggestions. Dick and Marian. They have a pretty good idea of what I'll like."

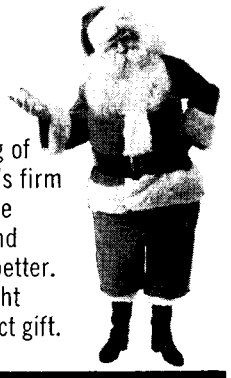
Once in a while she would urge him to read a novel that she thought might have picture possibilities for him, but he would persuade her to tell him the plot without his having to read the book. Then came the moment of his decision to quit acting in movies. "We have enough now," he said. "Nearly a million in tax-frees, and my studio pension. Let's get the hell out of here and start living. Let's go back to New York and be private people."

"I always have been private people," she said. "Nobody knows me if I'm not with you."

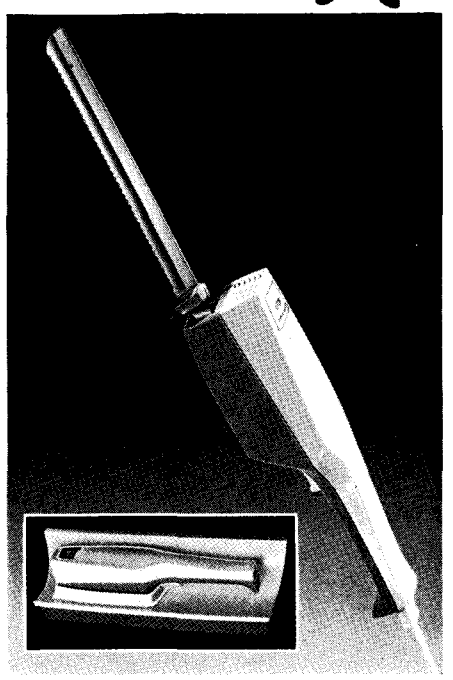
"Beat it!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

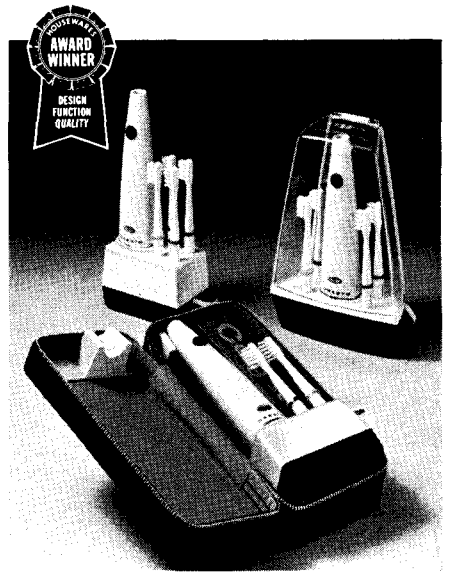
THINK TWICE AND YOU'LL GIVE PRESTO



When you're thinking of gifts, think of Presto's firm policy of matching the other fellow's best and then going him one better. It's the second thought that makes the perfect gift.



ELECTRIC KNIFE. Carve like a master chef. All you do is guide it. Perfect balance, designed for easy carving. Slim handle fits any hand. Three models. With cord; Regular and Deluxe with attractive storage case; Cordless, with re-charger case.



ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH. Cleans professionally—with up to 11,000 up-and-down strokes per minute. Cordless, completely safe, push-button automatic. Ideal for any size family. 3 Models: Travel, Deluxe, Compact.

© N.P.I. 1966

THINK TWICE AND YOU'LL GIVE PRESTO®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, they damn soon won't know you when you're with me, because I'm washed up."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true. If I enjoyed the work I'd be glad to play grandfathers, but at my age five o'clock in the morning comes too early. What's there in it for me? Smaller parts, lower billing, five-o'clock calls and maybe a couple of hundred thousand more than we have now. No. We have enough, and my mind's made up, Celeste."

"You didn't happen to wonder whether I'd want to make a whole new start? The only friends I have are out here. Who will I know back there?"

"Who do you know here? Our friends are beginning to die off, can't get jobs."

"I have friends that you don't know about. Lots of them. Not even in picture business. Some I've never even met their husbands, but they're friends of mine all the same."

"Then it ought to be easy to get to know the same kind of people in New York. There we'll be private people too."

"You'll never be private people—and I was never anything else," she said.

They sold their house on Bellagio Drive at double the price they had paid for it. "I didn't even have to wait to make that extra hundred gees," he said. She said nothing. "Listen, there's no use of your sulking. I want to live in New York. You're not a Californian."

"Neither are most Californians," she said. "But most of them, when they come here, they stay."

"That's because they have to. I don't have to," he said. "I'm washed up in pictures, and if we stayed here I'd rot. I don't even like the climate."

"I do like the climate and I hate New York. Too hot, too cold, too everything."

"You like the smog? You like driving on the freeways?" he said.

"Oh, let's not talk about it any more. You want to move, so we're moving," she said.

He bought the apartment in the Seventy-ninth Street co-operative that she chose. They shipped the things she wanted to the apartment and sold the rest to the purchaser of the Bellagio Drive house. Once installed, he took her to the first nights of plays and made an effort to provide a social life for her, but it was no go. The moment he left the apartment to have lunch with his golfing friends, she would begin hitting the bottle, and servants lasted about a week.

"All right," he said one morning. "We've had it."

"We've had it?"

"We have had it," he said. "I'll cut it right down the middle. You take half, I'll take the other half. You go back to the Coast and get a divorce. I'm staying here."

"Do you mean that?" she said.

"Of course I mean it," he said. "If you want to, you can leave today. I'll get you a plane reservation and you can be back in heaven tomorrow."

"Unfortunately I'm going to have to put it off for a while. You have some news for me. I have some for you. I'm going to have to have an operation."

"What kind of an operation?"

"A hysterectomy."

"When?"

"Monday," she said.

"When did you find out about this?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, I guess that changes things," he said.

"I hope so. I'm not going to be noble and all that. I need you to get me through this. When I'm all right again, I'll go to California and get the divorce, but I need you now, Jack. I'm scared."

"Is that why you've been hacking away at that bottle?" he said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"That's not the reason I was drinking too much. Not at first. I got tight because I was miserable in New York. But then I went to see the doctor for a checkup, and he discovered something he didn't like. Yesterday he called up and told me to get ready to go to the hospital. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. You have to see me through this."

"Of course I will," he said. "Is it Dr. Hawthorne?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have to admit one thing. You wouldn't be able to have Hawthorne if we were still living in California."

He took a room near hers in the hospital, and during the two weeks she was there he got through five books. "That's more books than I've read in five years," he said.

"Or maybe ten," she said.

"Or maybe ten. I must be getting old."

"We're neither of us any younger," she said.

The Harwick, *Model 622 English Country in Maple, only* **$349.50**

Magnavox stereo...the magnificent way to enjoy the full beauty of music in your home.

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO brings you the full beauty of music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, or stereo FM and FM/AM radio. This superb performance is maintained with lasting reliability because advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes; eliminates component-damaging heat.

Exclusive Micromatic record player is exceptionally accurate—completely eliminates pitch distortion. Feather-light 1/10-oz. tracking touch banishes record and stylus wear so your records can last a lifetime.

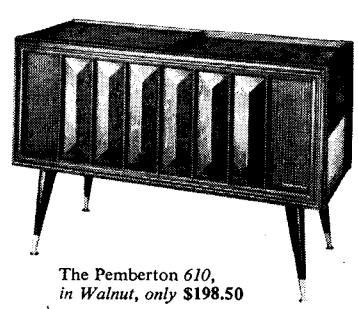
And every authentic style is a furniture masterpiece you will admire and enjoy for years.

The Cartier *647, in Cherry, only* **$298.50**

Magnavox is sold *direct* through franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Solid-state stereo console phonographs from **$149.50** and portable stereo from **$39.90.**

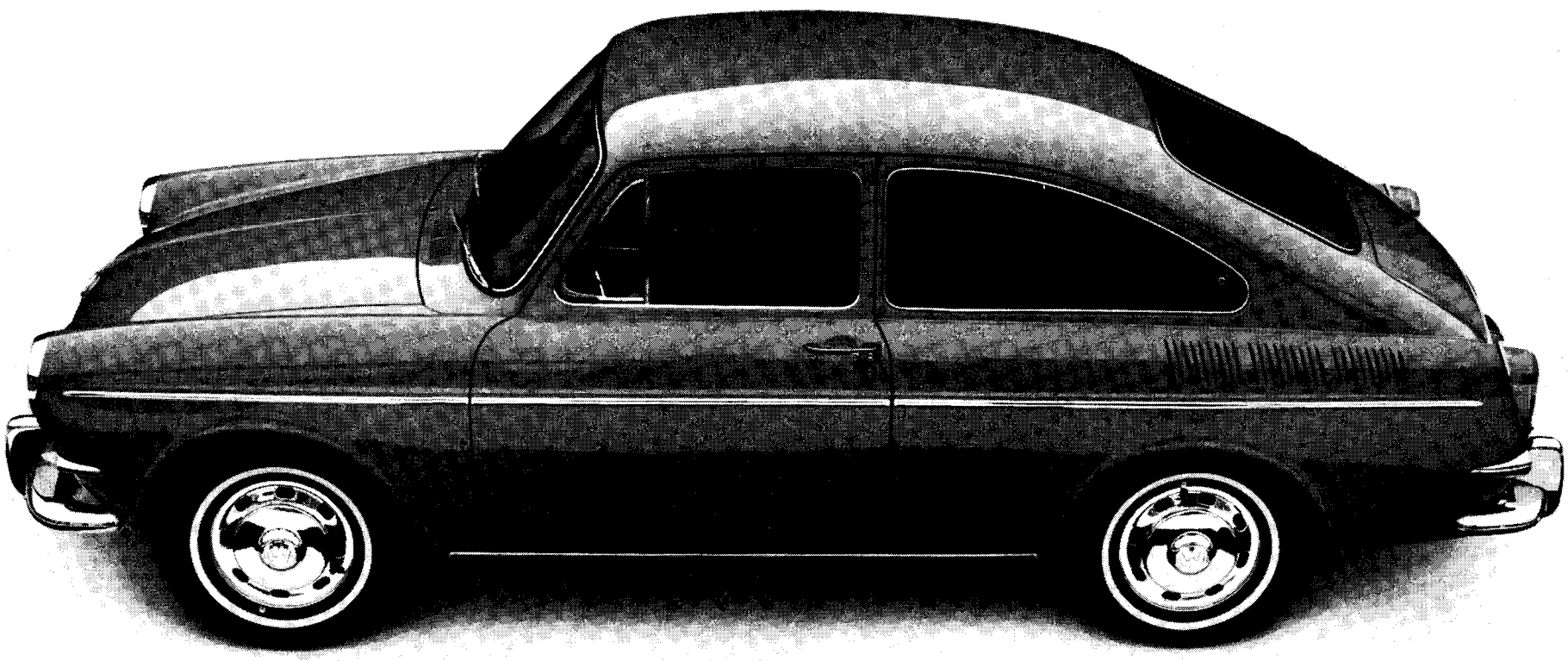
the magnificent **Magnavox**

270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The Pemberton *610, in Walnut, only* **$198.50**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What's a nice-looking car like you doing in a Volkswagen ad?

Nobody made a mistake. That shapely car is the new Volkswagen Fastback.

It's in this VW ad because it's a VW.

(We haven't made very many yet, so you probably haven't even seen one yet. That's why we're running this ad in the first place.)

The Fastback isn't a VW in name only; it's a Volkswagen through and through.

The engine is air-cooled so it has no use for water or antifreeze. And it's in the back to make the going easy when the weather isn't.

The Fastback is airtight, like all Volkswagens, because it's made in the same plant by the same people.

Naturally, there are differences, too.

The Fastback engine is a little more powerful (the car will cruise at better than 80). It holds 5 nicely. It has disc brakes in front. The upholstery is (for us) kind of jazzy. And it (the Fastback) costs $2143.*

If you've steered clear of a Volkswagen because it wasn't big enough or good-looking enough or expensive enough, you may be forced into thinking it all through again.

Sorry.

© Volkswagen of America, Inc. *Suggested Retail Price, $2,143 East Coast P.O.E., ($2,243 West Coast P.O.E.) Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges, if Any, Additional, White-walls Optional at Extra Cost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Increase

YOUR INCOME!

You can increase your present income by putting your spare time to work for you. Write for our generous commission offer, and we will show you how to earn extra money quickly and easily.

Thousands of our most successful representatives made their start in this way and now have fine subscription businesses. You may accept orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *American Home*, *Jack and Jill*, and other popular magazines.

Send a postal today to the address below. In return, you will receive full information and starting supplies at no obligation to you. Act today to increase your income by putting your spare time to good use!

MOORE-COTTRELL
SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 437
North Cohocton, New York 14868

Chamberlain's
HAND LOTION
25% GLYCERIN!
NOTHING RICHER SOLD FOR
Rough, Dry, Chapped Skin.
33¢, 59¢, $1.19 at stores everywhere.
CHAMBERLAIN DISTRS., DES MOINES, IOWA

Mounties
PHOTO CORNERS
LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!
10c & 25c SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

Writes on Everything!
LISTO®
MARKING PENCIL
Only 27c. Refills in 6 colors—15c.
At variety, drug & stationery stores.

America, America

"A Stok'y Carmichael Doll . . . an a Burn, Baby, Burn Game . . . an a Sit-in Coloring Book . . . an . . ."

"No, but I was surprised that I could concentrate that much," he said. "Ever since we've been in the hospital—at first I wondered what the hell I was going to do to kill time. Of course, that book by James Thurber—I'd seen a lot of his drawings, but I never read anything by him."

"He was a writer before he was a cartoonist," she said.

"I didn't like all the stories by Hemingway, but I liked some of them. Not much plot, but the dialogue—did he ever write any plays?"

"Not that I know of," she said.

"Maugham. Of course, I knew he wrote *Rain*."

"He didn't though. He wrote a story that *Rain* was based on, but someone else wrote the play. I can never remember their names. Two people wrote the play."

"That's three books. The only one I couldn't finish was the one by Thomas Mann. What made you think I'd like that?"

"I wasn't sure you would, but I was trying you out. He wrote other things you might like. How did you like *The Great Gatsby?*"

"All right. I remember when it first came out, hearing people talk about it. Naturally I didn't read it then, but I heard about it. It's very dated. Prohibition and all that. And I'm positive the author was trying to be subtle, but I didn't get the hidden meaning, whatever it was. I met F. Scott Fitzgerald when he was on the Metro lot. Irving Thalberg got him there, but he didn't last very long. If I'd known he was going to turn out to be so famous I'd have paid more attention to him, but all I remember was that he was a little guy with a Brooks Brothers shirt who asked me how much money I made. That's what he was doing that night, asking everybody how much money they were making. Kind of a gag with him."

"Yes, I guess he did that to get a rise out of people," she said.

"You know, if you hadn't had this operation I probably would have gone the rest of my life without reading a book. But I discovered something. I can actually sit down and if the first few pages hold my interest, I'll finish a book in two or three sittings. It's a handy thing to know. I may turn out to be a voracious reader, in my old age."

"Well, it can be a great satisfaction," she said.

The novelty of reading did not wear off, but from a novelty it changed to a fixed habit, so much so that in a few years there was always a book that he was reading. In his enthusiasm he sometimes discovered authors who were hardly obscure, and he made gaffes that exposed his unliterary past; but he was acquiring a personal taste, and above all he was busy in the mind. The good writers had uttered small and large truths and shocking lies that he had never heard of but accepted and rejected in the process of forming his own taste. Emile Zola would have been the man to write the great Hollywood novel; William Faulkner should be writing a remake of *The Birth of a Nation;* Rex Harrison ought to play Soames Forsyte. The pleasure of reading was conditioned by his three decades of life in the studios, but a transition was taking place, and as reading for its own sake grew into a proclivity, he had only his past ignorance to remind him that he had not always been so fond of books.

He read a great deal more than any of the men he now saw, most of whom had quit reading when they were graduated from college. As a consequence, he caught up with and passed intellectually men whose formal education had been better than his, and because he also played a good game of golf and could take a small boat through the treacherous waters of Plum Gut, he came to be regarded as something of a Renaissance Man. The respect they showed him intensified his enjoyment of New York; no one in the picture business had ever asked him to recommend a book.

"If you don't mind my saying so, Jack—how did a guy like you ever put up with those dumb-heads in Hollywood?" said one of his new friends.

"Oh, they weren't all that bad," he said.

Such tributes to his familiarity with books came from the men he saw but not from Celeste, who had been originally responsible for his interest and was now responsible for his maintaining it. Her recovery from surgery was satisfactory to the doctors, and she appeared to have adjusted herself to living in New York. But one afternoon, a few months after her return from the hospital, he came home and she was sitting at her desk with the telephone in her hand. She had a tumbler of gin or vodka on the blotter in front of her, and she was smoking a cigarette. She did not acknowledge his entrance. "Who else is there?" she said. She nodded and smiled. "Oh, what's she wearing? That same little white hat she always wears?" Again the nodding and smiling. "Put Betty on. I want to talk to Betty. . . . Hello, you old bitch. I hear some very interesting things about you and a very high-up person in Washington, D. C."

He went to his room and changed into lounging pajamas. A half hour later she was still talking on the telephone, but her coquettishness indicated that she was now talking to a man. "I have to hang up now," she said.

"That was a long one. Who were you talking to?"

"Who was I talking to? Betty Band."

"You mean you've been on the phone to the Coast all this time?" he said.

"Is there anything wrong with that?" she said.

"You weren't talking to Betty Band just now," he said.

"Wasn't I? I guess I wasn't."

"No, you sure as hell weren't. I heard what you said," he said. "You like to talk dirty when you're stewed. Who was the guy?"

"I don't know. Some friend of Betty's. What difference does it make? Somebody talks dirty to me, I'll talk dirty to them."

"Oh, great. Just great," he said.

"Oh, great yourself. I'm going to bed."

"That's probably a good idea, and take the bottle with you," he said.

"Don' worry, kid. Don' you worry about that. I'll take the bottle with me, you can be sure of that," she said.

When the monthly bill from the telephone company arrived he discovered that her calls to the Coast would cost him more than eight hundred dollars. Three of the numbers he recognized; a fourth, a Crestview number, he did not know. "What's this Crestview number you called sixteen times in the last month?" he said. "And talked over three hundred dollars' worth?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Tastes Expensive...and is

Maker's Mark is made expensively, by hand, in small amounts, and flavored with home-grown wheat. Bill Samuels, a fourth generation distiller, makes it on his farm near Loretto, Kentucky. His uncompromising step-by-step way of making bourbon achieves a fullness of flavor along with delicacy and aroma that is unmistakably Maker's Mark. Unless you really care how your whisky tastes, don't pay the price for a bourbon as good as this.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY OLD STYLE SOUR MASH 90 PROOF DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED BY STAR HILL DISTILLING CO., STAR HILL FARM, LORETTO, KY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A friend of Betty Band's," she said.

"The one that talks dirty?" he said.

"He's good for some laughs," she said.

"I don't think he's that funny," he said. "I'm not laughing. I don't even know who this guy is, although I sure as hell have his phone number. I guess we're right back where we were before you had your operation. The same deal holds good. I'll cut it right down the middle, Celeste. You've had your operation, and you don't need me any more. So why don't you make your plans accordingly?"

"You mean get a divorce?"

"The same deal. For eight hundred dollars a month I'd like to get a few laughs, but I'd rather pick my own comic. You've obviously picked yours. By the way, does *he* call *you* eight hundred dollars' worth, or am I paying for it all?"

"Get me a reservation and I'll leave tomorrow," she said. "I'll stay with Betty for a while, till I find someplace."

"Rots of ruck," he said. "I'll get in touch with Henry Duskin and he'll find you some other lawyer. You can trust Henry."

He accompanied her to Idlewild the next afternoon. "I must say you're behaving like a perfect gentleman," she said.

"Never mind the sarcasm," he said. "Just be sure and get off that plane sober. I know Betty Band, and you could wear out your welcome pretty quickly. She may like parties and all that, but she and Arthur aren't going to put up with ——"

"Oh, don't start telling me about Betty and Arthur at this late date," she said. "Thanks for bringing me out here. I'll go see Henry Duskin tomorrow or the next day."

A week passed before he heard anything, and then it was not from her but of her, through a telephone call from Henry Duskin, his lawyer and friend. "She finally came to see me yesterday, after breaking two appointments," said Henry. "Jack, she's in pretty bad shape. I gave her the names of a couple of good lawyers, but she didn't even write them down. I offered to phone one from my office, and she said there was no hurry. I'm a little afraid they may ask her to leave the Bel-Air."

"The Bel-Air? I thought she was staying at the Bands'."

"She was, but she left there after two nights. I don't know whether it was by request, but I'm inclined to think it was. I got her in at the Bel-Air but I don't know how long they'll let her stay. They had to carry her out of the cocktail lounge the day before yesterday."

"Was she alone?"

"Then she was, but not later," said Henry Duskin. "Jack, I'm afraid this situation is a lot more serious than you led me to believe. I think you ought to get on a plane and come out here. You can stay at my house if you like, to avoid any publicity, but there was a line in one of the columns this morning that was unmistakably about Celeste and this Joe Albridge character. I'll read it to you. 'That former movie biggie's wife and her boy friend, initials J. A., don't care who knows it.' "

"Who is Albridge?"

"He's one of those guys you always see around Hollywood. In the old days they used to call them gigolos, but not any more. They call them 'ad execs' or just plain 'execs.' A lot of them came here after the war, looking for the soft touch."

"I'll be there sometime tomorrow," said Jack Dorney.

He was met at the airport by Henry Duskin, who had with him a stout man in a silklike suit. "This is Morris Manville, does investigating for me," said Henry.

"My pleasure, Mr. Dorney," said Manville. "I go back a long way with you. To the time when you used to own that gray La Salle. You wouldn't remember, but I let you talk me out of giving you a ticket."

"Morris was formerly in the Los Angeles Police Department."

"Till I broke my leg," said Manville.

"A hazardous occupation, motorcycle policeman," said Jack.

"Only I broke it playing touch football with some kids," said Manville.

"We can sit down and have a cup of coffee," said Henry. "Morris has another assignment."

The three men sat at an isolated table in the airport restaurant. "Proceed, Morris," said Henry.

"Will do," said Manville. He took out a notebook. "I have exact times and all that. License numbers, street addresses. All in here. But Henry says you'll just want the gist of it, so here goes. The lady I have down here as C. D., the fellow I refer to as J. A. They

Bold new beauty

for America's cities

The fight is on to bring new beauty to the cities, where 75% of us live and work. America's electric utilities are cooperating with city planners, builders and manufacturers like General Electric to give mushrooming urban landscapes a bright all-electric face.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left the Bel-Air Hotel the day before yesterday shortly after luncheon and visited various private residences till around ha'past eight in the evening. Drove to the LaRue restaurant, only stayed there about ten minutes, and then to an address on Pico where J. A. has an apartment. They were there steadily since with the exception that J. A. left the apartment to have a prescription filled at the drugstore in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. That was yesterday afternoon. During the night my relief man reported they had a visit from a doctor, and shortly after that a private ambulance took the woman C. D. to a private hospital out in the Valley, which she is still there. I or my assistant made no effort to ascertain what name she was registered under or any other information, due to the fact that this particular private hospital is extremely uncooperative. The fact of the matter is, it's an expensive setup with a lousy reputation."

"Thank you very much, Morris. We won't keep you any longer," said Henry.

"You gave me an autograph for my daughter, Mr. Dorney. And now she has a kid starting to collect them."

"No autographs today, Morris," said Henry.

"Of course not. Discretion," said Manville. He shook hands and left.

"I really put him to work not so much for the information as some kind of protection," said Henry.

"Oh, I understand that, Henry," said Jack. "I'm glad you did."

"The question now is, do we go and get her? If *you* go, you'd better have me along, in case they want to be difficult. Then, depending on what condition she's in, we ought to arrange to take her to a legitimate place I know in Altadena."

"She might be there a long time," said Jack.

"Do you know anything about the prescription, what that would be for?"

"Sleeping pills, I imagine. She could always call up Dr. White, used to be her doctor here."

"The combination of liquor and sleeping pills, I don't like that combination. Well, you sit tight for a few minutes and I'll call the place in Altadena. It's run by my brother-in-law's brother."

Henry Duskin had a black Cadillac limousine with a chauffeur, imposing enough in ordinary circumstances, but they were halted at the gate of the private hospital in the Valley. A man in a uniform that closely resembled that of the Sheriff's Patrol stopped the car. "What name, sir?"

"I'm Henry Duskin, the attorney at law."

"Are you expected, Mr. Duskin?"

"I don't have an appointment, if that's what you mean. But I'm sure they'll recognize my name."

"Oh, I recognized your name, all right. And the other gentleman? Can I have his name?"

"Come now, are you an American citizen?" said Henry.

"I certainly am."

"Then you ought to recognize this gentleman by sight."

"Oh—Jack Dorney? Uh-huh. I see. Well, just hold on a minute till I call the office," said the guard. "Routine regulations." He went to a sentry box, and they could guess that he was being asked a lot of questions on the telephone. His manner, when he returned, was that of a chastened man. "Go ahead, but stay in the car till you're told to get out," he said.

"By whom?" said Henry.

"By the proprietor, the head man," said the guard. "You aren't supposed to come here without an appointment. Go on."

The driveway was not long, but it was curved, and the entrance to the main house was invisible from the public road. The house was a ranch type, to which wings had been added. Some of the windows were covered with grillwork that would serve the same purpose as iron bars. At the entrance, a deeply tanned man with a thin black moustache, wearing frontier pants and a stockman's jacket, waited to greet them.

"I am Dr. Reznik. Would you gentlemen care to follow me to my private office, please? This way, gentlemen, please. I was about to go for a ride on one of my Palominos. We have several saddle horses for the use of our guests, and I myself am a keen horseman. Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly be seated, please." He pointed to a couple of carved Mexican chairs. "I am honored, of course, by the visit of two such distinguished gentlemen. Cigars, gentlemen? Cigarettes?"

"Dr. Reznik, we learned that Mrs. Dorney is a patient ——"

"Please—guest. Guest."

"Guest. Patient. Inmate. The point is, she's here, and we've come to get her."

Chicago skyline soars in total-electric elegance

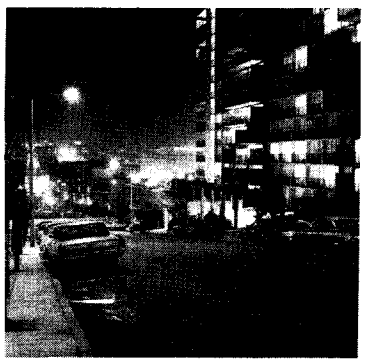
CHICAGO: Mrs. O'Leary and her cow wouldn't know the Windy City today. A building boom is changing Chicago (shown left) into a showplace of urban beauty, and most builders are choosing all-electric construction.

Witness John Hancock Center (1968), world's tallest office and residential building . . . 100 stories of electric comfort and convenience. The daring 1st National Bank Building (1969), the $2½-million Hampden House, the futuristic towers of Marina City . . . all soaring examples of how Chicago, backed by the service of Commonwealth Edison Company, is getting an all-electric face lifting. General Electric is proud to supply new equipment to this renaissance of city beauty.

Vest-pocket park amidst city roar

PHOENIX: How do you carve an oasis of greenery in the middle of a city? Arizona Public Service Co. figured a way to eliminate some electric equipment and replace it with a charming park where Phoenix citizens can enjoy a nature break.

Beauty on the bay: San Francisco sees the light



SAN FRANCISCO: Can you beautify one of the world's most gorgeous cities? You can if you light it so the daytime beauty shines through at night.

From the Golden Gate southward to the city line, San Franciscans are seeing their city in a new light because of Pacific Gas and Electric Company's and Public Works officials' drive to upgrade street lighting throughout northern California with over 91,000 General Electric Luminaires.

Other payoffs to San Franciscans: safer streets to walk and drive, booming night-time retail business and "Twice the light for the same price" . . . double the previous illumination with no increase in electric bills.

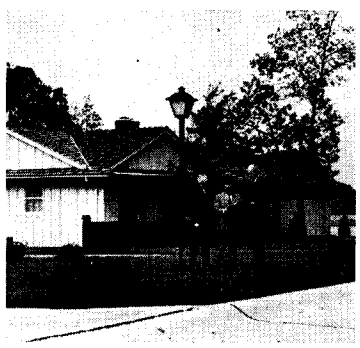
Street lighting with new twist in Missouri

KANSAS CITY: Residents of the new, total-electric, Lake Winnebago Village Development own their own decorative street lights right in their own front yard. To promote good street lighting, Missouri Public Service Company furnishes a General Electric TC-100 Town and Country* luminaire and a 10 ft. pole with each home completed. The lights automatically come on at dusk, go off at dawn.

General Electric appliances and heating systems have been used exclusively in this new all-electric village.

With underground residential distribution of electric power and attractive street lighting, Lake Winnebago is one of America's best dressed communities.

*Trade Mark of General Electric Co.



Electric utilities and General Electric are working together to provide new electrical answers to the question of urban beautification . . . victories are being won in cities throughout the country.

637-06

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So I assumed, of course," said Reznik. "Well, why not? She is free to leave. I sensed a certain aggressiveness in your attitude, Mr. Duskin, but I assure you none of our guests remain here against their will." He picked up a piece of paper that was lying on his desk. "As a lawyer, Mr. Duskin, you will find this document, which Mrs. Dorney signed, you will find this document carefully prepared."

"I was sure I would," said Henry.

"Guests enter my ranch voluntarily, stay as long as they like and *only* as long as they like. I am a doctor of medicine, but my services as a doctor are separate from my function as proprietor of this ranch. Look about you, gentlemen. Does this look like the office of a doctor? No. My clinic is elsewhere on the premises. But many of my guests come here and stay for weeks at a time without consulting me as a physician. They ride horseback, play tennis, swim in the pool, and relax. Listen to good music on occasion."

"Then this would be the last place a woman would come to if she had to have an abortion," said Henry.

"Under certain conditions, Mr. Duskin, we could perform an abortion. Or an appendectomy. Tonsillectomy. My clinic has all the necessary facilities. I myself am not a gynecologist, if that answers your question."

"Just what are you, doctor?"

"What am I? I am an M. D. licensed to practice in the State of California, and the proprietor of a dude ranch. Unfortunately I am not also a graduate of law school, and am not equipped to bandy words with such a distinguished member of the bar as the renowned Henry Duskin."

"Oh, you're doing all right," said Henry.

"Yes. If my English were better. But only since 1935 I have been in this country."

"You speak better English than I do," said Jack Dorney.

"Ah, Mr. Dorney. I was wondering whether Mr. Duskin arranged to do all the talking, you were so silent. Utterly silent. A rare thing in your profession."

"Very rare," said Jack.

"Mrs. Dorney was not expecting you, but I can send for her. If you wish to take her away, I must urge you to see that she has rest. She was—exhausted when she came here. We could help her in a matter of weeks, or months, possibly. But Mr. Duskin obviously has preconceived notions of this institution, and I have no desire to convert Mr. Duskin. Your wife needs rest, Mr. Dorney, and then I think her physician would suggest psychiatric care. But I am not her physician, I make that clear, Mr. Duskin. She has had no medication here except that which she brought with her, prescribed for her by Dr. White." He spoke into the desk intercom. "Ask Mrs. Dorney to come to my office, please. I believe you will find her down at the swimming pool."

The three men made no conversational effort while waiting for Celeste to appear. She was not long. She was wearing a beach robe and wooden sandals, and when she saw Jack she said, "Oh, for Christ's sake."

"Your husband and Mr. Duskin have come to take you away," said Reznik.

"What if I don't want to go away?" said Celeste.

"Then you may stay, but under the circumstances I think you should go with them," said Reznik.

"What circumstances?" said Celeste.

"Henry's car is outside. We want to take you to a place we know about, run by his brother-in-law," said Jack.

"What kind of a place?" said Celeste. "I have nothing against this place."

"Be careful what you say now, Mr. Duskin," said Reznik.

"Thank you, Dr. Reznik. I'll be careful. Celeste, this place is a dump and Dr. Reznik is a phony. Please pack your bag and come with us. You know you can trust us, and you don't know the first thing about Dr. Reznik."

"Very careless talk for a lawyer," said Reznik.

"Get me in court, Dr. Reznik. I've found out enough about you in the last twenty-four hours to beat your brains out. Just get me in court. Are you coming, Celeste?"

"Oh—I guess so," she said. "I'll meet you at the car." She left.

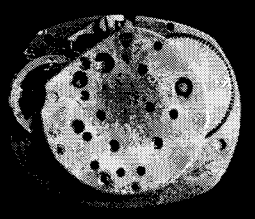
"Do you wish to write me a check for Mrs. Dorney's bill?" said Reznik.

"Yes."

"The charge is a hundred and fifty dollars a day, or any part of a day. That will be three hundred plus incidentals. I have the whole thing here. Ambulance, eighty-five. Meals, eighty. Beverages and room service, twenty-

Unmasked!

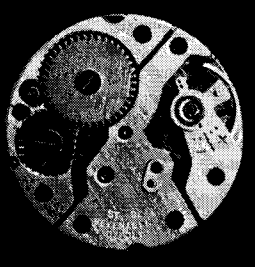
the naked truth about low-priced watches with no jewels

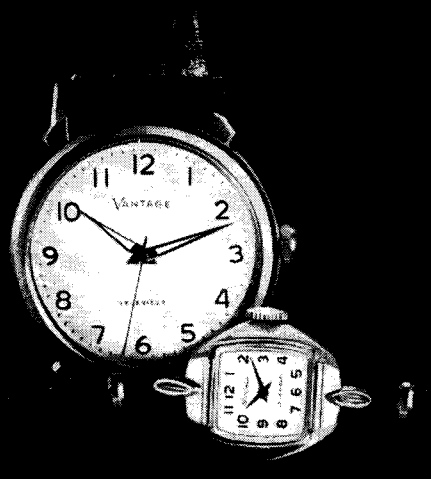


Watch with no jewels.
Metal is used... instead of jewels!
Made by our biggest competitor.
Price: $11.95

The only way to know how important jewels are to your watch is to know what happens if they're not there.
First of all, you should know jewels in a watch are used as bearings for tiny watch shafts—and as cups to hold oil for the ends of the constantly spinning axles. Jewels are smooth and hard. Practically impervious to wear. A jewel lasts a lifetime!
But what happens without jewels?
This:
Metal is used... instead of jewels!
If a metal part (instead of a jewel) is used in the roller of a balance wheel assembly, a microscope will reveal wear in just one day. In thirty days, a jeweler's eyepiece will reveal more wear. Now the timekeeping accuracy of the watch may begin to deteriorate. In six months, you can often see the damage to bearings, pivots, pins with the naked eye. Wear is vitally damaging metal parts, leading to loss of accuracy.
Ever hear of a jewel wearing out? Did you?
Vantage puts jewels in all its watches.
Vantage has to put jewels in its watches.
How else can we make a name for ourselves?

VANTAGE®
EAST PETERSBURG, PA.
THE JEWELERS' QUALITY WATCH.





Vantage watch.
17 jewels. Price: $11.95

Vantage prices begin at $11.95. Shown: man's model A-28; woman's model D-14. Each $14.95
Movements and prices as of Feb. 1, 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eight. Telephone, twenty-two. Lending library, two dollars. That's two dollars a week or any part of a week. Night maid service, ten. Under the contract, I could charge you for a week, the minimum, but I'm only charging you for two days. That will be five hundred and twenty-seven dollars plus tax. Five forty-three seventy-one. Make it out to J-R Ranch, Incorporated, please."

"Cheap at half the price," said Henry.

"Mr. Dorney will see how our bill compares with your brother-in-law's. Perhaps you may be putting your brother-in-law on the spot," said Reznik.

"Perhaps so," said Henry. "But my brother-in-law gets no customers from Mr. Joe Albridge. Mr. Joe Albridge never heard of my brother-in-law."

"Mr. Albridge happens to be a personal friend of mine, Mr. Famous Barrister Duskin," said Reznik.

"Yes, I find that very easy to believe," said Henry. "I don't doubt it for a minute."

"I know what you're hinting at, Duskin. I just wonder how you, a Jew, could believe in guilt by association."

"Dr. Reznik, long before anybody heard that phrase, guilt by association, there was an old saying, 'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Here's your check," said Jack, laying it on the desk.

"Thank you, sir," said Reznik. "I see that it's drawn on a New York bank. You have no assets in California, Mr. Dorney?"

"Don't answer that question," said Henry.

"The reason I asked it, Mr. Dorney, you may be called upon to testify in my suit against Mr. Duskin. In fact, you would be one of my important witnesses. But if you refused to come from New York State, the judge would attach your assets. That is why I asked the question."

"Don't worry your pretty head about that, Dr. Reznik. If you ever bring a suit against me, I guarantee you Mr. Dorney will be there. I can say that with such conviction because I know there will be no suit. Your lawyer will tell you that you must come into court with clean hands—and yours are filthy. Take care, Dr. Reznik, while you are making threats of lawsuits, take care that you do not put the same idea into the minds of other people. Come on, Jack, let's get out of this dump. It smells bad."

Celeste was waiting in the car, looking downcast, with her hands folded in her lap. Jack sat in the middle between her and Henry. "What is this place you want to take me to?" she said. "A head-shrinker?"

"He has a head-shrinker there," said Henry.

"Well, I probably could use one. But why go to all that expense? I know what's wrong with me. I know everything that's wrong with me—past, present, and future. Take me to the head-shrinker if you like, but I'll tell you once and for all, I don't want to go. No psychiatrist is going to undo in a few months what it took me over fifty years to build up. And maybe I don't want to be changed."

"Where to, Mr. Duskin?" said the chauffeur.

"Let's head out the Valley and I'll tell you when to turn around," said Henry. He pressed the button that raised the glass partition behind the driver's seat.

"I know what I want," said Celeste. "Or what I *don't* want is more like it. I don't want to be separated from my husband. If I *am* separated from you, Jack, I'll be dead in a year. Please take me back to New York with you."

"You can't say no to that, Jack," said Henry.

"No, I can't. I don't, either, as long as Celeste is sure she means what she says," said Jack.

"I mean it, all right," she said.

"I'm going to get in the front seat so you two can talk," said Henry. He told the chauffeur to stop the car, and changed his seat.

"If you'll take me back," said Celeste. "If you don't think I disgraced you."

"You mean with the Albridge guy?"

"Yes. It got in one of the columns," she said.

"I know that. Well, there were other times when I could have gotten in the columns. You know that."

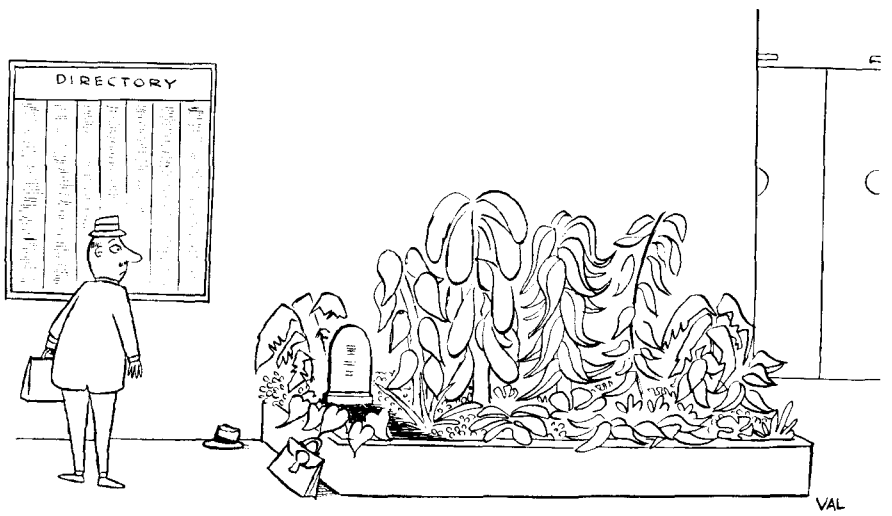
"Yes, and there were other times when I could have gotten in the columns. Did you know that?"

"I wasn't in much of a position to say anything," he said.

"How much did you know?" she said.

"Well, I always thought you had a thing with George Ballow."

"It wasn't just a thing," she said. "Whenever you went off to Palm Springs and didn't take me, or any of those other trips you used to take, I'd ask George to come and stay with me. And he nearly always did. But after George died I wasn't so lucky. Some of



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How Maude and Charlie Grubb planted a Christmas Tree farm with U.S. Savings Bonds

It's now a holiday all year round for Maude and Charlie Grubb of Kelso, Washington. In July they retired from their jobs and moved out to their Christmas tree farm.

Six years ago the Grubbs bought fifteen acres of hill land with U. S. Savings Bonds. Then they began planting and building.

Today their farm is covered with little Douglas firs growing into Christmas trees. And they have also built a hunting and fishing lodge.

Savings Bonds have a nice way of growing into a tidy sum for retirement, a vacation, a home, car, education, or an emergency.

Another nice thing about Bonds: while your dollars are being set aside for your future, Uncle Sam is using them to help back our men in Vietnam.

Start buying Savings Bonds today where you work or bank. They're the best present you can give yourself for your future. And your country's.

25 YEARS OF
Star-Spangled Security
FOR AMERICANS
1941-1966

NOW PAYING 4.15% WHEN HELD TO MATURITY

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is presented as a public service in cooperation with the Treasury Department and The Advertising Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the others weren't as nice as George. None of the others were as nice as George."

"Were there that many?"

"There were quite a few. Maybe even more than you had, because you'd have the same girl for a year at a time, and I always had different men."

"It's been quite a marriage," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Both of us doing these hateful things to each other—and to ourselves. I don't think you ever loved anyone else, and I know I didn't."

"If it was as bad as that, I don't understand why you objected to leaving California."

"Well, I don't object now. I can't wait to get out of here. Betty Band put me out of her house, and they were getting ready to put me out of the hotel. The last few days I've been afraid to think. If you and Henry hadn't arrived today, I don't know what I'd have done, but it would have been pretty awful. I was just about ready to start on dope—all that was left. Liquor and sex weren't enough for me. What else was there? Sleeping pills, but I was afraid of them. An overdose, and I'd die. The strange thing is that I didn't want to die, to commit suicide. I may be self-destructive, but I also have a strong will to live. Maybe I just haven't reached the point of degradation where I have to commit suicide. When I had the operation, if you hadn't stood by me I might have committed suicide. Or if they hadn't gotten rid of the cancer. But you did stand by me, and they did get all the cancer, and my will to live came back full force. I don't know why it should be so strong in me, all things considered. I certainly wouldn't argue with anybody that said I was better off dead than alive. What am I? I've never done anything. I've never been anything. I contribute nothing. I have no talent. I haven't even produced an idiot child to prove that I can produce something. If I read about myself in a novel, I'd say, 'There is a woman we can all do without.' The only thing I can think of is that God must be keeping me alive till He gets around to me, and then—oh, boy! Will I be in for it!"

"God? You don't often mention God," he said.

"We're very close. I don't believe in Him, but we have frequent conversations. Dialogues. When you have no one else to talk to, the natural thing is to talk to God. Even if you don't believe in Him, it's so much better than talking to yourself. Even though you *are* talking to yourself. I hope you're not going to tell the man to drive to the nearest nut-house."

"You're not ready for the nut-house. Or if you are, so am I. I've had conversations with God too."

"You? But you've never had any religion at all. At least I was brought up a Catholic."

"You forget I went to a very strict school, run by very strict—Presbyterians, I think they were. Anyway, we had to say prayers. I heard about God. We had Bible readings and morning prayers, compulsory chapel six days a week. We didn't have to go to chapel on Saturday, but some boys went anyway. The athletes. They'd go and pray that they didn't get hurt in the football game, or drop the baton in the relay race. I was never one of those that prayed when I didn't have to, but I knew about God. I'd heard of Him, plenty."

"And you prayed the night before you got the Academy Award. I remember that," she said. "My talking with God was different. Half the time I was arguing with Him."

"Did God ever win an argument with you?"

"No," she said.

"No, and I guess I never did either," he said.

"You won more arguments with me than God ever did," she said.

"If I did it was because I was paying the bills. I never won any argument with you that didn't have something to do with money. I was never able to change your mind about anything."

"You have now," she said.

"No, I haven't," he said. "You're not going back to New York on account of anything I said. Face the

Will your next stereo phonograph allow you to take a bath with Bach? Bring Beethoven to the beach? Go fishing with Faust? Have a picnic with Pagliacci?

Panasonic invents the first automatic living room stereo phonograph for the great outdoors. With FM/AM Radio.

Beethoven can be a real entertaining little sonofagun at the beach. If you allow him to be himself. The same goes for Pagliacci, Bach, Faust, or any of those other guys. But they can only be themselves when they're performing on a stereo that allows them to be themselves.

That's the Panasonic's SG-870.

When you set the SG-870 down in your living room, it's a beautiful piece of furniture. It sounds like a stereo system that's expensive and permanent. It's neither. It only costs $179.95* (suggested list price).

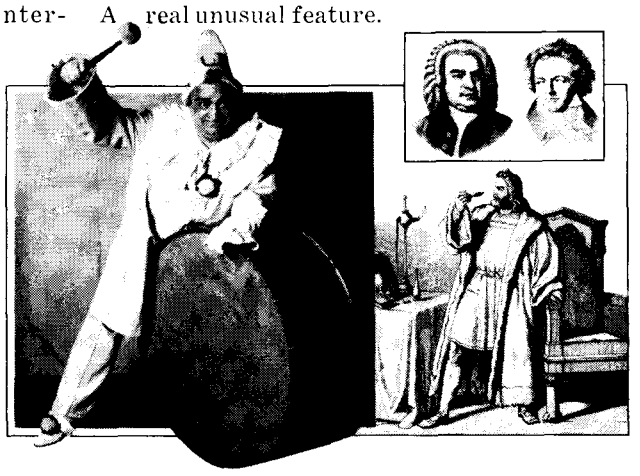
And when you pick it up and carry it out the door, it's a components set-up in a suitcase.

Our portable weighs just about 20 lbs. That's probably even lighter than your wife's pocketbook. If your wife is a typical wife.

The Panasonic SG-870 has a four-speed automatic record changer, a ceramic stereo cartridge with a flip-over diamond stylus that plays all sizes of records at any speed. Mono or stereo. A four-speaker system with two 8-ft. cords to give you great stereo effects. It has 24 Solid State devices. You get 3 long-life batteries, too.

And don't forget the FM/AM Radio. In case you're at the beach and want to trade Bach or Beethoven for a session with your favorite football team.

The SG-870 also has "Sure Power." A real unusual feature.



Let's say you're sitting at home with your stereo plugged in. Listening to *Carmen*. And it's getting close to the part where they do the knife bit. And all of a sudden the power in your house goes out. Does this mean you're never going to find out what happens to Carmen?

Not on your life. The minute there's a power failure in your home, the SG-870 will switch to its batteries automatically without losing a note.

At this point, it should be quite obvious that the Panasonic Company is the kind of company that does think of everything.

Now you are probably thinking, "Sure, Panasonic thinks of everything, but will they think of me? Can I trust them?" A natural reaction.

Would you trust a company that has 2,500 scientists and research engineers?

Would you trust a company that has 40,000 technicians?

Would you trust a company that sells 4,500 products in 120 countries? Has 72 factories? Holds more than 14,000 design and patent rights?

Panasonic has these. And a great deal more.

At Panasonic we don't just put phonographs together. We *make* phonographs. And good phonographs are not all we make. We make television sets... radios...tape recorders...color TVs... every type of home appliance you can think of.

Now, if all this does not convince you that you can buy Panasonic with confidence, we know a man who can.

Just walk into any store that's permitted to carry the Panasonic line and ask a salesman what he thinks of Panasonic. We have a funny feeling that when he gets finished telling you, you won't be going anywhere without your pals Ludwig, and good old Johann Sebastian, and Doc Faust and that real crazy, lunatic clown who calls himself Pagliacci.

*Canadian prices higher

Ingenious, these PANASONIC

200 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Audubon Society
and
The Curtis Publishing Company
present:

THE AUDUBON NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA

READ HOW YOU CAN GET THE FIRST VOLUME FREE

You can own a first edition of this magnificent nature encyclopedia . . . *the only series ever sponsored by the distinguished National Audubon Society, including original material from the files of the Society that has never before been published.*

EXCITING READING BY AMERICA'S LEADING NATURALISTS

In addition to being an authorized A to Z nature reference, these colorful books can be read like an exciting novel. The world of nature is alive with mystery, drama, tragedy and high comedy. The stories are expertly told, with both wit and wisdom, by authorities from The American Museum of Natural History, Harvard, Cornell, the University of California, the staff of the National Audubon Society, and scores of other scholars who share your interest in our wonderful world.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET IN THIS NATURE TREASURY

- *Total of twelve large 6¼ x 9⅛ volumes—2,500 pages, over 1,000,000 words*
- *Covers every aspect of nature in North America—70 major topics, plus 1,500 subtopics*
- *Over 2,000 photos, paintings, charts, maps—more than a third of them in full color*
- *50 four-color detailed paintings by John James Audubon*
- *Written under the direction of the National Audubon Society by America's leading naturalists and life scientists*
- *Guidance on dozens of nature hobbies and projects*

YOUR FIRST VOLUME FREE—NO OBLIGATION!

As a valued reader of this Curtis magazine you may have Volume One, worth $3.98, **absolutely free!** No strings . . . no obligation to pay anything, ever. If you are not completely delighted with Volume One simply notify us within ten days; you may keep your book as a gift. If you enjoy our gift book, additional volumes will be sent, one every four weeks. You will be billed $3.98 plus a nominal charge for postage and handling—just about half of what you might expect to pay for authoritative, first edition, superbly illustrated full color volumes like these.

LIMITED SUPPLY OF FREE VOLUMES—ACT NOW!

READ WHAT SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS SAY:

"THE AUDUBON NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA is an invaluable aid in the vital task of instilling in Americans an appreciation of the land and the life that springs from it, and an understanding of the laws of nature which we must learn to work with, not against."

—Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior

"Should be a major resource in the process of nature education (and) an invaluable guide to all those seeking to learn more about their environment . . ."

—Laurance S. Rockefeller

"The illustrations are outstanding and the text is well and understandably written . . . should be a best seller."

—Edward P. Cliff, Chief, U. S. Forest Service

Mail to: Curtis Books, Dept. FS
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

Please send me FREE Volume One of the AUDUBON NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA—Without obligation to *buy* any later books in the series. If I do not wish to see any later books *on approval*, I will notify you within ten days of receipt of my complimentary volume. Otherwise, send me succeeding volumes in the set, one every four weeks, to examine without charge for up to ten days. I am not committed to buy any minimum number of volumes. And for every one I decide to keep, you will bill me just $3.98 plus delivery—the lowest price available to anyone.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

GOOD ONLY IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts. You're going back because you want to get away from California. You don't want to take the next step downward."

She was silent, and he went on. "You see, if you don't face these facts you're always going to want to come back. You mustn't in any way think that *I* won an argument with you. You must fully believe that *you* got fed up, *you* were disillusioned, *you* saw what was next for you. It's like the time you had your operation, only in this case you're the surgeon. I'm standing by you, as I did before, but you are performing the operation. If you're not fully convinced of this, you're always going to have some lingering doubt about New York, about California. You'll want to give California one more try. You mustn't have any mental reservations about that. You know it's just possible that you're attracted by the degradation, as you call it."

"It's more than possible," she said. "I am."

"Oh, then you see that?"

"Of course I see it. I'm not the first woman to be attracted to bad things."

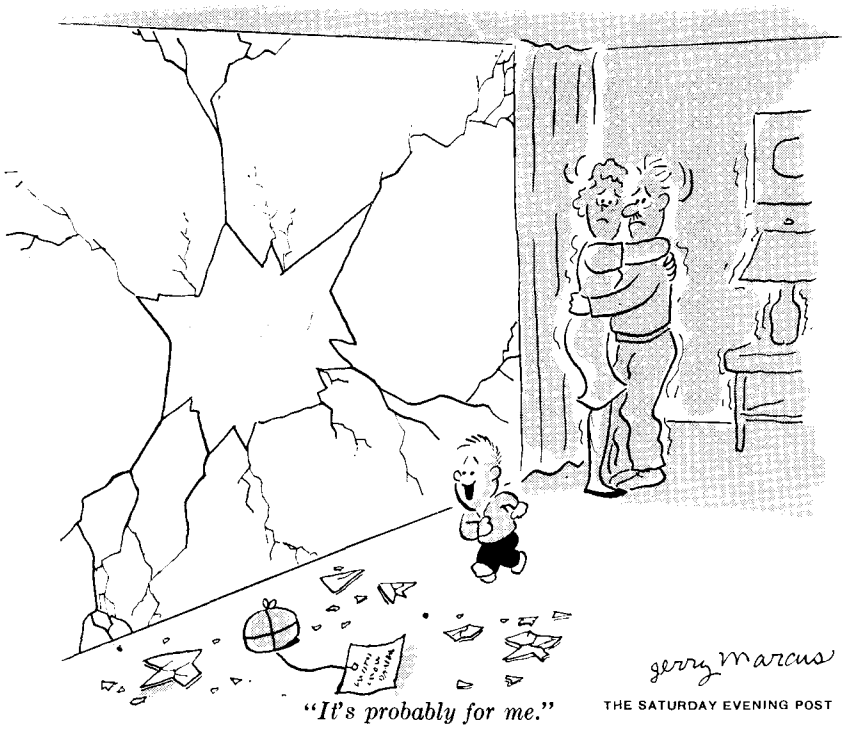
"Well, there was Eve, in the Garden of Eden," he said.

"And you don't have to go back that far," she said. "I give you Betty Band ——"

"No thanks," he said.

"—who wants everything neat and tidy, meals on time and all that. But she loves evil, really loves it. If Arthur knew how she spends her afternoons, and where, and with whom!"

"Old stuff, about women like Betty," he said.



"It's probably for me." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not old stuff to Arthur, though."

"Well, when he finds out, whenever that is, the newspapers will have a field day, some lawyers will be buying some new Cadillacs, and the husbands of Betty's friends will look at their wives and wonder. I guess I'm lucky in that respect. You've told me all I need to know."

"I never thought you'd take it as well as you seem to. Why?"

"Fifteen or twenty years ago I wouldn't have," he said. "Ten years ago, five years ago. But that was before I gave up picture business. While I was still a big movie star, unquote, I couldn't afford to have the world know that you were two-timing me and getting away with it. I would have slapped you with a divorce suit and made you look pretty bad. But getting out of pictures changed my attitude. Getting out of pictures and living in New York. There nobody cares what we do, and I don't have to care how I look to the public. That's what's so nice about being private people. Out here, as long as I hung around, nobody would ever believe that I'd given up pictures. And it's true that as long as I stayed here, I was probably open to the first good offer. But moving to New York gave me a new kind of freedom and I don't want to live anywhere else. That may be why I'm more tolerant of what you've told me than I would have been otherwise. Tolerant sounds pompous ——"

"I was going to say," she said.

"When what I really mean is that I'm enjoying life, in New York, and when you're enjoying life yourself, you're less inclined to be critical of other people."

"Can't you just be nice and say that even if I do behave like a tramp, I'm your wife?"

"All right, I'll say that," he said.

"I don't want to go back under false pretenses, on your side or mine. Being fed up with California isn't going to make me fall in love with New York, the way you have. The only thing I can promise you is that I'll stop nagging you about going back to California. That isn't much, but it's something. We're getting too old to demand perfection."

"And we probably wouldn't know it if we saw it," he said.

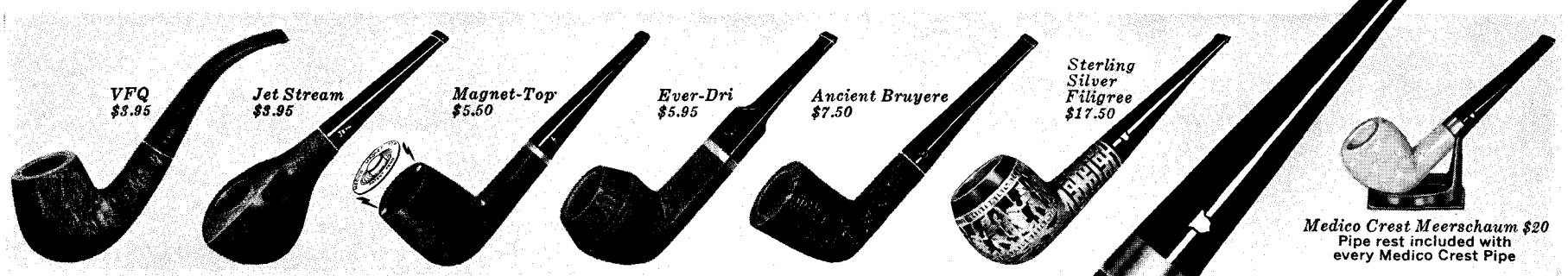
They returned to New York, and they are there now. He takes his walk to Sixtieth Street and puts in the time until evening. She is drunk at seven o'clock, and he is alone with the TV and his reading until past midnight. He knows that when he has turned out his light she waits a little while and then goes to the sitting room and has some more to drink. Back in her bedroom, she leaves the light on all night long. She cannot sleep unless the light is on. Oh, it is not a very bright light. □

MEDICO
world's largest selling pipe

gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke – increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax – smoke a Medico.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, Dept. S20, 18 E. 54 St., N.Y. 22. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



Medico Crest Meerschaum $20
Pipe rest included with every Medico Crest Pipe

Other Medico Filter Pipes $2.95 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO CREST
$6 TO $20

Illustrated GOLD CREST dark claret $8 (light café finish $9)

10 for 10¢
Also Menthol-Cool
10 for 15¢

MEDICO®
FILTER PIPES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give Your Child
the Gift That
Reflects the True
Spirit of Christmas

The Children's Bible

Illustrated in glowing color

at the remarkable price of

$4.95

512 pages 7¼" x 10¼"

More than 800 handsome full-color paintings illustrate the timeless stories and poems of the Old and New Testaments.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOK
Written in Simple, Beautiful Prose for Children to Read and Love.

After seven years in preparation, THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE is now ready. Especially appropriate for the Christmas season—all the majesty and inspiration of the Bible are here to fascinate and stimulate children. The great stories of the Old and New Testaments, their truth, beauty and poetry presented in prose that retains all the flavor of the original, yet is easy to read and understand. Graphic and dramatic illustrations on every page give splendid visual dimension to the timeless text.

Children will read this Bible with pleasure—alone, to each other and to younger children. Never before have the ancient and beloved stories been presented in such artistry and color in a way that will challenge and stimulate a child's inquiring mind.

Here, in vivid reality, are the stirring Old Testament stories of Daniel in the Lion's Den; Moses in the Bulrushes; David and Goliath; Jonah and the whale . . . and hundreds more. Great moments from the New Testament portray the life of Jesus and the wisdom of His teachings. These include the Birth in the Manger; the Baptism of Jesus; the Sermon on the Mount; and the Feeding of the Multitudes.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE is divided into six parts reflecting the most significant thought and scholarship of past generations. Every child can read the large, clear type.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE Advisory Board has carefully checked the accuracy of the book. Members of the Board are: Samuel Terrien, Th.D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Father Joseph E. Krause, Professor of Religion at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota; and Rabbi David Wice, Congregation Rodeph Shalom, Philadelphia.

The first Bible of its kind ever written for children, this magnificent volume is a gift beyond compare—especially today when the need for spiritual values is greater than ever before. THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE is a rich heritage of beauty, understanding and love. There is no greater gift you can give a child . . . and no better time than Christmas.

PREMIUM SERVICE CO. (B-32) BOX 598, Phila., Pa. 19105

Please send me _____ copies of THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE at $4.95 a copy.

☐ Payment enclosed

We pay postage and handling.

NAME_____

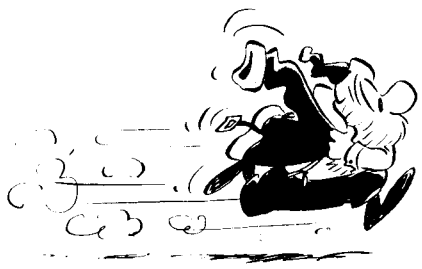
ADDRESS_____

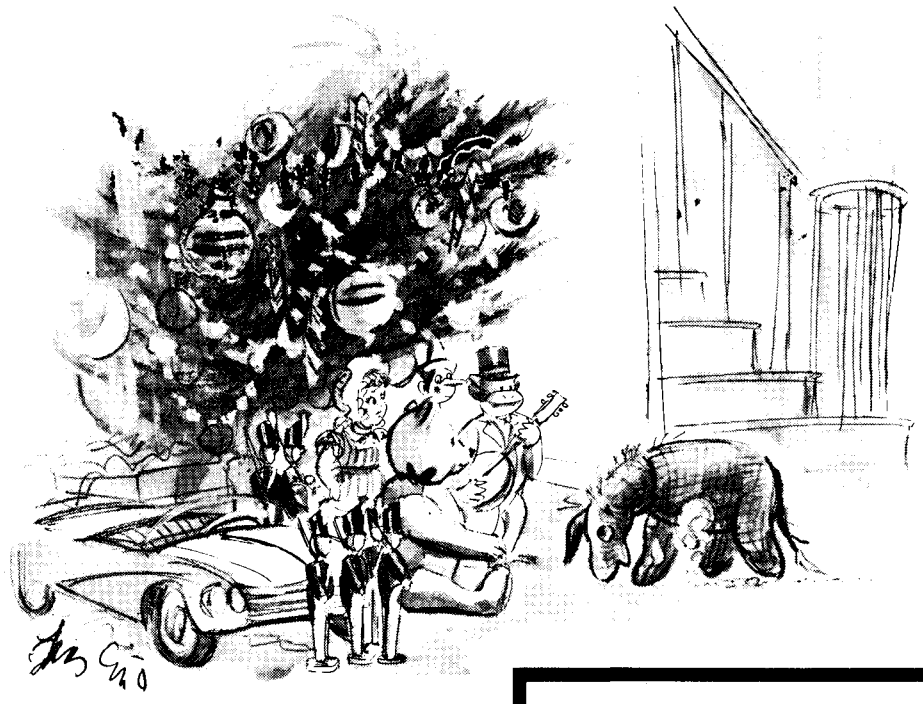
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP CODE_____

Offer good in U.S. only B-32

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post scripts





"I'm the sole survivor of Christmas'65. My days are numbered, but I can give you some good hiding places."

". . . And what are your husband's interests, Madam?"

Don't call us, we'll call you

My small son John,
It should be known,
Is wild about
The telephone.

"Go get your mother,"
Friends all state.
And then they wait . . .
And wait . . . and wait. . . .

MARJORIE LEE

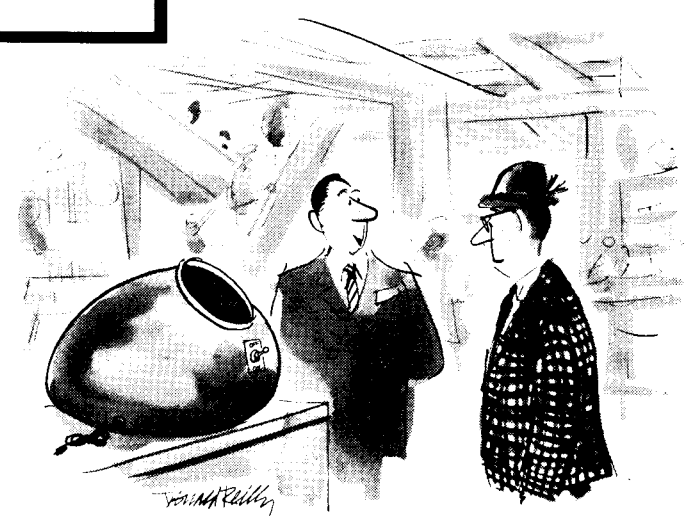
"There—you see? He's passed up the Detwilers again this year!"

Christmas mail

Dear Gattling, Wister and Sloan:
Have you ever tried reaching your store
by phone?
I'm glad, of course, that you're doing
such a nice Christmas trade,
But I'm afraid
A mistake has been made.
We didn't order your genuine English
marmalade,
And although we dearly love it—
Eight cases of it!???
You see, there is just my husband and I,
And what we ordered was one (1)
gentleman's tie,
A very conservative, sincere type—
Black, with a tiny gray stripe.
We saw it in your window just last week
Adorning the bust of some curly-haired
Greek—
Homer, maybe, or Socrates.
And the tie is what we'd like, please.
Hopefully—but not very—
I am trying to remain, Mrs. Judson
T. Terry.

LEONHARD DOWTY

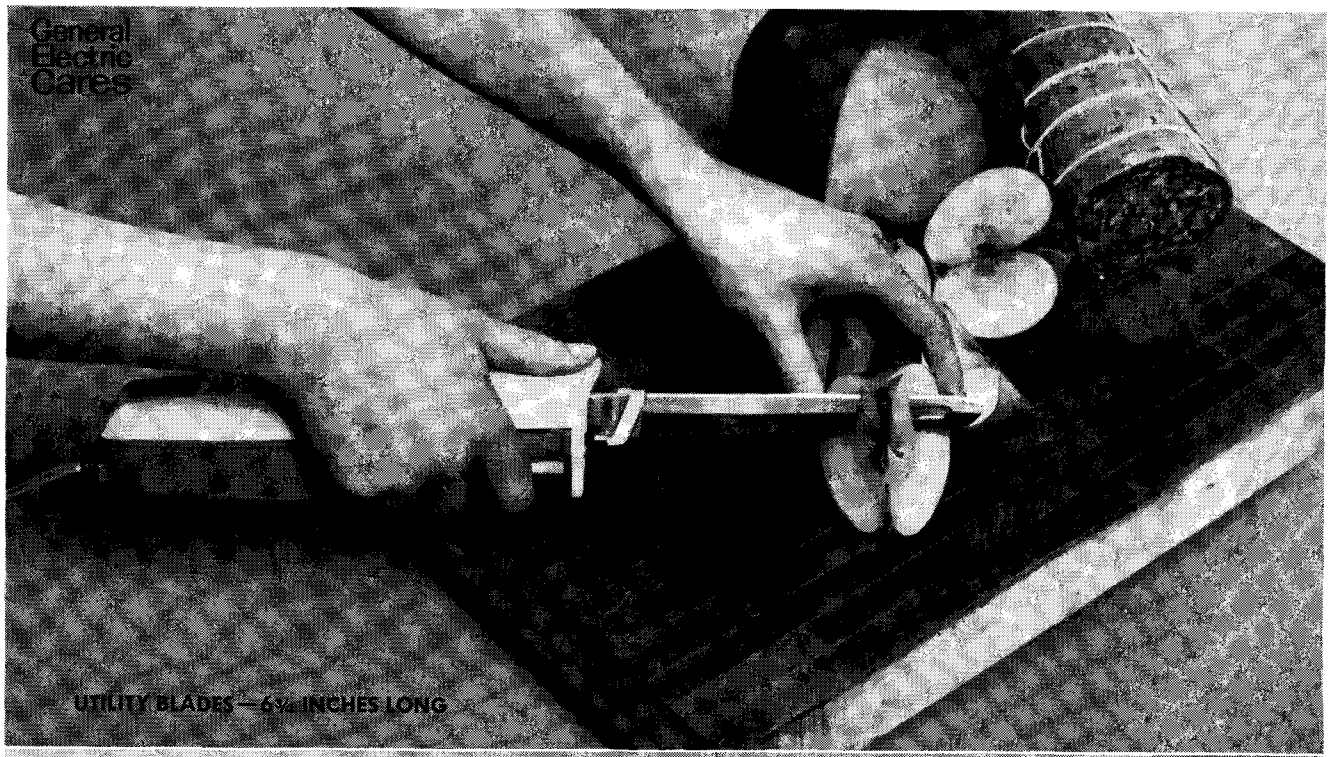
"Wanna see something real pretty?"



"It's electric. You just stick your head in and it shaves you, brushes your teeth, massages your face, combs your hair and sends you on your way with a cheery recorded word of encouragement."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

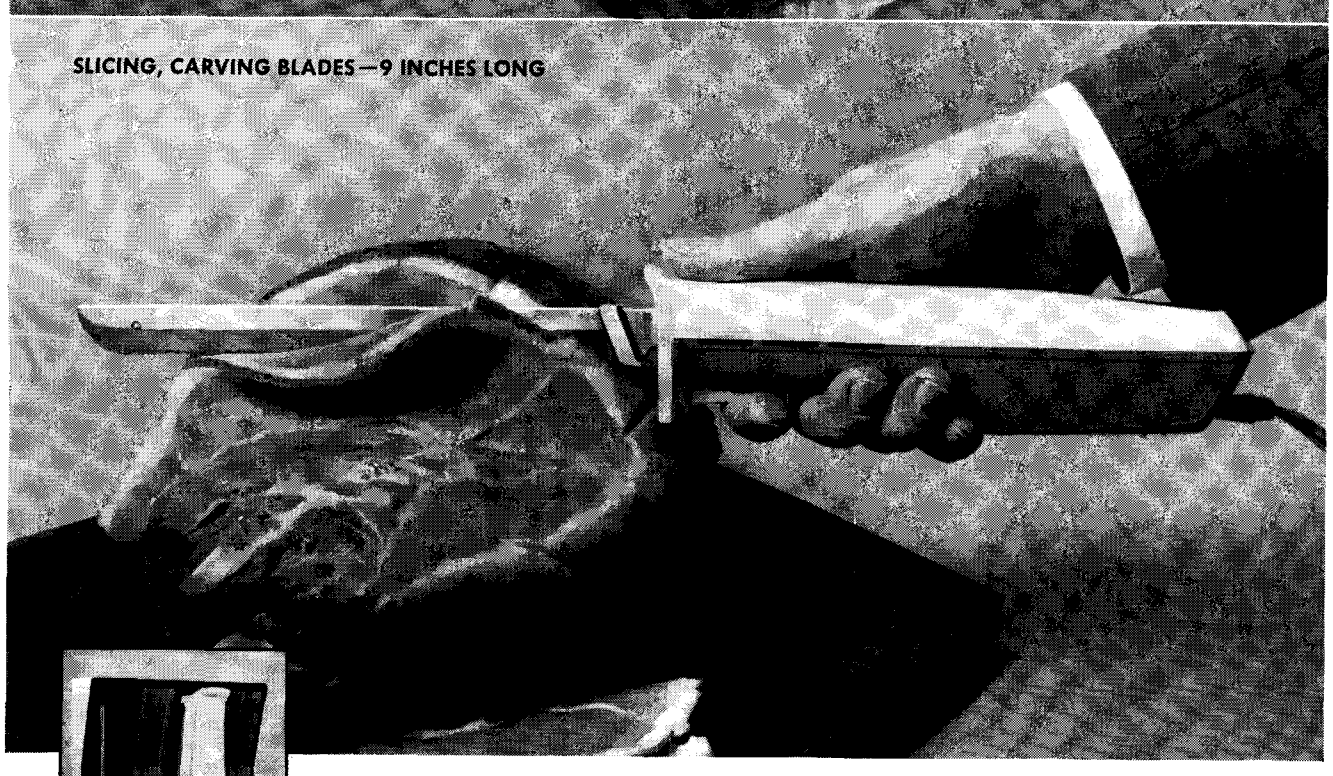
GENERAL ELECTRIC HAS IT!



NEW FAMILY-SIZE TOASTER... toasts 4 slices fast, so they can't dry out! One control operates all slots. Extra-high toast lift. Space-saving, slim design. Easy to clean.

STAINLESS STEEL, completely automatic! Coffee stays hot, reheats without reperking. Capacity: 9 five-oz. cups. Mini-Brew* Basket, to make 2 or 3 cups, included.

Handy storage rack for wall, drawer or counter top



THE NEW AUTOMATIC KNIFE WITH 2 SETS OF BLADES

What a versatile knife! A set of 6¾-inch blades for dicing, boning, paring... plus a 9-inch set for carving and slicing! New handle is ⅓ smaller, 42% lighter. Easy to hold—full-powered, too! Blades are stainless steel, with tungsten carbide edges to stay sharp. Push-button blade release.

*TM General Electric Company

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

COOKS FOR TWO—OR A CROWD! 5½-qt. "Dutch Skillet" roasts, deep-fries, stews. Has G-E double non-stick coating for no-scour cleaning. Immersible, too!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THINKING MAN'S COWBOY

Coach Tom Landry of Dallas, pro football's coaching genius, has built a contender out of castoffs, three basketball stars, a sprinter and a hippy quarterback.

By EDWARD LINN

Photographs by Rich Clarkson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dallas Cowboys opened this National Football League season with four smashing victories and one tie, and one of the heroes in this drive was flanker Peter Gent. Before Dallas's sixth game, however, coach Tom Landry called Gent into his office to say he had decided to start Buddy Dial at flanker.

"You've got better hands, better moves, and you know the offense better than Dial," Landry said, "but you can't make the big play. Dial can."

Gent was a little bewildered, especially since he had made the key catch the week before. He is a man who is not afraid to speak his mind, and he pointed out all the big plays he had made during the season, including a couple of touchdown catches and several big third-down catches.

Landry agreed that Gent had played very well, but still refused to change his plans. "I can't explain it," Landry finally said to Gent. "I just know that Dial has it in him to make the big play and you don't."

"And you know something?" Gent said afterward. "I can't explain why, but I left with the feeling that if Tom Landry says it's so, it's so."

Because of an injury, Dial did not play in that sixth game and Dallas lost, 30–21. Was Landry's game plan right? No one will ever know. There are two things, however, on which everybody can agree. As a man, Landry has the ability to convince almost anybody that he is right; and as a coach, he has helped change the face and form of professional football. As defensive coach for the New York Giants (1954–1959), he took the old defense of Giant coach Steve Owen—a six-man line with a roving linebacker—peeled back the two ends like earflaps and the result was the 4–3 defense. Almost immediately the 4–3 became the standard pro defense.

The Giants' defensive team was the toughest in the league during Landry's tenure, and Jim Lee Howell, then Giants' head coach, publicly called Landry "the best defensive coach in the business."

Dick Nolan, now the defensive coach of the Cowboys, was a cornerback on the Giants under Landry. "It was on that club that defense began to be noticed for the first time," Nolan says. "The offense would go home, and we'd be sitting there going over the next opponent. I remember one time Tom was at the blackboard showing me that if their flanker came out on the strong side on a third-down play, and the fullback flared to the weak side, I was to follow the fullback out a few steps and then race back quickly because they would be bringing the wingback inside me to take a pass. 'But, Tom,' I said, 'what if I commit myself that completely and the wingback isn't there?'

"And Tom just looked at me without any change of expression and said, 'He *will* be.'

"I had seven interceptions that year," adds Nolan, "and Tom got me five of them."

Landry is highly expert at reading enemy formations. He was especially effective against Cleveland where coach Paul Brown not only sent in every play but refused to permit his quarterback to change it. In 1958, when the Giants shut out the Browns 10–0 in the Eastern Conference playoff, veteran Lou Groza said, "Only one man could have done that to us. Tom Landry."

When Landry became head coach of the Dallas Cowboys, the first expansion team, he had to start from ground zero. Dallas was granted its franchise in the annual meeting of 1960, but they were not voted in until several weeks after the draft of college players had been completed. (Minnesota, which came in the following year, had the No. 1 pick on each round. Atlanta, the new team this year, had the first two choices in the first five rounds, giving them 10 of the best college players.

Dallas was stocked through a ridiculous player pool in which the established clubs were careful not to give up anybody they could use. (The Cowboys were permitted to take three players from each of the established teams after those teams had each set aside their best 25 players.) Quarterback Eddie LeBaron was Dallas's only catch of any quality, and the Cowboys got him from Washington—in return for their No. 1 draft choice for the following year—only because he had already announced his retirement. For the rest of it, they had 193 players (including a milkman and a musician) pass through their first training camp. "It was like a Greyhound bus station," LeBaron remembers. "During the exhibition games I was throwing passes to guys I had never seen before and never saw again."

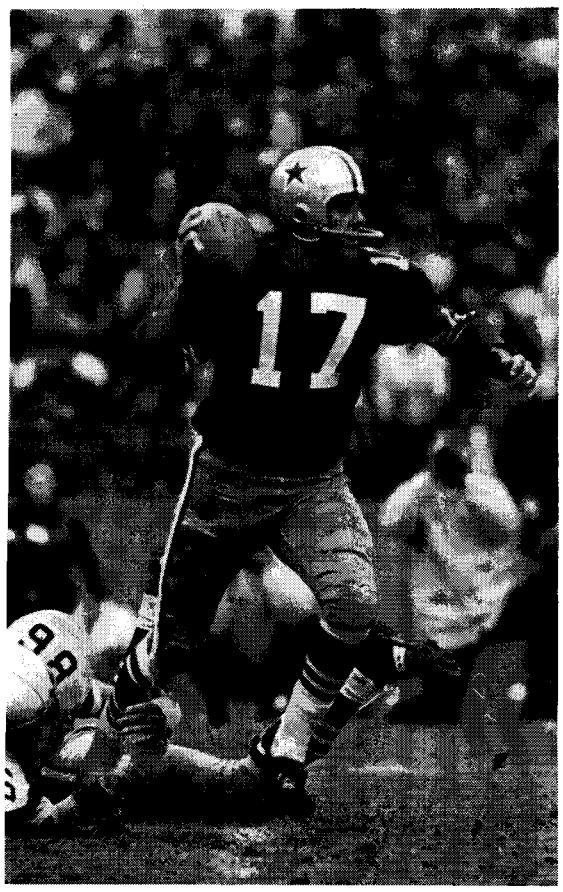
With rejects, retreads and old deposit bottles, Landry proved a key figure in changing the offensive and defensive patterns of the league. Since the 4–3 defense had been created to combat the straight "T" formation, he threw a multiple offense at it, grafting double wings, triple wings and every other formation known to man onto the "T" quarterback. It worked so well, especially with weak personnel, that all the teams in the league now use some form of multiple offense.

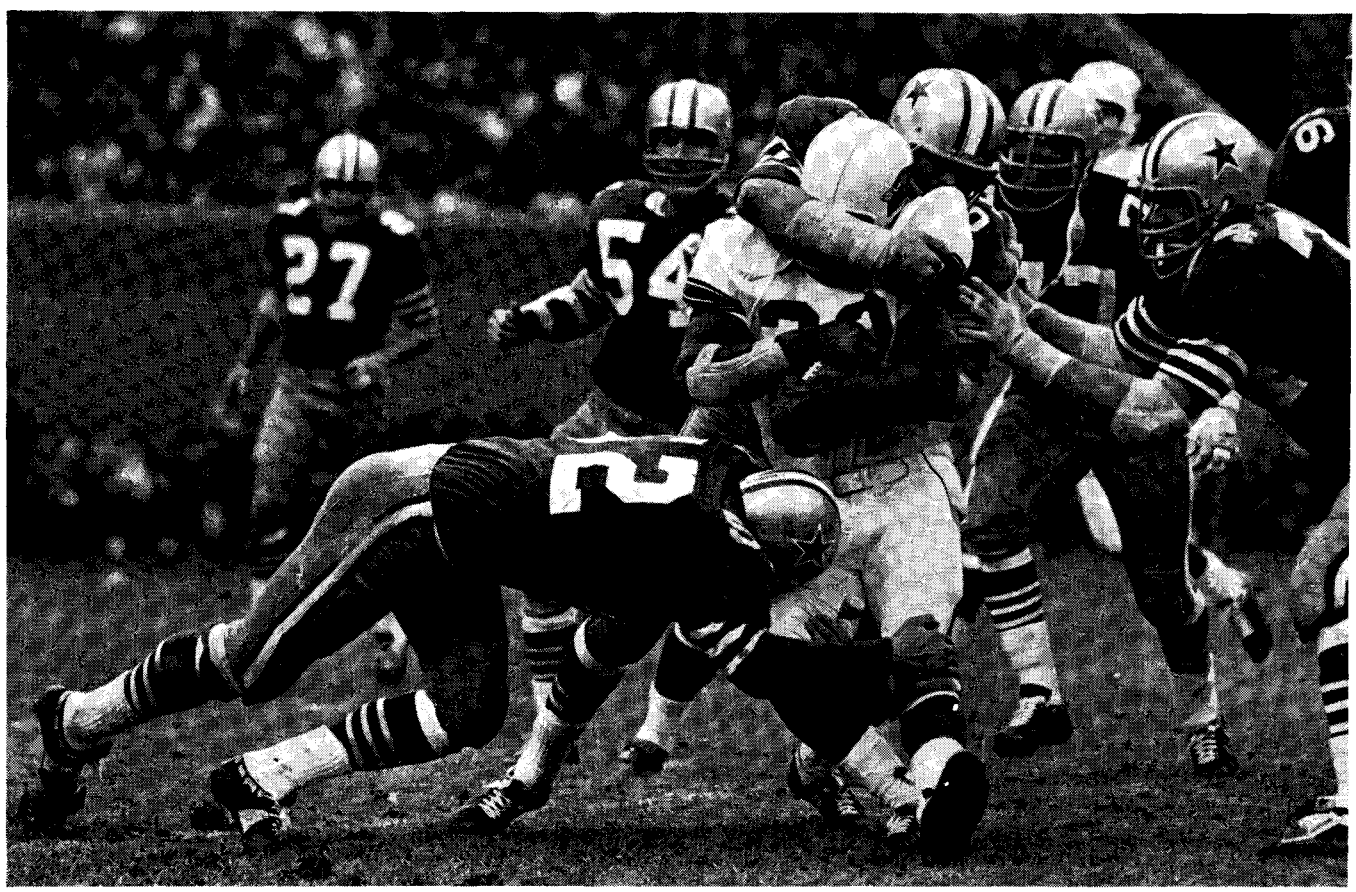
In his seventh year at Dallas, the 42-year-old University of Texas grad has moved the Cowboys from a standing start to prime contenders for the Eastern Conference title. "If we don't win it this year," he has said, "we'll win it next year, or the year after that. And once we start winning, we're going to be winning for a long time."

When Tom Landry tells them, they believe him.

Offensive end Frank Clarke, one of the five players who had been with Dallas from the beginning, says, "I have a comparison I can make because I played under coach Paul Brown at Cleveland. Tom's influence on the Cowboys is an extremely favorable one in every regard and, well, let's just say that Paul Brown's was not. There were times at the beginning in Dallas when there'd be guys in ball games we didn't think should be there, or plays that we didn't think should be called. That was because we hadn't learned to have confidence in Tom. The players have that confidence now."

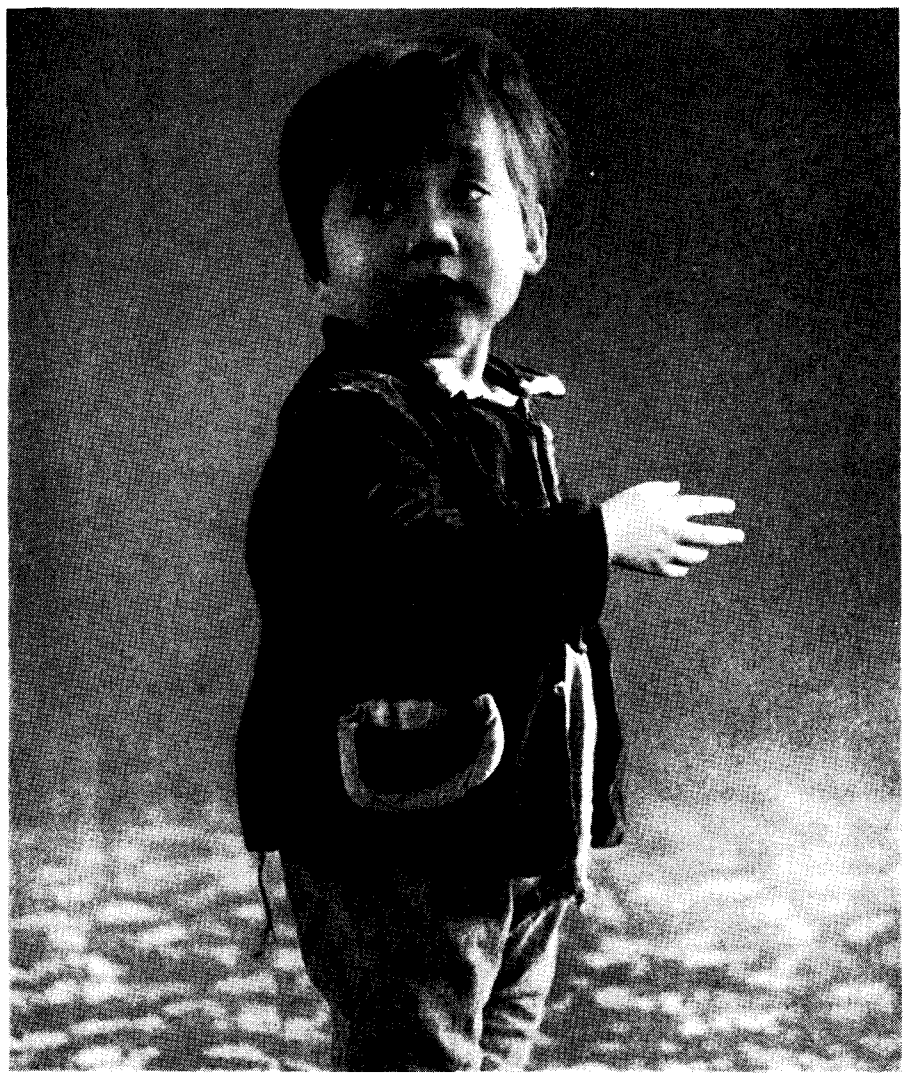
Pro football, as it is played today, is a combination of speed and muscle, scientifically applied. It is computerized violence, which makes it a game for our times. And Tom Landry is undoubtedly the best American computer in the world of sports.





The offense: Above, quarterback Don Meredith (17), victim of Cardinal leg pull, tries to pitch the ball. The defense: Cowboys arrive from the front, sides and rear to greet St. Louis runner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $10 a month.
I enclose my first payment of $_____.
Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____. SEP 126
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.
Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

DALLAS COWBOYS

Computers are known for their awesome efficiency, not for the warmth of their personalities or the sparkle of their wit. And, in fact, Landry is so immersed in football—in films and statistics and planning—that he often is oblivious to everything else around him. Last year he got a new secretary. After working with her daily for three months, he picked up his phone and asked the switchboard operator, "What *is* my secretary's name?"

But that was to be expected. Tom once left the luncheon of a Dallas booster group, the Cowboy Club, and had driven off in his car when it occurred to him that he had come with a wife and was leaving without one. "I can't give you a touchdown," his pretty red-haired wife, Alicia, said resignedly when Landry finally returned for her, "but I'll give you the extra point for remembering to come back."

It would seem, then, as if coaching were his whole life. But this is not so. The most important thing, Landry says, is his religion. He is on the board of the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas and, for the past two years, he and his wife have taught Sunday-school classes together. He conducts a devotional for his players—attendance optional—before the pregame Sunday meal. "I'm a Christian," he says, "and that's the first thing in my life. I want to be the best coach because that's what I'm doing, but I don't fear being fired, because that is not the ultimate thing. I mean, I don't really concern myself a great deal over the pressures of the job and the criticism."

A cynic might suggest that a man who is in the second year of a 10-year contract doesn't have any great reason to worry. But cynics always have troubles with the Tom Landrys. After his fourth season in Dallas there were rumors that Landry was going to be replaced. Landry wasn't upset, but Tex Schramm, the club's general manager, was. Schramm felt that in order to build a winning team it was necessary to establish a feeling of continuity. "A coach can never be in a position where either the press or the players can be successfully second-guessing him," Schramm says. "A coach has to make decisions based on how it will affect the club two or three years from now."

The only catch was that Landry didn't want a long-term contract. To get him to accept it, they sweetened their offer by throwing in some Cowboy stock. "The ten-year contract doesn't mean anything," Mrs. Landry says. "If Tommy didn't think he was doing a good job, he'd leave. And if he is doing a good job, he'd be rehired anyway. I've known Tommy since I was a freshman in college, and he has always been in complete control of himself and of the situation. Tommy doesn't get shook up."

Tom Landry is a soft-spoken, balding man, with pale, deep-set eyes that seem to be turned either inward, making some intricate new computations, or out on the horizon, perhaps contemplating some greater power. On the sidelines during a game, in his soft hat and sports jacket, he looks like a young divinity student who has fallen into rough company. Occasionally he walks back and forth in front of the bench—two steps up the line and two steps back. His hands go in and out of his pockets, and he folds and unfolds his arms. And that's about the extent of his emotion. When everything collapses, and the game is irreparably lost, a thin-lipped, barely perceptible smile comes over him, and you somehow get the feeling that he is reminding himself that from adversity comes an inner strength.

He opens every training camp by outlining his religious beliefs. "I don't expect you to have the same convictions," he tells his players, "but I do expect you to conduct yourself well."

He does not suffer the swingers gladly. One of his best kickers over recent years, Sam Baker, kicked his heels a little too high to suit Landry. Baker, a blithe spirit, is fondly remembered for showing up for a Dallas game at Pittsburgh, in freezing weather, sporting a potted orange tree and a happy smile. On another occasion Baker missed a plane, arrived at the hotel late and, brushing aside all suggestions that he take a cold shower before he checked in with Landry, knocked firmly on the coach's door, saluted smartly and barked, "Baker reporting, sir." After which he executed a faultless about-face and marched off.

At the end of the season he marched off to Philadelphia as part of a trade.

There was also Lee Folkins, a night rider of some renown. Folkins, a tight end for three years, was traded by Dallas to Pittsburgh last season. During the Steelers next game in Dallas, Folkins picked up a fumble, ran it in for a touchdown and, continuing on in a wide sweep around the end zone, raced toward the Dallas bench and heaved the ball right at the astonished Landry.

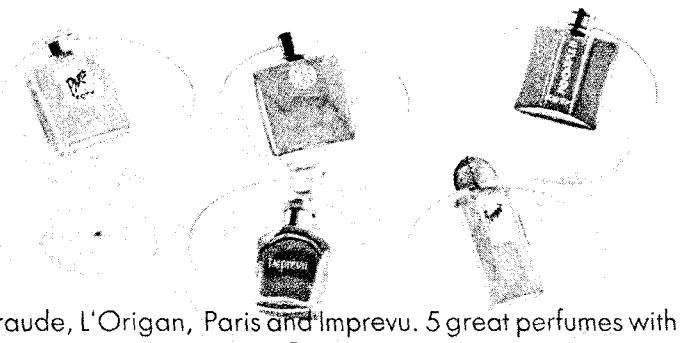
The sparkplug of the current Dallas team—quarterback Don Meredith—also has been known to break a training rule or two. Meredith has always taken the attitude, or, at least, given the impression, that he plays football when he is playing football, sings when he sings, and dances when he dances. He is known to his teammates, his fans and his wife as "Dandy."

Meredith has been known to come into a huddle when things are going well, snapping his fingers and singing, "I Didn't Know God Made Honky-Tonk Angels." He is warm and witty, flip and—if there is such a thing—country-boy-hip. Although he is really not bowlegged, he walks with a sort of swagger that makes you think of a kid imitating a cowboy while walking home from a Saturday afternoon movie.

Meredith was a fabulous high-school athlete in Mount Vernon, Tex., and he set all-time N.C.A.A. passing records at Southern Methodist. But he has never been on a championship team in his life, not even in high school, and there has been a growing feeling among some fans that he never will. There is also a view that he has taken the blame for what had been, in earlier years, a woefully weak offensive line. Still, even his warmest admirers have to admit that he has done the damnedest things in his seven seasons with the Cowboys. He once ran right to the lip of the goal line and, instead of stepping over for a touchdown, threw a pass—a bad pass at that—and took a five-yard penalty for passing beyond the line of scrimmage.

Meredith does seem to have that indefinable ability to sink to every great occasion. Starting late last year, he ran up a string of 156 passes without an interception—the third-longest in N.F.L. history—and then, in two consecutive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bottled and imported from France. L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origan, Paris and Imprevu. 5 great perfumes with the Christmas Spirit from 6.50 to 25.00.

'66 is a great year for Coty perfumes.

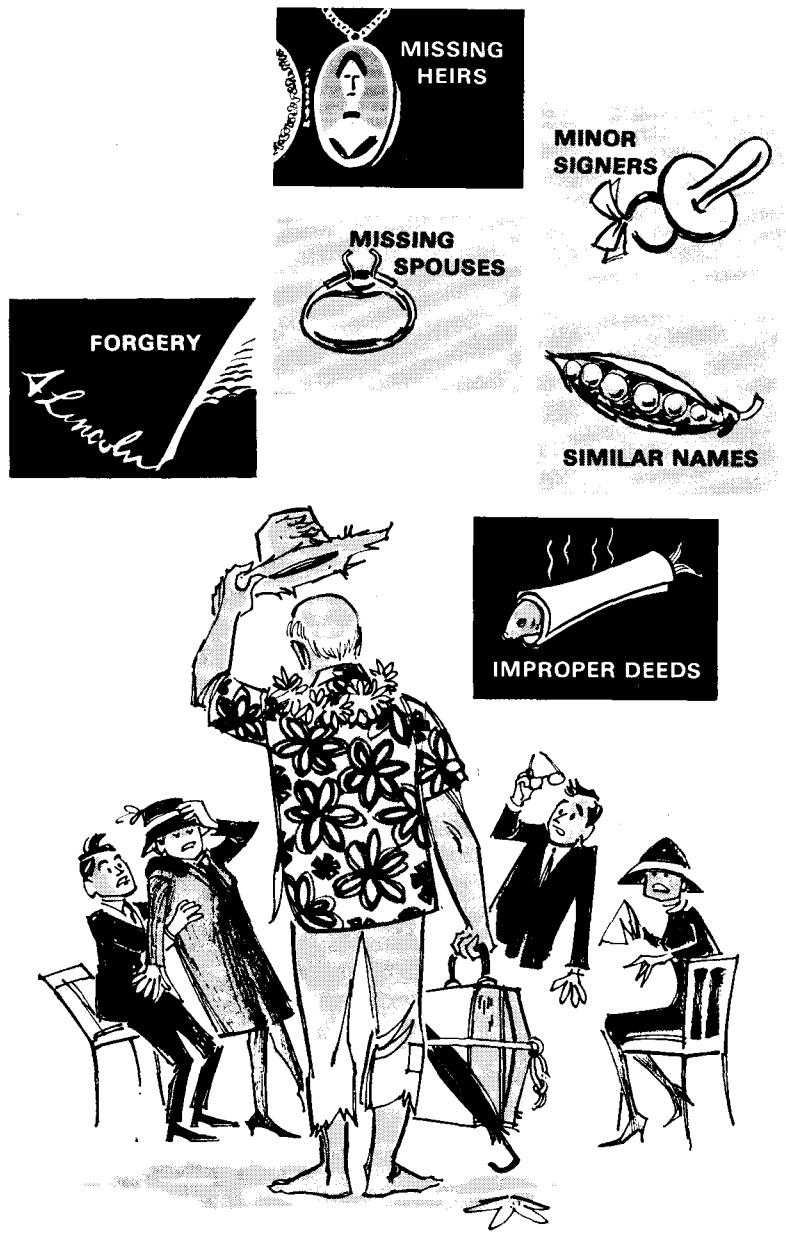
33 Ways to give Coty fragrances in spray mist, talc, toilet water, bath oil and dusting powder. Gift sets 3.50 to 25.00.

'66 is a great year for Coty gift sets.

(1-4) Toilet Water and Talc $3.50. (5-8) Spray Mist and Dusting Powder $6.25. (9-12) Toilet Water and Dusting Powder $5.00. (13) Quartette de Toilette $4.50 ½ oz. each of L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origan, Paris. (14-17) Dusting Powder and Flacon Mist $4.50. (18-21) Pure Spray Toilet Water and Deluxe Dusting Powder $7.75. (22-25) Pure Spray Toilet Water and Pure Spray Parfum $8.50. (26-27) Creamy Skin Parfum, Pure Spray Toilet Water and Deluxe Dusting Powder $9.75. (28-29) Spray Mist, Deluxe Dusting Powder, Bath Oil, Creamy Skin Parfum $14.50. (30) Spray Mist Dusting Powder $9.00 in Imprevu. (31) Pure Spray Toilet Water, Pure Spray Parfum $10.00 in Imprevu. (32) Parfum, Bath Oil, Pure Spray Toilet Water, Dusting Powder $25.00. (33) Individual items gift wrapped. Most sets available in L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origan, Paris.

GIFT SETS MADE IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'LEGALLY DEAD' ...OR JUST AWAY?

The title to your home may be subject to a serious legal challenge from someone you don't know at all, but who claims that he is the rightful owner who was presumed dead at the time you bought the property. As a result, it might even turn out that you will lose all the money you've put into your house. Happens more frequently than you think—EXCEPT it never can happen to the wise home buyer who is protected by an Owner's Title Insurance Policy.

Our booklet for home buyers has been prepared for you as a public service by our 2,400 abstracting firms and title insurance companies throughout the USA who specialize in searching real estate titles and who provide the impartial, professional services that make title insurance available to home owners for a very modest, one-time fee. We'll gladly send you one or more copies free of charge.

FREE ON REQUEST! VALUABLE BOOKLET ON PROTECTING YOUR HOME OWNERSHIP.

AMERICAN LAND TITLE ASSOCIATION®
1725 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006

Please send me your free booklet. Thank you.

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY: ..... **STATE:** ..... **ZIP:** .....

games this season against two contending clubs, had seven passes picked off.

A quarterback must be a leader, and it doesn't matter whether he is a quiet leader or a noisy one. Meredith, a naturally gregarious man who has become a bit of a loner, made leader the hard way. He bled. Always injury-prone, he has not gone a year without being hurt since his junior year in high school. In 1964 he was never really in good health. It started with a torn knee cartilage during the exhibition season. The prognosis was that he would miss at least six games. He was back two weeks later for the opener, and played 12 of the 14 games despite, at various times, a separated left shoulder, a sprained right ankle, a badly bruised left thigh and ruptured stomach muscles. The muscles were ruptured in a game late in the season, and the injury was thought to be nothing worse than a bad kidney bruise. "You always ask a player if he can go, and he'll always tell you if he can," Landry says. "He was really hurting, but he said, 'No, I'm OK.' And he went on and played. I don't know how he did it, but he did it."

To keep the muscles from tightening while Meredith was on the sidelines, the trainer slipped a heating pad, filled with a red liquid, right against the bruise. At one point Meredith was so woozy that he forgot to take the pad out before he went back on the field. Washington linebacker Sam Huff broke through and knocked Meredith to his knees. A crimson stain spread across Dandy's jersey, and Huff, drawing the obvious conclusion, went white. "All right, Sam," Meredith gasped in a dying man's voice, "just for that I'm coming right over you on the next play."

Later in the game an offensive lineman, who was also pretty badly banged up, ducked a block, allowing his man to come in and steamroller Meredith.

"You yellow dog," Meredith yelled, in front of the entire team. "You didn't even try to stop him."

"But I'm hurting," the player said.

Meredith ordered him off the field, and the man never played again.

"I think the importance of that year," Landry says, "was that everybody started to gain respect for Don Meredith as an individual. Maybe not as a quarterback, but as an individual. The great amount of character and endurance he showed that year were impressive to a lot of people."

Impressed or not, it seems as if Landry must stick with Meredith. Landry's multiple-offense system is so complex—even though he has simplified it considerably through the years—that it takes a minimum of three years to break in a new man. Oddly enough, that multiple-offense system grew out of his concern for defense. "A defensive coach starts out with some advantage in installing an offense," Landry says, "because he has seen what has hurt his own defenses.

"I would have gone with the multiple offense regardless of what team I took over," he emphasizes. "It so happened that this type of offense made it exciting for the type of material we had. We weren't winning, but at least you knew we were going to score some points."

Landry's tactics did, at least, keep that weak Dallas team from floundering hopelessly. In their first appearance in Dallas in 1960, in an exhibition game, the Cowboys were actually leading the World Champion Baltimore Colts, 10–7, with only 1:10 to play. On fourth down with 10 to go, Baltimore's Unitas threw a 62-yard touchdown pass.

In the opening league game they got off to a 14–7 lead against Pittsburgh before losing, 35–28. In the second game, against Philadelphia, they lost 27–25, when two of their extra-point tries were blocked. Against St. Louis they were leading 10–9 with 43 seconds left and lost on an 18-yard field goal.

Some observers feel that in 1962 Landry did one of the greatest coaching jobs ever done anywhere in steering the Cowboys to a record of 5-8-1. Landry again took charge of the offense that year, and the Cowboys, who had ranked eighth in offense in the league, immediately leaped to second place. The main reason was that Landry alternated LeBaron and Meredith on every play that year, which not only allowed Landry to call every play but enabled the sidelined quarterback to know exactly why it was being called.

Two years later, Landry took charge of the defense, his original specialty, and the Dallas defense jumped from 13th place to second. With the defense firmly established these past two years, he took over the offense again this year—it had dropped down to 10th—and it immediately became No. 1.

The improvement of the defense in 1964 was the first giant step, the foundation to the building of a winning ball club in Dallas. Landry teaches a very original concept of defense. In fact, it is so original that almost everybody who has ever played for him says, "In the beginning, it isn't a matter of understanding, it's a matter of believing."

Landry does not view defense as a matter of having the man nearest to the play go for the ballcarrier. Landry's concept of defense is based upon shifting groups of players, coordinated within themselves and tightly meshed with everybody else. Conventionally, the defensive man tries to go through the blocker and get to the ballcarrier ("hit and react"), which is not only the instinctive way to do it but would seem to be sheer common sense. To oversimplify the Landry system tremendously, the three or four men at the prime point of the attack, working together in tight formation, set up a wall. On a play coming into the right side of the line, the end holds the responsibility for the outside of the hole, the tackle for the inside, and the linebacker plugs the gap between them.

That sounds logical. But what if the ballcarrier, shut off at the place where he wants to go, decides to leave his blockers and try more-open territory? Landry has thought of that too. It is the job of the others to disregard the movement of the developing play and plug up any of the other holes that are developing along the line. "Our defense is designed to stop every play on the line of scrimmage," Landry says. "This is the theory, you have to remember, not necessarily the result."

It is a style of defense which is not easy to learn, since it violates not only the basic theories that have been instilled into the players over a period of years, but their own basic instincts. "If the ballcarrier is going inside, it isn't easy for a lineman to learn to go outside," Dallas line coach Ernie Stautner says. "They have to learn that not only is Tom's way the right way, but that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you decide to shoot wild Indians you can't afford to miss.

Switch to G-E Flashcubes...
all 4 bulbs are guaranteed to flash

It's not enough just to hope you'll get all 4 pictures. You want to know for sure. That's why General Electric Flashcubes are the ones to use for those great family shots you can't afford to miss. They're so reliable, so sure to flash every shot, that they're backed by a 4-for-1 guarantee. If at any time one of the bulbs in a G-E Flashcube should fail to flash, return it to G. E. and get a new 4-shot flashcube free.

So if you want to be sure you get all 4 of the pictures you take with a flashcube, switch to guaranteed G-E Flashcubes. At your dealer's now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once you become accustomed to it, it is the easiest way to play the game."

The improvement of the defense in 1964 did not take place, though, until Landry shook up his line after the fifth game. The big move was to shift Bob Lilly, who had been something of a failure as an end. Landry shifted him to tackle so that he could pit his strength, speed and reflexes against a somewhat lighter man, and from that moment on, Lilly has been the best tackle in the league. He is the only player allowed to depart from his assignment, since his reflexes are so quick that he can make a mistake and still recover.

The rest of the defense was really just patched together. Of the starting lineup at the beginning of this year, only three were draft choices. Three others came on trades, and the remaining five—including the entire secondary—were free agents; that is, as players nobody had thought worthy of drafting.

The Dallas club has 15 free agents on their squad this year, a tribute not only to their wall-to-wall scouting system (they have some kind of a record on everybody playing college football), but on their willingness to use a little imagination. Gil Brandt, their superscout, signed two basketball players, Cornell Green (Utah State) and Peter Gent (Michigan State), neither of whom had played college football. Green was so green that he went through the whole exhibition season wearing his hip pads backwards. This year they have a third basketball player, Kelly Pete (Wichita State), plus a lineman, Bill Sandeman, who was better known at the University of the Pacific as, of all things, a swimmer.

The offense really came alive last year with the coming of Bob Hayes, who had been drafted from Florida A. & M. as a future choice a year earlier. "I wish we could say we knew what we were getting," Brandt says, "but if we did, we'd have picked him higher in the draft than seventh."

It is difficult to judge a player from a small Negro college because the coaching is limited, and the competition can run from poor to terrible. In addition, Hayes spent every spring on the track team and was injured through most of his senior year.

The first report on him, at the beginning of his junior year, didn't even rate him as the best back on his own team. The area scout for the Cowboys rated his prospects only as good, and gave him that rating "only because of his speed. Does not have good running ability, nor is he a good pass receiver."

But there is speed and there is *speed*. When you talked about Hayes, you were talking about the fastest man who ever lived, and in a specialized sport that is a pretty good specialty.

The next report said that "He still has to slow up to cut. Not able to change directions as quickly as most. Not able to run inside." But there was some improvement. "Runs much better after the catch. Pass receiving has improved."

The last report, which still rated his prospects as no better than good, said, "Not a good blocker, not a good tackler. Doubt his toughness."

That last is interesting for whatever it might indicate about the preconceptions the scout may have had about trackmen. Hayes didn't block because his coach didn't want him to block. Hayes *is* tough. He tackles hard, and he blocks hard. In his opening game he flattened Jim Patton, the Giants' safety, with a shattering block. "I didn't know you could hit like that," Patton told him. "Well, you're laying there, ain't you, baby?" Hayes said.

The same skepticism was shown when Hayes was picked for the College All-Stars. The first report on him was a quote from Coach Otto Graham that "Hayes has 9.1 speed and 12.1 hands."

Actually, Hayes had trouble holding onto the ball because he had split the webbing between his fingers while catching a bullet from All-Star quarterback Craig Morton, who is also now with Dallas. Landry coached Hayes himself in his next appearance, the Senior Bowl game, and Hayes made a great catch and ran to score the South's touchdown in a 7–7 tie.

Landry still didn't know what he had until the final Dallas exhibition game, which was against the Chicago Bears in Tulsa. In the final quarter Hayes took off from the Bears' 25-yard line with a defensive man right alongside him. By the time he was in the end zone to take the touchdown pass, he was a good five yards ahead.

Landry went back to the blackboard that night and redesigned his offense to get Hayes in position to catch the ball. While Hayes ranked only 13th in the league in number of catches (46), he was the top man in the average-gain-per-catch (21.8 yards), fourth in yards gained (1,003) and tied with Dave Parks of San Francisco for the most touchdown receptions (12).

Despite Hayes, that 1965 season did have its dismal moments. According to Landry's original blueprint, that was the year in which the Cowboys were scheduled to move into contention. But Meredith got a sore arm in training camp, was ineffective even in the opening two victories, and was benched after the third game so that Landry could try his promising rookies, Morton and Jerry Rhome. They weren't effective either. With four straight losses behind him, he started Meredith again in Pittsburgh. Meredith was even more ineffective than the rookies. Dandy not only threw an interception, he dropped the pass from center on a field-goal attempt and had the football drop out of his hand on the Steelers' 10-yard line with nobody particularly close to him.

The Steelers, then the worst team in the N.F.L., beat the Cowboys 22–13. After the game, Landry—the unemotional man—locked the clubhouse doors, sat down and wept. On the plane home he announced that he was seriously considering going with the rookie quarterbacks for the rest of the year.

But three days later he opened a press conference with the announcement that, win or lose, "Meredith will start our last seven games."

"We talked it over with the staff," Landry says. "It was a very difficult decision. Meredith is such a controversial figure in Dallas. You're either for him or against him, and there are no shades in-between. His history of injuries was our major concern. Every year it was the same thing, ineffective because of injuries. At that point his arm was all right, and he was throwing well again. The big decision was do you go with him and hope the injuries are behind him, or do you try to come with a young kid who is more durable now and try to build up your team?"

One of the factors Landry obviously had to consider was the reaction of the other Cowboy players. Meredith had become the team leader, and the veterans—undoubtedly looking ahead to their old age—hold very strongly to the belief that one of their own should be given every chance to play himself out of the lineup.

"Deep down," Landry says, looking back, "I probably didn't really feel I wasn't going with Don. I'd been working so long to try to build a team, and if I go the other way now I'm working three years or so again into the future. And those are tough years to go through all over again. But I would have gone that way if I hadn't thought that maybe Don would settle down."

And then Landry said a curious thing. "I think the biggest satisfaction I've had here was that he did come through, and he has come on to establish himself as a pretty good quarterback."

And that seems to be the best mark Landry feels he can give him: "A pretty good quarterback."

Even in winning five of the last seven games last year, the flawed hero had his moment. Naturally it was before 76,251 people, the first sellout at home. The Cowboys, outplayed by the Cleveland Browns in the first half, took command in the second, narrowed the score to 24–17 on a Meredith pass to Gent, and then drove right back down to the one-yard line. On first down Meredith called a pass play, and threw to end Frank Clarke, who had been grabbed, perhaps illegally, just beyond the line of scrimmage. The pass was intercepted.

The Cowboys got the ball back on a fumble. Meredith completed a pass to Hayes down to the 23-yard line, and then, with time running out, threw another interception.

Since the game had been on national TV, Meredith was swamped with abusive letters, not only from Dallas, but from all over the country. Typically, he sat down and answered them all in longhand.

In the last seven games, Meredith threw 16 touchdown passes, but it is his destiny that all anybody remembers of that last half season is that he was intercepted on a first-down pass from the one-yard line.

To Landry, the Dallas Cowboys' greatest moment came in their 38–20 victory over New York in the final game of the season, not simply because it gave them their first break-even record, but because it put them in second place and made them the Eastern Conference representative in the Play-off Bowl. "This was the first time in all the years I've been here that I felt like we had a pro team," he says. "Because they took on a big game and they won it going away.

"But we haven't won the big game so far this year, have we? There have been very few clubs in the N.F.L. that have ever jumped from a five-hundred season to the championship. I don't think it's beyond expectation that you can do it, but I think a team does have to learn how to win."

Landry paused and reflected. "You know," he said, "I've always said it's harder to win the first championship than the second one, because once you've won the first one you're over the psychological hump. You know that you can win. And you know that everyone else knows it too." □

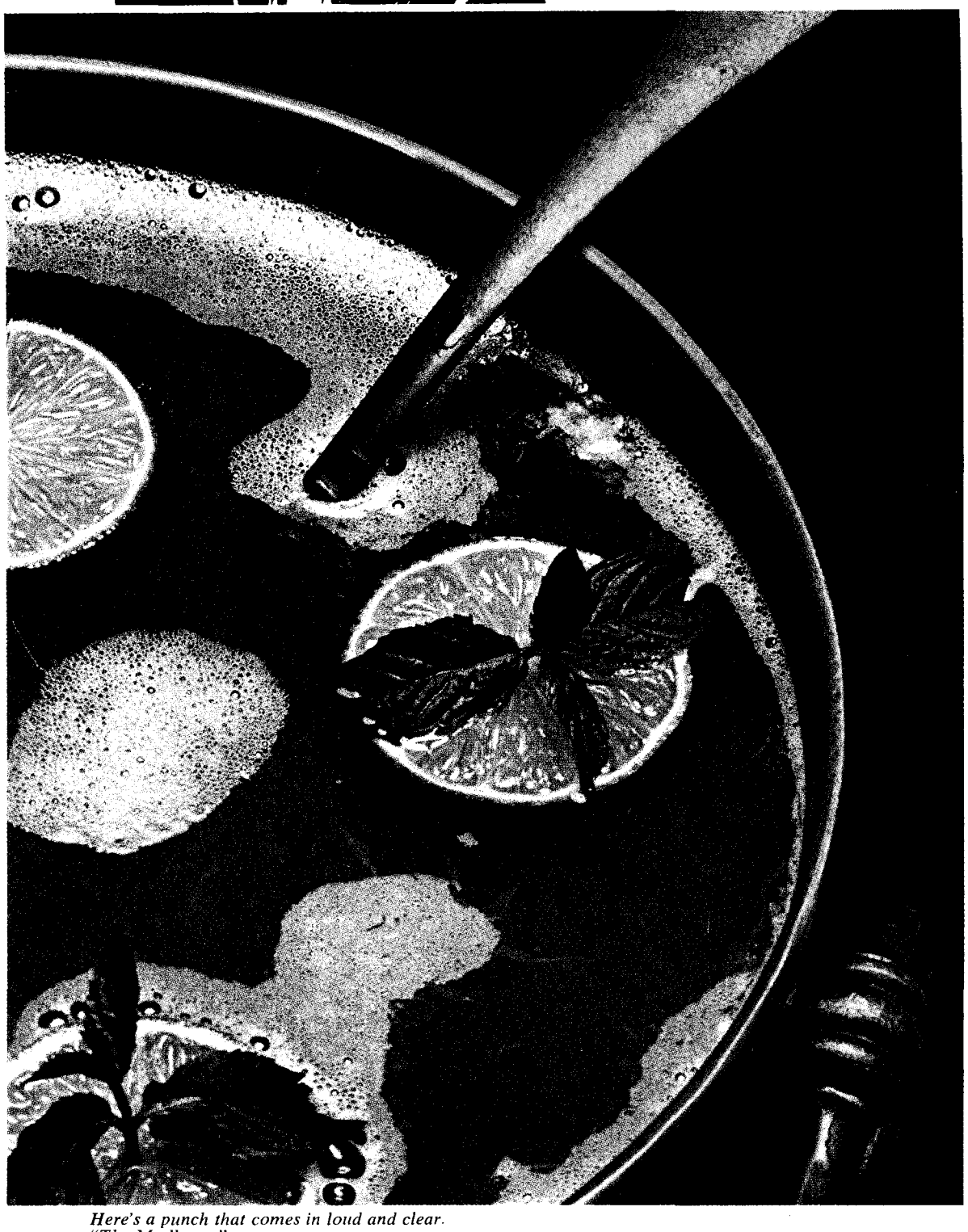
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Add just the right note to the festivities.

Sprite. Exuberant. Switched on. Noisy. Like nothing you've heard before.

Look for five, easy-to-mix holiday punch recipes free in cartons of Sprite.

So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.



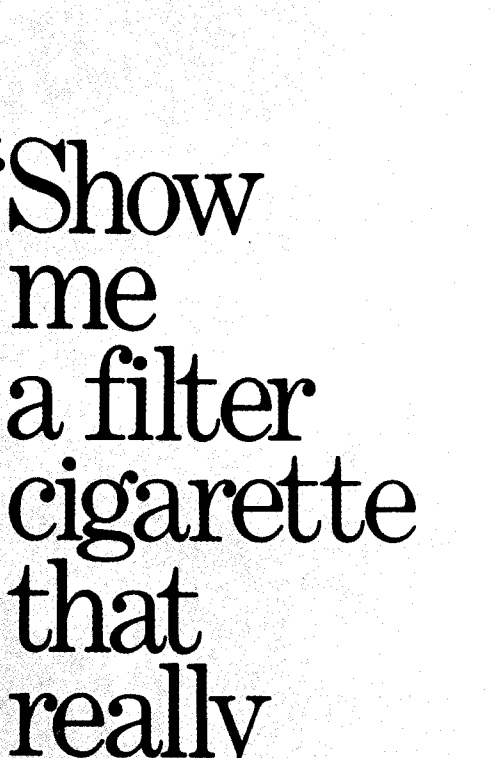
Here's a punch that comes in loud and clear.
"The Modhouse":
1 6-ounce package lime-flavored gelatin
2 cups hot water
½ to 1 cup bottled lime juice
2 12-ounce cans frozen concentrate for limeade
90 ounces (9 10-ounce bottles) of Sprite
1 teaspoon almond extract
Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Then stir in frozen concentrate for limeade. Add lime juice.
To serve, pour into bowl over 1½ quarts of cracked ice.
Add Sprite. Makes 48 4-ounce servings.
If you like a little more spirit, add a fifth of vodka.

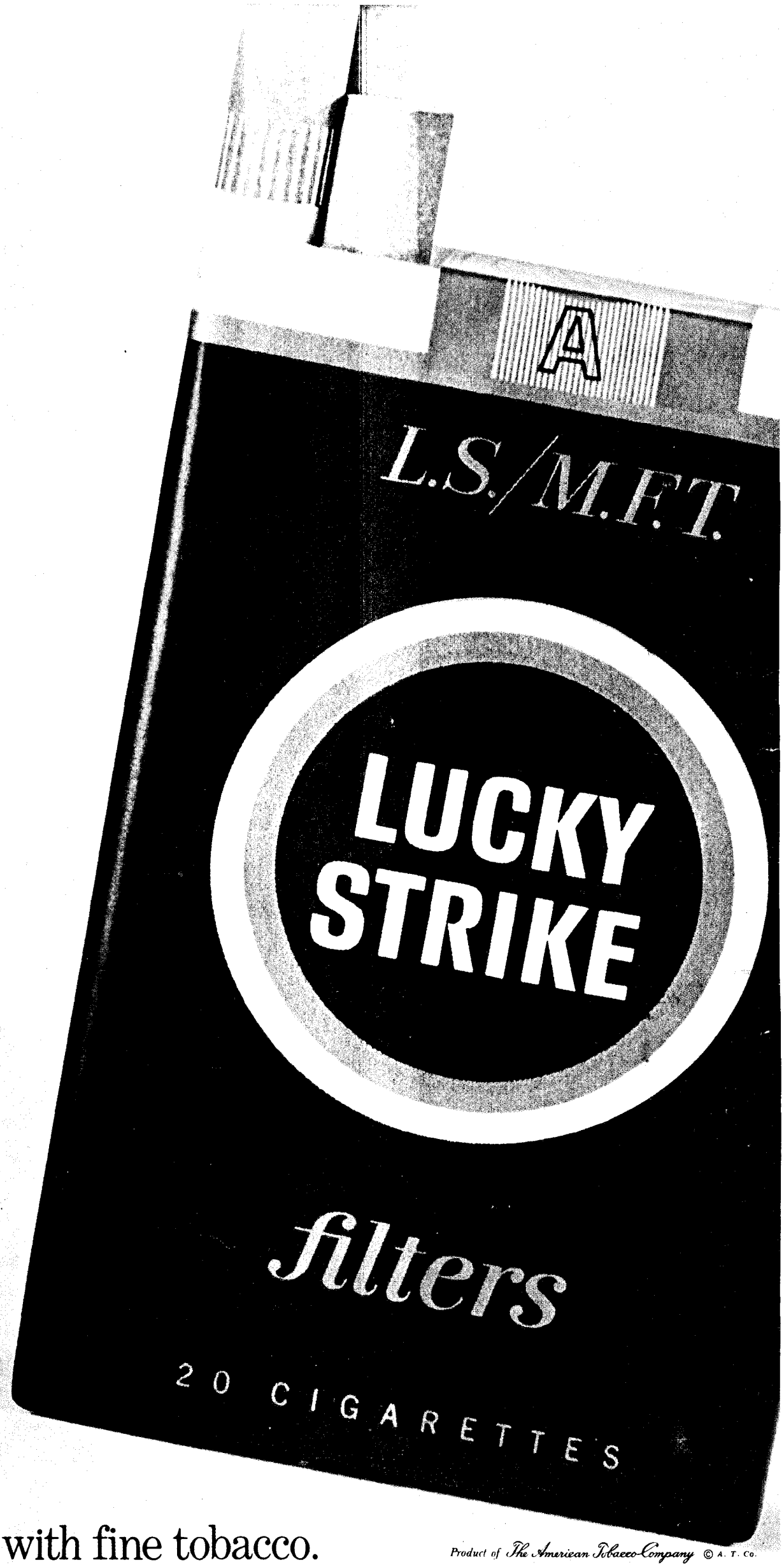
Mix up a merry olde bowl with tart, tingling Sprite.

TRADE-MARK®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"



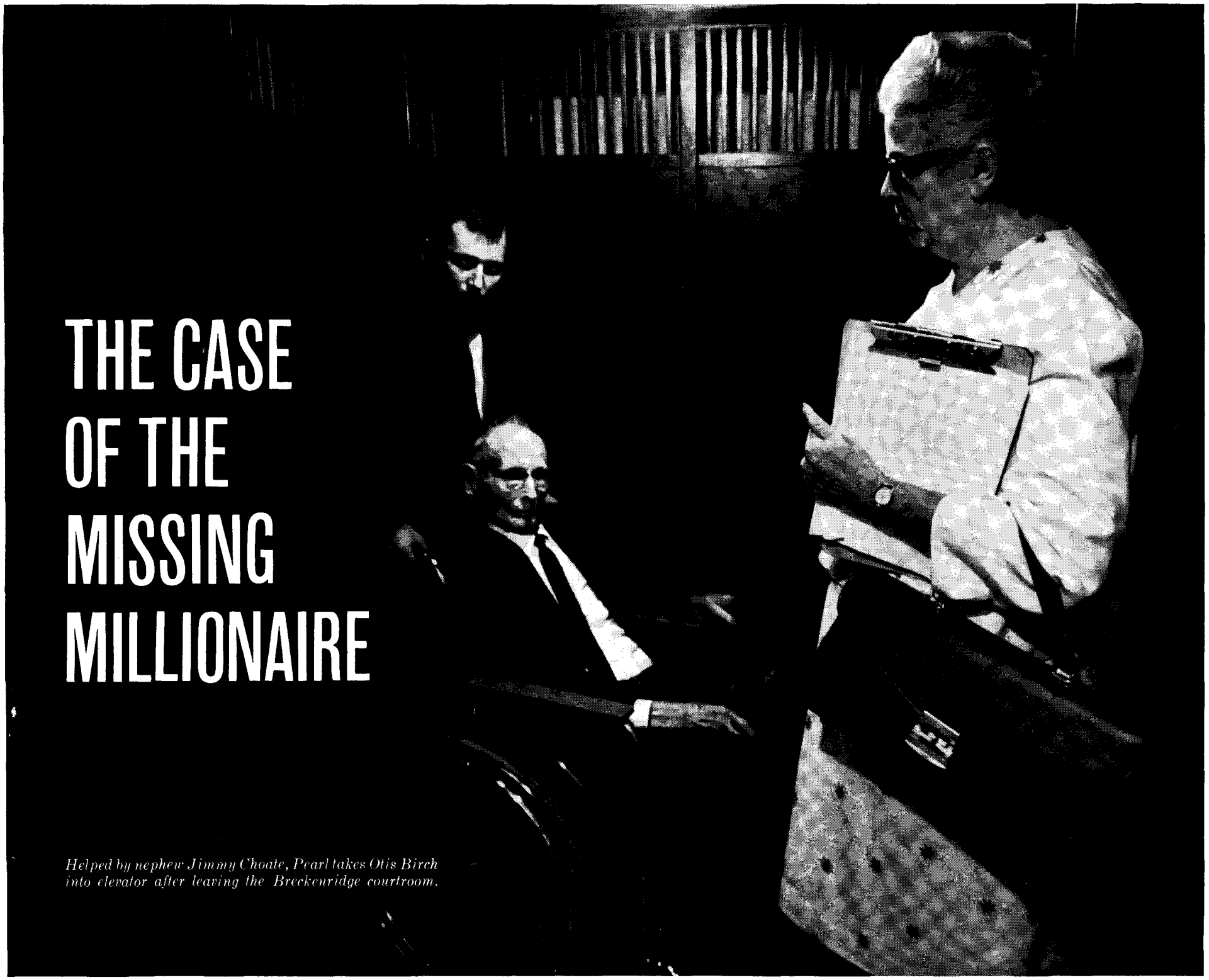


The filter cigarette with fine tobacco.

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE



Helped by nephew Jimmy Choate, Pearl takes Otis Birch into elevator after leaving the Breckenridge courtroom.

A. Otis Birch was old and feeble and rich, so he hired a nurse named Pearl Choate to take care of things. In slightly over a year she had taken care of his money, his house, his name, and was leading me on a wild chase across the Southwest.

By JAMES PHELAN

Photographs by Bill Bridges

They delivered the sealed casket to the Inglewood mausoleum on the morning of last October 13. It stood unattended in a corridor near the rear-delivery door for some time, while the cemetery workers took care of another entombment. There were no friends or relatives, no minister or mourners—just the coffin and a lone reporter.

The mausoleum in the Inglewood section of Los Angeles resembles a branch library in some prosperous suburb. The interior, in effect, is a giant filing cabinet. The crypts, one above another in neat rows, hold one body each, indexed by the occupant's name engraved on the crypt door. Identical vases full of bright-hued plastic flowers adorn each crypt face.

Shortly after 11 A.M. the crew wheeled the sealed casket on a rubber-tired carriage past the scentless, unfading bouquets to its assigned niche. It was hoisted smoothly by a mechanical lift and pushed into the wall. Then the crew went off to lunch. Outside, a jet airliner whined down through the thin smog toward nearby Los Angeles International Airport. The whine faded westward, and all was silent in the dimly lighted marble hall.

The body in the casket was that of Marguerite Estelle Conoway Birch, 93, wife of Albert Otis Birch, a 95-year-old Pasadena multimillionaire and philanthropist. Estelle Birch had no children but was loved by hundreds of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pearl Choate listed her occupation as "companion to the elderly," but her record showed that she had been far too modest.

'Pearl Choate told me that when Mrs. Birch died nobody was going to know it and she was going to take Mr. Birch and marry him.'

MISSING MILLIONAIRE

Pasadenans. In her long life she and her husband had given more than $20 million to missions, churches and seminaries. They had lived more than a half century in one house in Pasadena, and were the oldest living members of Temple Baptist Church in downtown Los Angeles. In days past they had played host to parties with hundreds of guests, and once gave a lawn fete for 1,500 in honor of the evangelist Billy Graham.

Yet no one had come to mourn her. I was almost certain I knew why, and standing alone in the silent hall, I thought of the title of one of Ray Bradbury's books: *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. I said good-bye to this gentle old woman I had never known, went down the green cemetery slope to my car, and drove to a downtown mortuary that had handled the funeral.

At the mortuary, a polite young man checked the files and reported that the body of Mrs. Birch had been flown in four days before from Breckenridge, Tex. It had been shipped by the Melton Funeral Home there with no instructions for burial. I found the California mortuary's records contained a single sheet of instructions given them by a Dr. Bernard Pearson. It said there was to be "No service or view, no newspaper notices." The reason no one had attended Estelle Birch's entombment was that none of her friends had known she was dead.

"*Pearl Choate told me.*" Marie Rickman had said months earlier, "*that when Mrs. Birch died nobody was going to know it, and she was going to go ahead and bury her and then take Mr. Birch over the line and marry him.*"

I had been hunting Pearl Choate and the Birches for more than a month, and I had found Estelle Birch too late. But there was still Otis. From the mortuary I drove home and looked up Breckenridge in an atlas. It was a town of 6,300 about 120 miles west of Dallas. I stuffed all the documents and notes I had collected into an old flight bag, took a jet to Dallas, rented a car, and started driving out toward Breckenridge.

I had got on the story through a tip. Early in September a distant cousin of Estelle Birch had written the *Post* from Iowa and asked for help in locating the Birches. He said they had been taken from their Pasadena mansion by a big nurse named Pearl Choate, that none of the California law officials had been able to do anything, and no one could learn where they were. The *Post* called me at my home in Long Beach and suggested that I look into it.

So I went up to South Pasadena to see where they lived. It was a big, eerie old house, at 431 Oaklawn Avenue, and it was called Bridgecrest. Bridgecrest stood on about three acres of ground in a good neighborhood, and it looked like a set from that Gloria Swanson movie, *Sunset Boulevard*. The lawn was burned out, the shrubbery was dying, and the inside of the house had been stripped to the walls. There was an empty trash barrel standing in the middle of a long living room, and on the floor you could see tufts of padding where the carpets had been ripped up. In the rear there was a five-car garage, an empty aviary with the rusty door standing open, and a big fish pond without water in it.

At the South Pasadena police department, I found that a missing-persons report had been filed on the Birches on July 20, signed by Martha Tulleys and Harlan Moehn, distant cousins of Mrs. Birch. For some reason, despite the prominence of the Birches, the newspapers hadn't picked it up. I talked to Moehn, an earnest, bespectacled California aerospace worker who was leaving the next day to move back to Iowa, and to Dr. Adrian Heaton, head of a Baptist seminary in Covina, Calif., which had been largely financed by gifts from old Otis Birch. They were deeply concerned about the Birches, and angry at what they considered apathy on the part of public officials. I went into Los Angeles and talked to the district attorney's office, checked some property transactions in the Hall of Records, made about 40 or 50 phone calls, and pieced together the following story.

Frail old Otis Birch had been 94 years old and Estelle 92 when Pearl Choate came into their lives in the summer of 1965. The Birches had been married 66 years and were living at Bridgecrest, which they had bought in 1911. Estelle had been bedridden for years and was far gone into senility. For several years old Otis had tried to take care of her himself, with the help of Martha Tulleys, who lived nearby. But Mrs. Tulleys had a sick husband of her own and worked full time as a switchboard operator. In the evenings she would stop by Bridgecrest, cook for them, try to do some housework, and nurse Estelle. By the summer of 1965 she was near collapse.

Otis Birch had made millions in years past in California oil, ranching and mining. He had brought in a major oil field more than 50 years ago, back in the days when you could make millions and keep them. Birch was a peppery old man, a strange combination of open-handed generosity and skinflint parsimony. He poured millions into Baptist charities, but would balk at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calling in a doctor. He had a life plan that he and Estelle had worked out. Estelle liked to tell how her mother, a wealthy woman in her own right, had died with only $1.36 to her name after giving away her money in her last years. Otis and Estelle often said they wanted to do the same thing. In 1965 they were down to their last million, mainly invested in gift annuities held by various religious institutions. There were 54 of them, yielding the old couple something over $40,000 a year in interest. In addition, they owned three oil wells near Bakersfield that netted them $1,200 a month, an interest in a Utah mine and mill, and Bridgecrest.

In July of 1965 friends and relatives prevailed on them to hire two nurses. They were picked from a hat, as it were, by a telephone call to the Altadena Nurses Registry. The first to show up was Marie Rickman, who took the night shift on July 21. At seven the next morning the second nurse showed up. She was Pearl Choate, 58, a huge, big-boned woman from Yell County, Ark. She was six feet and weighed over 200 pounds, and everyone thought she was just what the Birches needed. "She was a real take-charge type," says Dr. Heaton. Within two weeks, Marie Rickman was gone and Pearl was on 24-hour duty at $1,000 a month.

Pearl was a hard worker and strong as a draft horse. She had listed excellent references when she signed on with the nurses' registry, including a glowing recommendation from a Dr. Bernard Pearson of Beverly Hills. When the Birches' friends suggested that the old couple needed a medical checkup, Pearl brought Dr. Pearson into the case. Pearl cleaned the house, tidied up Estelle, made the old couple eat regularly and began running Bridgecrest like a master sergeant. When Otis needed a bath, Marie Rickman recalled, Pearl would pick him up like a child and take him in and bathe him. When Pearl got angry with him, Marie says, she would spank him, and "he just went upstairs, like a little child would, and pouted." And yet, for some reason locked away in his 95-year-old mind, Otis Birch came to look on the hulking nurse as his only friend and protector.

The Birches, who once had five maids and a butler, had outlived all their servants except a devoted Mexican gardener named Manuel Chavez. "Pearl was fine nurse," Manuel recalls, "but there were things people didn't know. I be in the house and she call Mr. Birch 'darling' and 'dear,' but outside she curse him. Sometimes I hear Mrs. Birch calling for help. 'You're hurting me,' old Mrs. Birch cry. 'You're always hurting me.' But Mr. Birch deaf, can't hear her."

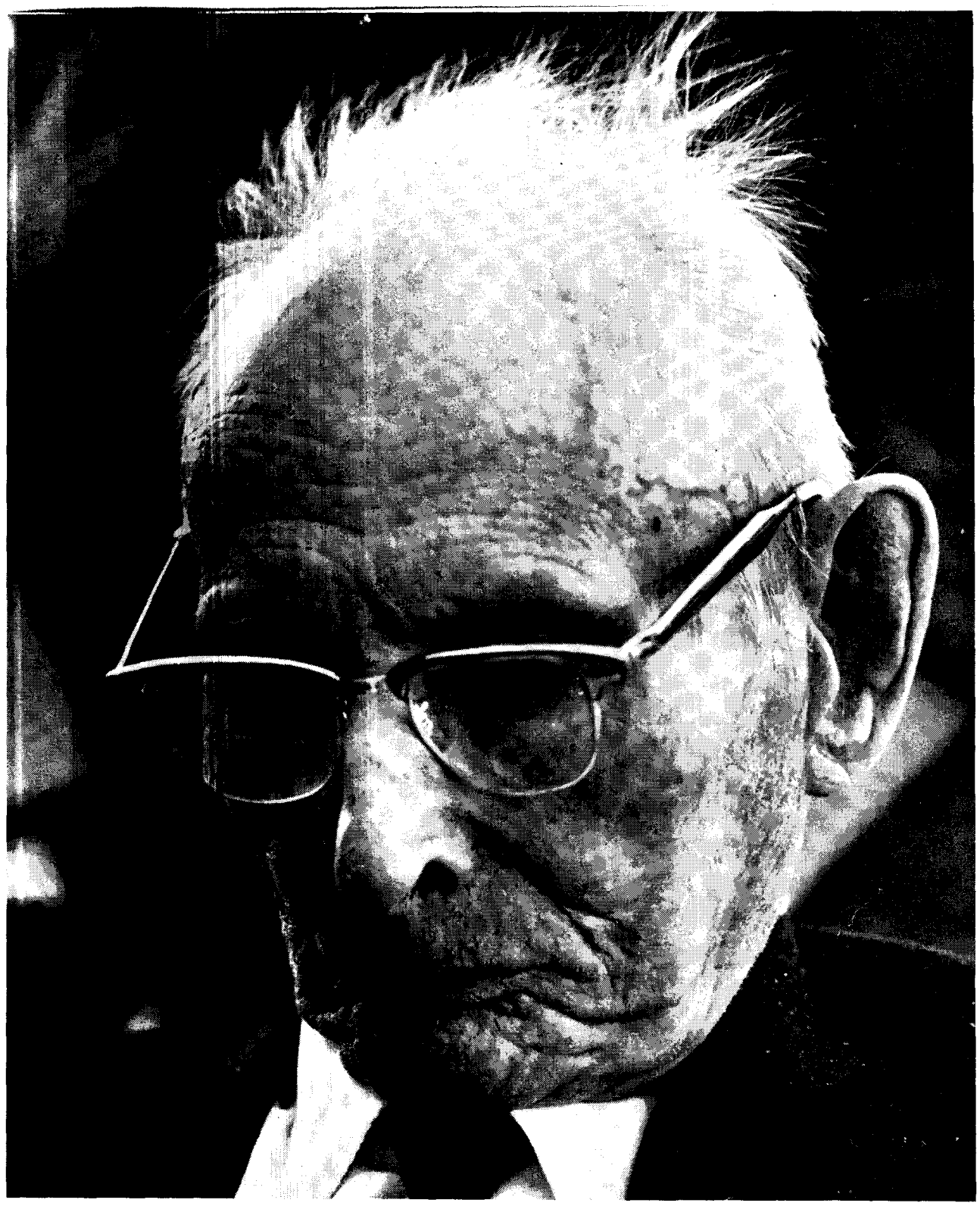
One day Pearl fired Manuel Chavez. "I tell her she had no right to fire me because she did not own that place. She said she in charge of that place already. She call me bad words that I can't say to anyone. She won't let me talk to Mr. Birch."

The people big Pearl couldn't bulldoze out of the way, she conned. She stayed on good terms with Dr. Heaton and his associate at the seminary, Dr. Lawrence Allen, the last two people who were close to the Birches and who occasionally called on them. "We were pleased that she seemed to be taking good care of the Birches," says Dr. Heaton. "We had been concerned for some time at the deterioration in the Birch household, and Pearl seemed to have things well in hand."

After Nurse Rickman went on another job, Pearl stayed in touch with her. "She used to call me all the time," Marie related. "She told me she was going to come into a lot of money and wanted me to go in partners with her in a rest home."

Pearl was a compulsive talker, Marie Rickman says. "Pearl said, 'I'm going to take everything they've got.' I said, 'Pearl, you're going too far.' She said, 'No, if the rest of the vultures can get it, I'll get it.' I told Pearl she was walking on dangerous ground. She said 'I'll have it all so legalized that nobody can touch me.' "

The first thing Pearl got was Birch's three oil wells. She borrowed $5,000 from a bank in New Mexico and bought the wells from Otis Birch. They netted enough—at $1,200 a month—to repay the purchase price in a little over four months. In May of 1966, Pearl was heard to boast that she had the Utah mill in her name and had the combination to the Birch safe.



Otis Birch was 95 years old, totally deaf, half blind, and all he knew of the world was what Pearl wanted to tell him.

On June 2 a deed was recorded in Los Angeles conveying Birch's old mansion and its grounds to Pearl Choate and Dr. Bernard Pearson "as tenants in common." There was no indication that any money had changed hands. The deed was signed by Otis Birch and bore the notation that the recording had been requested by Dr. Bernard Pearson, with the deed to be mailed to his office, 1100 Glendon Avenue, Beverly Hills.

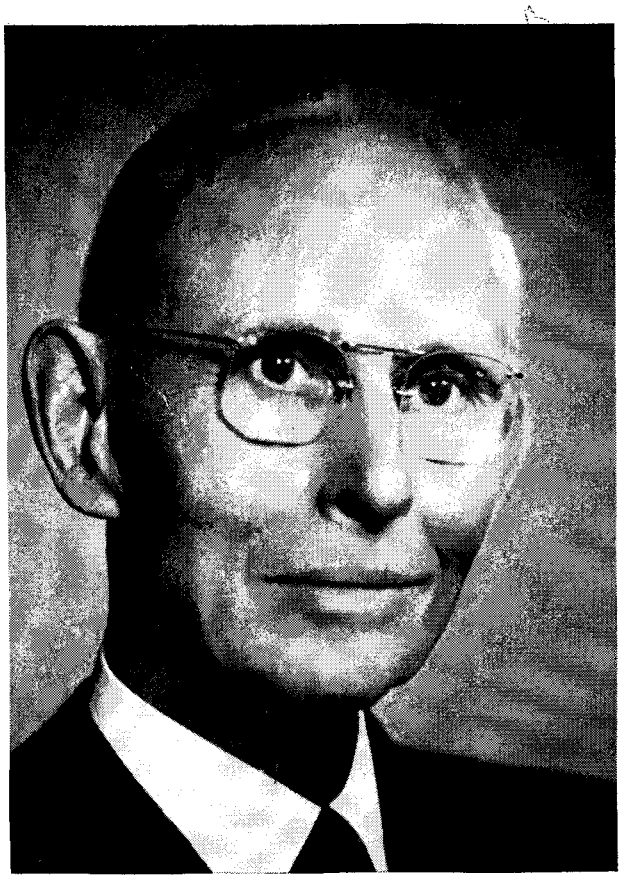
"Pearl told me she had two attorneys in Los Angeles," Nurse Rickman said later. "She said they were guiding her on how to get the money, and were advising her on every word to say."

In April of this year Pearl Choate moved the aged Birch couple out of their spacious Pasadena home and took them to her tiny duplex apartment in Compton, some 20 miles from Pasadena. She told Dr. Heaton that Estelle Birch had undergone exploratory surgery in Beverly Hills and had been found to be dying of cancer. Pearl explained that she had taken the Birches to Compton because Bridgecrest was too big, and it would be easier to care for them in her own home.

In the meantime, she had brought in her brother, William T. Choate, from Texas, and installed him at Bridgecrest as a "watchman." She had also acquired a Negro chauffeur-handyman named Houston Perry, a one-time rug cleaner and car-wash employee, who moved into the tiny Compton apartment. It had two bedrooms. In one room, in one bed, Pearl installed the senile Estelle Birch and her deaf, near-blind husband.

After Pearl acquired control of Bridgecrest, William Choate and Houston Perry cleaned out the old mansion. With three helpers they drove some old trucks up to Bridgecrest and moved out every stick of furniture, all the antiques, statuary, vases, pictures, oriental rugs, silverware, and even the appliances and the lawnmowers. Relatives later estimated the value of the Bridgecrest contents at about $80,000. Seeing the empty house being stripped, neighbors called the South Pasadena police who went out and asked what was going on. Perry and Choate produced a bill of sale couched in stilted legal language and signed with the wavering signature of A. Otis Birch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MISSING MILLIONAIRE

On the evening of June 7 the newly appointed pastor of Temple Baptist Church, Dr. Paul Kopp, decided to pay a pastoral call on Estelle and Otis Birch. Dr. Kopp was met at the door by William Choate, who, Dr. Kopp says, "refused to give me any information whatever about the Birches." Late that night, he says, he had an "abusive" phone call from Pearl Choate. Knowing nothing of the background of this strange affair, Dr. Kopp was badly shaken and decided some legal action had to be taken. On the following night, before anything could be done, Pearl piled the Birches into a black Cadillac and blew out of Compton.

She muddied her trail by calling Dr. Allen and telling him she had gone to Palm Springs, but refused to give him a phone number or an address. The seminarians checked at Bridgecrest, and William Choate hinted that Pearl had taken the Birches out to the desert "to get out of the smog."

Some time in June, with Perry driving, Pearl crossed the Mexican border and installed the aged pair in a rented house in the Mexican resort town of Ensenada. Ensenada is a garish beach town with only very mediocre medical facilities, some 65 miles south of Tijuana. It was the first stop on a wild, cruel flight that was to cover several thousand miles, with old Mrs. Birch and her husband jouncing through four states in a series of cars and rented ambulances.

Back in California, the Baptists decided to take their worries to the district attorney's office in Los Angeles, and the office agreed to check it out. Through Dr. Pearson's attorney, the D.A.'s men located Pearl and the Birches in Ensenada. On July 9 two investigators from the D.A.'s office, accompanied by an FBI agent as an observer, went down to Ensenada.

Pearl had old Otis Birch programmed for the interrogation like a computer. He was totally deaf, and the only way anyone could communicate with him was by large, hand-printed messages written on a pad. He would study the message, letter by letter, with a strong magnifying glass, until he comprehended it. Although his mind apparently was remarkably good for a man in his 90's, he was living in a closed world in which the only information he got was filtered to him by Pearl Choate. In response to written questions, Otis declared he was in Mexico of his own free will, and that he had gone there "because Mrs. Choate and I decided it was the best place to come."

Although it was inexplicable for a nurse to bring a dying woman to a cheap Mexican resort, the D.A.'s men decided that it violated no law and went back to the U.S. Within hours, Pearl had bundled up her two charges, closed the Ensenada house and roared off into the night in a second car, leaving Perry and the Cadillac behind.

Back in California, Martha Tulleys and another relative obtained a court order setting up the Security First National Bank of Pasadena as conservator or guardian of the Birch estate, and naming Martha Tulleys as conservator of the persons of Estelle and Otis Birch. On July 20 they filed a missing-persons report with the police department in South Pasadena.

Unable to serve Pearl Choate with legal papers, the conservatorship filed a *habeas corpus* proceeding that named Dr. Pearson, William Choate and Pearson's attorney, and demanded that the Birches be produced in court. At the Pasadena hearing, a Texas attorney appeared and reported that Mr. Birch was hospitalized in Harlingen, Tex., and could not travel for at least 30 days.

At Artesia, N. Mex., in some still-unexplained accident, old Otis Birch had broken his hip. Brawny Pearl had driven Estelle and the old man, broken

Top left, Bridgecrest; center, portraits of Otis and Estelle Birch in happier days; below, a room of their looted house with tufts on floor showing where carpets were ripped up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After mysteriously fleeing California, Pearl took the aged couple on a wild ride through Mexico and the Southwest.

hip and all, all the way across Texas before putting him in a hospital.

Excited by this news of the Birches' whereabouts, the two Baptists, Heaton and Allen, hastened by plane to Harlingen. There they found that Pearl had fled again.

"She had bulldozed her way into the hospital," says Dr. Heaton, "and taken out Otis Birch despite the written statement of the attending doctor that he could not travel for a month. She had hired an ambulance in Harlingen, loaded old Mrs. Birch and Otis into it, and had them driven six hundred miles to Midland, Texas.

"We inquired at Midland, and learned that she had put the Birches in a motel. The next day she vanished again. We inquired around at all the ambulance firms, but could find none that had moved them anywhere."

The frustrated Baptists flew back to their California seminary, and the trail went cold for two long months.

Later, it was learned how Pearl had shaken off the Baptist sleuths. She had called out to Breckenridge and sent for an unmarked ambulance. At Midland the ailing old people were loaded aboard and driven back to Breckenridge. There Pearl put them in the Maridee Motel for one night, then transferred them to a Breckenridge nursing home. She kept them there for 18 days, feeding and tending them herself during the day, and sleeping in a rented room at night.

Nurses at the rest home later testified that Estelle Birch had moments of seeming lucidity, when she cried out, "Why are we at the mercy of this woman?" and "Why must we travel so much?" Otis Birch, seemingly passive on the adjoining bed, and stone-deaf, could not hear his wife's outcries.

On August 31 Pearl moved the aged pair out to her brother's house at 1213 West First Street and installed them in a bedroom. Between September 3 and October 7, dying Estelle's last days on this earth, she had no medical attention at all.

Although Pearl Choate's sponsor, Dr. Pearson, had said that Estelle Birch was dying of cancer, the doctor who signed the death certificate attributed her death to "arteriosclerotic cardiovascular failure." A small death notice was given to the local newspaper, and Estelle's body was turned over to the undertaker. On October 9 a modest funeral service was conducted at the Melton Funeral Home by the minister of the Walker Street Church of Christ in Breckenridge. Her body was then flown back to Inglewood.

In Pasadena the bank's conservatorship had asked the cemetery to notify the bank if a body showed up there for burial. On October 12 the cemetery reported to the bank that a body was to be entombed the next day. The bank telephoned the Iowa relatives, and they called me.

Breckenridge strings out on both sides of Highway 180, which runs straight as a ruler through the flat country of West Texas. The town centers on the Stephens County Courthouse, a well-worn old stone building in a small park. I checked in at the Ridge Motel and went around to the *American*, a three-times-a-week newspaper edited by Virgil Moore. Moore had run a two-inch story on Estelle's death, and it had intrigued him by what it didn't say. The story called Estelle "a resident of Breckenridge for the past two months" and said she was survived by Albert Otis Birch, "a resident of Breckenridge." It said that Mrs. Birch had died October 7 at 1213 West First Street. And that was all. "We couldn't get any details on her background," Moore said, "or where they had lived before they came to Breckenridge."

I checked the West First Street address in the telephone book and found that it was the home of S. H. Choate, proprietor of a Breckenridge tavern. The house turned out to be a modest frame dwelling near the northwest edge of town, out where the sidewalks end and the empty fields start. In front of it were two cars and a small truck. One of the cars was a white Ford with California license RVA-068. I drove back to the motel, called the attorney general's office in California and asked them to check out the license.

The Ford was registered to Pearl Choate. The hunt was over. Wherever big Pearl was, Albert Otis Birch had to be. I called Estelle Birch's relatives in Iowa, Harlan Moehn and another cousin named Dean Gaines, and they said they would leave immediately. Then I called the Baptist seminary president, Dr. Adrian Heaton, and he also agreed to fly down at once.

The next evening, October 24, I met with the two Iowa cousins, Harlan Moehn and Dean Gaines, and we tried to figure out what to do next. They were deeply bitter about the way Estelle Birch had been treated, but it was too late to help her. Moehn and Gaines insisted that they were not interested in Otis Birch's money. "We've never asked or got a dime from him in our lives," said Harlan Moehn, "and we don't expect to be named in his will." All they wanted to do, they declared, was to assure themselves that Otis Birch was not being held against his will, and that he knew what had been happening. "We think Pearl Choate has been poisoning him against all his old friends and relatives," Moehn said. "But if he wants to stay here in Texas and knows what he is doing, that's all right with us."

After about an hour we were joined at the motel by attorney Ben Dean Jr., of Breckenridge, who had been hastily hired via telephone by the California conservator of the Birch estate. Dean is a blunt-spoken, hard-driving Texan who had served in the district attorney's office in Dallas and has a top-flight reputation in Texas legal circles. He told us he was there only as the attorney for the conservatorship, but was willing to listen to what we had to say. It took us five hours to spell out the whole bizarre story.

Dean then gave out some information of his own. When Pearl Choate had hit town, two months earlier, she had tried to hire him as her lawyer. "She told me almost nothing," Dean said, "but what little she said wouldn't wash. I told her to get some other lawyer."

A short time after that Pearl Choate introduced Breckenridge attorney C. J. (Jack) Eden to Otis Birch, and Birch hired him as his lawyer. And Jack Eden was none other than the county attorney for Stephens County.

We ended the motel session at 3 A.M. and were up again at 7:30. By 10 A.M. Dean had pulled together some astonishing information. On August 18, he reported, Pearl had acquired a comprehensive power of attorney from Otis Birch, giving her virtually unlimited authority over his business affairs. On September 21, Dean said, Pearl had filed a petition to be named Birch's guardian, alleging him to be of unsound mind. On October 7 a hearing had been held on the guardianship

Reporter Phelan (right) talks to Deputy Don Raglin during one of the few calm moments he had in Breckenridge.

action, in which Pearl had brought Otis Birch down to the courthouse in a wheelchair. The judge had refused to approve Pearl as Otis's guardian, and she had taken him back to the First Street house around noon.

At 4:45 that afternoon, Estelle Birch had died in the little frame house at the edge of town.

Five days after her death, Dean went on, a petition was filed in district court for Otis Birch to adopt Pearl as his legal daughter, in order, according to his petition, "that she may be capable of inheriting his estate."

"The hearing on this adoption is set for October twenty-eighth," Ben Dean reported. "That's next Friday. If the California conservator so instructs me, I think we will put in an appearance and say a few words."

The next 72 hours were the wildest three days in Breckenridge's memory. "They're gonna be talking about this fifty years from now," a courthouse loiterer observed when it was all over. "I seen most of it happen, and I still don't believe it."

At 10:30 A.M. on the 25th, Moehn and Gaines decided to go out to the house on First Street and try to talk to Otis Birch. Pearl came and peeped out through a window and asked who they were. They identified themselves and asked to see Mr. Birch. Pearl wheeled and was gone for about 10 minutes. Then she came back and shouted, "Mr. Birch don't know anyone from Iowa. Just because this is a small town, don't think you can come out here without an appointment! See his lawyer!" Then she slammed the window.

The Iowans went directly to the downtown office of Jack Eden. He said he would arrange an appointment for them to see Birch that afternoon, and would call them at the Ridge Motel. Then they came back to the motel and told me what had happened. I decided I wouldn't go with them because Pearl knew that I was the cause of a lot of her trouble, and I figured they would have a harder time talking to Birch if I were there.

Instead, I went to lunch with Sheriff Chase Booth of Stephens County, his chief deputy Don Raglin, and Burke Musgrove, the newly elected state representative from Breckenridge. After getting a quick rundown on Pearl, Chase allowed as how it might be interesting to run a check on her in the files down at Austin, the state capital. He pushed back from the table, said, "Y'all take care," and went off with his deputy.

At about 2 o'clock Moehn and Gaines got a call from attorney Eden. He said he was at the house on First Street, and they could come out and see Otis Birch. They got in their rental car and drove off, tense and apprehensive.

Thirty minutes later Moehn and Gaines burst into my motel room, white-faced and stuttering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harlan Moehn, the relative from Iowa whose concern over missing couple brought Phelan into the story.

Pearl offered to make nurse Rickman a partner, saying, "I'm going to take them for everything they've got."

MISSING MILLIONAIRE

in terror. "That big gal came at me with a butcher knife," Moehn said. "She was screaming 'I'll cut your heart out, you ——! I'll kill you!'"

Moehn said they had been brought into a back bedroom where Otis Birch was propped up in bed. Pearl and Jack Eden were sitting there, and the atmosphere was tense. Moehn said he wanted to write out some questions for Mr. Birch, and Eden said to go ahead. The first one he wrote was: DID YOU SAY YOU DID NOT WANT TO SEE IOWA RELATIVES? Otis peered at it with his magnifying glass, they said, and answered loudly, "No."

Then Moehn printed: DID YOU KNOW ESTELLE HAD CANCER WHEN YOU WERE TRAVELING AROUND THE COUNTRY? Otis had replied, "Not at first."

As Moehn was writing out another question, Pearl got up and ran out of the room. When she came back she was carrying a butcher knife, and she went straight for Moehn, screaming curses. Attorney Eden grabbed her and wrestled her to a sofa, and Moehn and Gaines ran for their lives.

While the shaken Iowans spilled out their story, a car slid to a halt outside. In came Jack Eden, full of apologies. Pearl was just "overwrought," he said, and he began trying to explain that rushing at a person with a butcher knife and shouting, "I'll cut your heart out," did not constitute a legal offense. He was still trying to calm the outraged Iowans when the phone began ringing.

It was Sheriff Chase Booth, and he sounded as if someone was after *him* with a butcher knife.

"Hooo-eeee, mister," said Chase. "Been on the phone to Austin. This big old gal's got a record long as Dillinger's, and it's got murder on it. Get down to my office fast."

I hung up, interrupted attorney Eden's oil-pouring, took the Iowans aside and told them what the sheriff had said. Moehn had just begun to get his normal color back, and he went white again. "Lock yourself in the motel room and don't talk to anyone but Ben Dean," I told them, and ran for my car.

Down at the courthouse the sheriff already had a secretary taking down Pearl's record in shorthand. I called the attorney general's office in California and told them what we had found. Inside an hour they had Pearl's California rap sheet from Sacramento. It had been sitting there all these months that the Birches had been listed missing. In the investigations by four law agencies, nobody had picked it up. Nobody.

Big Pearl had a record going back to 1926 on charges ranging from vagrancy through murder. She had been convicted of drunk driving, shoplifting, malicious mischief, felony theft, and had a flock of arrests on which the disposition was unknown. In 1949 she had been sentenced to the Goree unit of Huntsville Prison in Texas for 22 years for pumping four shots into the back of a carpenter named Alfred Allison and killing him.

She had been paroled in 1954, but in December, 1956, had been indicted in Houston for theft and had been sent back to Huntsville for parole violation. Pearl's own version of what had happened in Houston, as related in the prison record, had a blood-chilling familiarity. Pearl claimed that she had been "employed as a companion to a semi-invalid lady" and had been "traveling around the state" with her in a house trailer, when the lady's daughter "made trouble for her" because she thought that big Pearl was going to get the ailing woman to name Pearl in her will.

The prison record called Pearl a "companion to the elderly," and it rated her rehabilitation prospects as "poor." She had an 11th-grade education, was a nonattending member of the Church of Christ, and by 1957 had gone through six husbands. All of them were listed on her record as "deceased" except one, a William Carr, and his status was termed "unknown." She had married C. L. Emerson in 1925, when she was 18; Harry M. Hornbeck in 1927; Calvin Langston in 1930; C. W. Crowsley in 1939; Langston again in 1942 after a 1939 divorce; and Carr and a Texan named Asa Spears on unknown dates. She had been turned loose from Huntsville in 1963, and in September, 1964, she was out in Los Angeles "nursing" elderly people again. In that month she had drawn a suspended 90-day sentence for "malicious mischief to vehicle."

Pearl had signed on with the Altadena Nurses Registry on April 7, 1965. She had been recommended by Dr. Pearson, although he admitted later that he had known she had a criminal record. Under oath in Breckenridge she was to testify that she was neither a registered nurse nor a licensed vocational nurse. She referred to herself as "an undergraduate nurse," a respectable way of saying that she had never completed the minimum training for any kind of license. Knowing nothing of her background, the Altadena registry had sent her out to Bridgecrest to take care of Estelle and Otis Birch.

While the sheriff was running off extra copies of Pearl's record, Ben Dean came striding into the courthouse with Harlan Moehn in tow. Shown Pearl's long rap sheet, Ben Dean snapped: "We're going to make it a little longer. Mr. Moehn is signing an assault complaint against Pearl Choate."

When Birch's relatives tried to ask him a few questions, Pearl Choate cursed and came at them with a butcher knife.

They brought her down in a squad car on the butcher-knife charge. Pearl was riding in the front seat, a big, slope-shouldered woman with gray hair streaked with yellow dye and pulled back in a tight bun. She was wearing a nurse's white uniform and a blue coat. Before she got out of the squad car, she took off her coat and draped it over her head like a Chicago mobster to foil the photographers. After she was booked and fingerprinted, she made the $200 bail and came groping out again, her coat still over her head. Angered by the photographers, she suddenly lashed out, missed the newsmen, and twice kicked Representative Musgrove in the leg. Then she was driven back to her house by lawyer Jack Eden.

When the Iowa relatives learned that Pearl had been turned loose, they refused to stay on at the Ridge Motel. "No sir!" Moehn kept saying. "No sir! Not with that big gal on the loose. No sir!" Representative Musgrove arranged to have them moved to the home of a wealthy Breckenridge rancher, "Hack" Veale, where I joined them. By now I had gone two days on less than four hours' sleep, and my mind was numb with fatigue. It was almost 10 P.M. before Otis Birch's plight came crashing in on me. He was out in the lonely house on First Street with a known murderess, and none of us knew whether he knew it.

Representative Musgrove got on the telephone, with me on an extension, and we called county attorney Eden. We asked him if he had advised his client, Otis Birch, of the full record that Sheriff Booth had fished up on Pearl Choate. Eden said he had not, but he allowed that he'd probably get around to it the next day. We urged him to do it that night, but Eden didn't think it was necessary. "I'll tell him tomorrow," he said.

Musgrove then called the sheriff and asked him to stake out the house on First Street. Then he put in a call to the Texas Rangers, and got them to dispatch two teams to Breckenridge.

The Rangers watched the house all night. At midmorning the next day they learned that Pearl had outthought everybody again. Less than an hour before the stakeout had been set up she had loaded old Otis into a brand-new red Dodge Charger she had bought in Breckenridge, and, with one of her nephews at the wheel, Pearl had gone roaring out of Breckenridge.

When he learned that Pearl had disappeared again, Harlan Moehn signed a kidnap complaint and got a warrant for Pearl's arrest. The news was flashed to the Texas highway patrol, and all the Mexican-border crossing points were alerted.

Instead, she ran north. The next afternoon, at Altus, Okla., she got some quick blood tests for her and Otis, and then called the license clerk. "She wanted to know whether a 95-year-old man needed proof of age to get married," says Clerk Connie Connell. "I said the law required it, and that you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could use a birth certificate, a driver's license, or a fishing license.

"Just before closing time, this young man came up to my office and got the marriage license. I remember him because he kept smirking, like something was mighty funny. He asked me to take the license down to the car, where they had this old man propped up, and the old man and this big woman signed the papers. They used a couple of new Oklahoma fishing licenses as proof of age."

From the courthouse they drove to the home of a minister named Joe Laird, who married them in the car. The ceremony was performed just 19 days after the death of Estelle Birch.

The next day, when I drove up to Oklahoma and checked on the marriage, all Altus was talking about the wedding and the fishing licenses. "Know what?" said a drugstore clerk. "I think one of those fishing licenses caught something."

From Altus, big Pearl went straight back to Breckenridge, where she carried her 95-year-old groom over the threshold on First Street, and then went off and made $5,000 bond on the kidnapping charge. By then the story had broken across the country, and the town was swarming with newsmen. Pearl began granting interviews with anyone who would listen. She claimed that her "only bond with Mr. Birch is love," because she already had all his money. "He gave it to me seven months ago," said big Pearl. She said the whole point of the long, wild flight from California was to "protect him from those devil ministers who were trying to get his money."

She claimed that Estelle Birch had known that Otis was deeding his property to her. "She didn't care." big Pearl said. "She was a wonderful person, and I loved her, and she loved me."

The *American* editor, Virgil Moore, was more interested in what Otis Birch had to say, and he quietly arranged the first interview anyone had with the old man. When first queried as to whether he was married, Otis Birch slowly read the question with his powerful magnifying glass and then said, "No." Pearl jumped up and wrote him a message. TELL HIM, it said. IT'S OKAY.

"I didn't go inside," Otis Birch persisted. "I signed the license, but I didn't know we were married." Pearl wrote some more on the pad, and Otis spoke up again. "I sat in the car," he said. "I didn't go in. I didn't know he was a preacher. If that's all it took, then we are married."

Moore's interview took place on Wednesday night, October 26. On Friday, Otis and Pearl went into court on a *habeas corpus* hearing on Harlan Moehn's complaint that Pearl was holding Otis against his will. It was the same day the court had scheduled the hearing on the plan for Otis to adopt Pearl. The Oklahoma wedding made the adoption not only unnecessary but unseemly, and the matter was dropped. At the *habeas corpus* hearing, Otis denied that Pearl was holding him against his will, and said he had left California because "the authorities wanted to take me and make a test for insanity." He did not identify "the authorities," and he said this information had come to him through Pearl Choate.

Through the rest of the two-day hearing he sat in his wheelchair like a small, waxen statue, isolated from the real world by his deafness. He could see the witnesses' lips move and the lawyers rise and wave their arms, but he could hear nothing of what was said. The world had been like this for a long time, and all he knew was what big Pearl block-printed on a pad. There had been a brief period, back in June, when he'd got a new hearing aid and could carry on a conversation, but when Pearl took him to Mexico in July, she told the D.A.'s men that his hearing aid wasn't working because it needed new batteries. Three months later, in Breckenridge, Pearl testified that she still hadn't been able to get those batteries.

On Saturday, October 29, Judge E. H. Griffin gave his ruling. He said the sole issue was whether Otis Birch was being held against his will, and, despite the evidence presented by Dean, the judge ruled that he was not. Pearl hailed the ruling with jubilance. "He was a good judge," she exclaimed. "He knew the truth and done what was right." Then, with a smile, she wheeled Otis Birch out of the courthouse. As she rolled him toward her new red car, she looked like a maternal Amazon trundling a small child in a perambulator.

Pearl kisses new husband after revelation of their marriage. Birch holds magnifying glass which he used to read her notes.

For five months she had outthought and outrun the law agencies of two states, and it looked as if she were home free. Then, on November 7, Attorney General Thomas Lynch of California announced that his office was investigating a report that Pearl had another marriage on her long list. Before I had flown to Breckenridge, I'd gone down to her duplex in Compton and talked to one of Pearl's tenants. The tenant said she hadn't seen landlady Choate for several months, and I asked how she paid her rent. "Houston Perry collects it," she said. "You know, Pearl's husband." I had given this information to Lynch's office.

The attorney general's investigators poked around a little and found another tenant who said that on September 2, 1965, he had driven Pearl Choate and Houston Perry down to Tijuana, and that they had gone into a wedding-lawyer's office and had come out and said they were married.

As this article goes to press, the attorney general's men and Mexican officials are combing records for a marriage license. If they find one, they'll have to comb a lot more to see if there was a divorce. They interrogated Perry for several hours as to whether he had married Pearl, and all he would say was, "I won't say I did, and I won't say I didn't." Then he demanded to talk to Dr. Bernard Pearson.

Pearl herself says she was a single lady when she wed old Otis Birch. But she also testified, under oath, that she could not remember whether she had divorced C. W. Crowsley or Asa Spears. "I don't recall much of my life before 1953, because I died at that time," Pearl said. "I was unconscious for about forty-eight hours, and sometime during that time I died." She insisted that "they had already called the undertaker" when she rose from the dead and rejoined the living. And after her resurrection, everything that had gone before was a total blank.

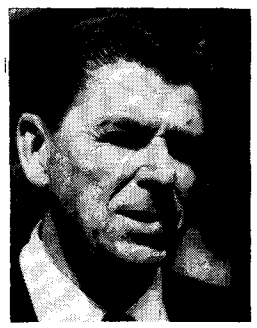
That's what the lady said, and in a way you hoped that it was true. She was plainly a woman who had a lot to forget. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

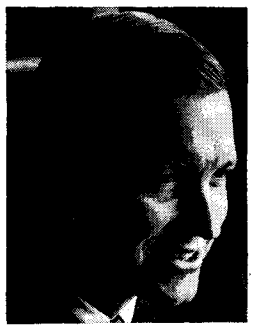
Editorial

The elephant lives

Nixon



Reagan



Percy

Romney

Off-year elections usually provide murky and contradictory results, but there is little dispute about one important consequence of last month's voting. The Republican Party, long divided, scarred, confused, bloody and a little bowed, has come back to life.

It did not win, of course. In the White House a partisan Democrat retains the vast powers of the Presidency. On Capitol Hill the Democrats still hold a margin of 64 to 36 in the Senate and 248 to 187 in the House. Still, the Republicans are justifiably gleeful over their recent gains—47 House seats, three Senate seats and eight governorships. The great mistake of 1964—and the shattering defeat that followed—is over and done with. And G.O.P. Chairman Ray Bliss may have provided the best summary when he said, "It looks as if we have a very live elephant."

The aliveness of the elephant is in a sense more important than any statistical evidence on the number of offices won or lost. For the G.O.P. has suffered too long from an aura of chronic failure. It is well known that regular Democrats outnumber Republicans by about two to one, and that the only Republican President in the past 34 years was a non-party war hero who could have won on a laundry ticket. Rightly or wrongly, the Republicans have acquired a reputation as a permanent minority party, a permanent opposition party, a party of the rich and the reactionary, hostile to minorities, hostile to progress, hostile to everything except their own social and ideological purity.

Yet as we survey the results of these elections, and the state of the nation, we realize that this G.O.P. reputation is largely a myth. Even in Washington, Democratic control of Congress rests on one-party traditions in the South. If we subtract the representatives of the 11 states of the Confederacy, the parties would be about even in the House. And outside of Washington, the plain fact is that the Republicans now govern fully half of all our 50 states, and they govern five of the seven most populous ones. These five—California, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio—contain about one third of our total population as well as most of the problems of urbanization, civil strife, economic readjustment, and all the other domestic difficulties that the image-makers consider the traditional domain of the Democrats. Apparently the voters feel differently. The Republicans are not just theoretically capable of dealing with the great problems of mid-century America—they already have a mandate to do so.

Not only do the Republicans suffer from a false image as chronic losers but from a false image as aging know-nothings. It would be equally false, of course, to portray the G.O.P. as a bastion of liberalism. In fact, both parties resist ideological classification as fiercely as do most voters. Still, it is interesting to see that many of the major races cast the Republicans, rather more than the Democrats, on the side of innovation and progress.

On the tangled question of Vietnam, for instance, Republican Senator-elect Mark Hatfield of Oregon defeated a defender of the Lyndon Johnson policy, and in Illinois, Republican Senator-elect Chuck Percy was quite a bit less hawklike than his venerable opponent, Paul Douglas. On the equally murky issue of civil rights, some Republicans undeniably flirted with the backlash vote, but their overall position certainly can stand comparison with that of the Democrats. The Wallace machine in Alabama is a Democratic machine, after all, and it was on the Democratic ticket that George Mahoney of Maryland waged his unsuccessful campaign of "your home is your castle." Conversely, the Republican Party and the state of Massachusetts can take credit for making Edward Brooke the first Negro Senator in this century.

To conservative Republicans, these aspects of the G.O.P. revival may seem like aberrations to be overlooked rather than beacons to be followed. They like to accuse progressive Republicans of "me-tooism," a dirty word implying that the G.O.P. is doomed unless it opposes all Democratic programs and pursues a more conservative program of its own. They had their chance in 1964, and the results were quite conclusive. It should be obvious by now that the majority of Americans accept the basic premises of the Roosevelt legacy—including the necessity for large-scale government action to maintain a prosperous economy and a minimum standard of individual welfare. It should also be obvious that the majority of Americans vote for whoever occupies that area of pragmatism, moderation and common sense known as the middle of the road—regardless of party labels.

By now the 1968 campaign has already begun, and it will be up to the Republican leaders to decide whether the mandate of 1966 is a mandate for business as usual or for progress and victory. If they decide that Richard Nixon's dogged campaigning has earned him the presidential nomination, they will show that they learned little from the election of 1960. If they decide that Ronald Reagan's TV "glamour" warrants another chance for the apostles of Conservatism, they will show that they learned little from the election of 1964. If there is a lesson to be learned from the last election, it may well lie in George Romney's prediction that the Republicans can convince the voters in 1968 that "they are the party of promise and they are the party that can solve the problems of this nation better than the people now in control."

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's an Old Forester kind of season

The bite of brittle air. The playful blink of lights. The warm companionship of a great bourbon. To give and to enjoy. Cheers! It's an Old Forester kind of season.

At 86 or 100 proof
"There is nothing better in the market"

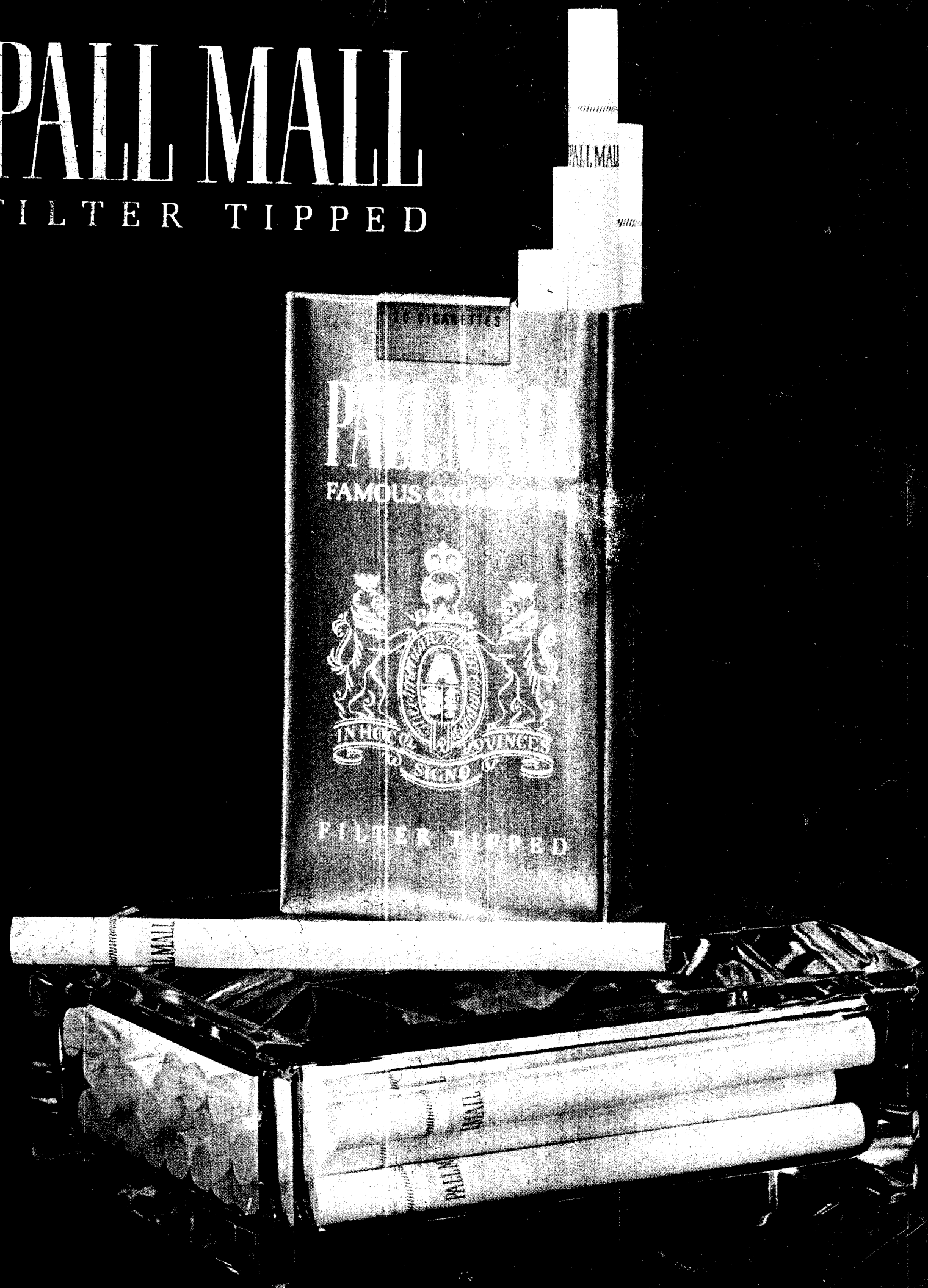
Old Forester gift decanter and beautifully ornamented gift carton at no extra cost. Also available: the standard fifth of Old Forester in the same handsome carton.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ©1966.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALL MALL

FILTER TIPPED



New Luxury Length

You get that same famous length of the same identical Pall Mall tobaccos—and a filter tip! Discover the long cigarette that's long on flavor. Filter Tipped Pall Mall. *Outstanding...and they are mild!*

Luxury length for menthol smokers—PALL MALL Menthol.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED